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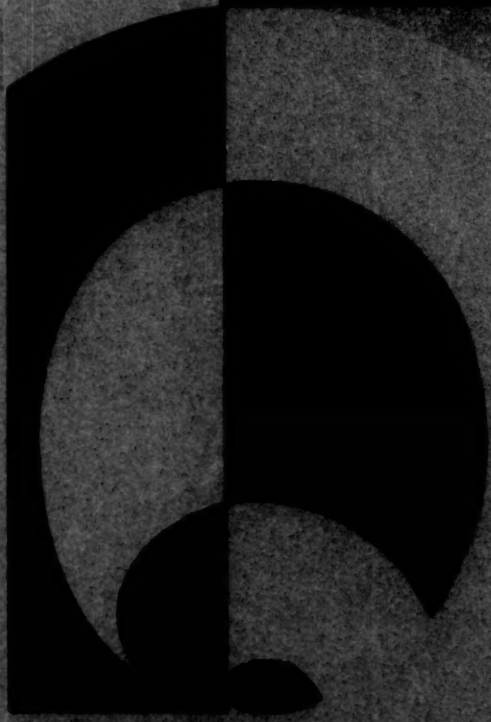

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Contributors

JOHN GRAHAM/Associate Professor of English, University of Western Ontario

PIERRE MÉLÈSE/Visiting Professor, Carleton University; author of *Canada, deux peuples, une nation* (1959)

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1960

POETRY: Milton Wilson, Associate Professor of English, Trinity College, University of Toronto. FICTION: F. W. Watt, Assistant Professor of English, University College, University of Toronto. HUMANITIES: A. S. P. Woodhouse, Professor of English, University College, University of Toronto; R. S. Woof, Lecturer in English, University College, University of Toronto; The Very Rev. L. K. Shook, Professor of English, St. Michael's College, University of Toronto; Marshall McLuhan, Professor of English, St. Michael's College, University of Toronto; N. J. Endicott, Professor of English, University College, University of Toronto; J. M. Robson, Assistant Professor of English, Victoria College, University of Toronto; W. Kaye Lamb, Dominion Archivist and National Librarian, Public Archives of Canada; T. A. Goudge, Professor of Philosophy, University of Toronto; Charles F. Comfort, Director, National Gallery of Canada; Hugo McPherson, Assistant Professor of English, University College, University of Toronto; John Beckwith, Assistant Professor of Music, University of Toronto; Robin S. Harris, Associate Professor of English, University College, University of Toronto. SOCIAL STUDIES: Alexander Brady, Professor of Political Science, University of Toronto; Ramsay Cook, Lecturer in History, University of Toronto; Richard A. Preston, Professor of History, Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston. LIVRES EN FRANÇAIS: Guy Sylvestre, Associate Librarian, Library of Parliament, Ottawa; Roger Duhamel, Queen's Printer, Ottawa; Jean-Charles Bonenfant, Chief Librarian, Library of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec. PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES: Watson Kirkconnell, President, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

JOHN GRAHAM

The "Caricature Value" of Parody and Fantasy in Orlando

I want (and this was serious) to give things their caricature value.
Diary, 136 (Nov. 7, 1928)

In the *Diary* entry from which the epigraph to this essay is taken, Virginia Woolf paused to reflect on what she had learned from writing *Orlando*, what had prompted her to write it, and what its status was in relation to her more serious works. The phrase "caricature value" suggests, in a condensed and enigmatic fashion, a great deal about all three of these subjects. A caricature of a person selects his most salient features and throws them into relief by simplification and exaggeration, usually to mock but sometimes to make us recognize with amusement someone we love or respect. In either case, we look at this person *through* the caricature with momentary detachment, and in that moment we may go beyond recognition to the discovery of something new about his face and character. For the artist who draws it the caricature may be more exploratory than critical. The simplified and distorted treatment of many of the heads which Leonardo da Vinci scribbled in his notebooks indicates that he was testing through caricature the artistic possibilities of a certain expression or physical type, concentrating on and accentuating those features which seem to hint such possibilities. Caricature can explore because it ignores the complexity of the total object and isolates only its relevant features, thereby allowing a sharper focus of attention than is possible in a full treatment. In many ways it can function for the artist as a refined sort of doodling, in which he "feels out" the forms and designs of his more serious work.

In *Orlando*, caricature operates in both of these ways. It holds up for mocking inspection certain things which Virginia Woolf heartily dis-

liked and certain others which she heartily admired. It also explores, in an indirect fashion, the potential features of a new kind of fiction which she was at that time increasingly eager to write. Both of these activities link *Orlando* more closely to the works preceding and following it than is the case with any other of Virginia Woolf's novels. Critics have always been struck with the prominence of literature as one of its subjects: the recurrent appearance of writers among the characters, Orlando's own struggle to write, the parody of styles, even the historical atmosphere, which is derived more from literature than from a reading of history, all indicate a preoccupation with writers and writing which is unmatched in her other novels. More is involved, however, than a survey of the literature of the past. Virginia Woolf scrutinizes her own style, and some of her distinctive themes, with a good deal of irony; and she goes beyond this veiled criticism of her own writing to explore some of the elements which appear in her later work.

On the surface, *Orlando* is simply a playful fantasy, conceived as an escape from the labour of writing "these serious poetic experimental books whose form is always so closely considered,"[1] designed only to amuse, and written for fun. Nearly two-thirds of the first draft was written at top speed between October and December, 1927, but the final third was not completed until March of 1928. The "pure delight of this farce,"[2] which had carried Virginia Woolf exuberantly through the first three months of composition, dwindled in the new year, and at one point she remarked gloomily that she was "hacking rather listlessly at the last chapter of *Orlando*, which was to have been the best."[3] She began to have second thoughts at this point: that it was too fantastic to write at such length; that it fell between the comic and the serious; that it was too long for a joke and too frivolous for a serious book. After she had completed revisions which she cut off impatiently, and had given her husband the manuscript to read, she was surprised by his enthusiasm for it and expressed her suspicion that "I began it as a joke and went on with it seriously. Hence it lacks some unity."[4] In the course of writing it, therefore, she came to feel, as most critics do, that *Orlando* was a blend of comic and serious elements, the latter dominating its later chapters to its detriment as a work of art.

At present, the relevant fact about this is the way in which an irresponsible comic escapade grew uncontrollably into something else; for it suggests that in writing *Orlando* Virginia Woolf undertook something

less frivolous than she had intended; that she was more profoundly engaged with serious matters than she wished; and that much of this engagement sprang from unconscious pressures which she actually resisted as far as she could. Even after the book was published, her attitude to it was ambiguous, as we see from the lengthy entry in her *Diary* in which she mused over its significance. She began by noting, as she had when finishing *To the Lighthouse*, that she

> cannot think what to write next. I mean the situation is, this *Orlando* is of course a very quick brilliant book. Yes, but I did not try to explore. And must I always explore? Yes I think so still. Because my reaction is not the usual. Nor can I even after all these years run it off lightly. *Orlando* taught me how to write a direct sentence; taught me continuity and narrative and how to keep the realities at bay. But I purposely avoided of course any other difficulty. I never got down to my depths and made shapes square up, as I did in the *Lighthouse*.
>
> Well but *Orlando* was the outcome of a perfectly definite, indeed overmastering, impulse. I want fun. I want fantasy. I want (and this was serious) to give things their caricature value. . . . My notion is that there are offices to be discharged by talent for the relief of genius: meaning that one has the play side; the gift when it is mere gift, unapplied gift; and the gift when it is serious, going to business. And one relieves the other.[5]

This passage is curiously defensive, as if Virginia Woolf felt impelled to explain and justify to herself the writing of *Orlando*. It is also full of contradictions which appear when we trace the sequence of her ideas. She begins by noting that she did not try to explore in this book and that she still must explore because her reaction is not the usual. This clearly associates her "reaction" with the need to explore, and the logical conclusion to draw from this association is that, since she did not explore in *Orlando*, this reaction did not figure in its creation. But when she goes on to say that she *cannot* run off this reaction lightly "even after all these years," she seems to assume that she has recently tried to do so without success; and the obvious place for the attempt was in *Orlando*, the only "light" book among her works at that time. When she proceeds to note that it taught her how to "keep the realities at bay," and describes as *serious* her desire to give things their caricature value, she seems to contradict her next assertion, that it was purely the result of talent playing idly for the relief of genius. The tone of the whole passage, ending with the magisterial divorce of talent from genius (both, however, aspects of the same gift), suggests that she wished to persuade herself that *Orlando* was not "serious." One feels that her remark about not trying to explore should be altered to read "tried not to explore," and that the attempt

failed: talent yielded to genius, and the realities were not quite kept at bay.

While she was still writing it, she remarked with astonishment how "extraordinarily unwilled by me but potent in its own right, by the way, *Orlando* was! as if it shoved everything aside to come into existence."[6] The metaphor of birth used in this remark is strangely appropriate, with its overtone of helplessness before the force of a process beyond her conscious control. The office of talent in *Orlando* was not, as she tried at one point to argue it was, that of giving genius a rest; it was that of playing midwife, and the "relief" it gave genius was that of assisting at the birth of the fiction she was about to write, especially her next book, *The Waves*. In 1933, long after both books had been published, she seemed to realize and to certify this when she turned back in her *Diary* to the entry recording the original conception of *Orlando* and scribbled this marginal note: "*Orlando* leading to *The Waves*."[7]

The evidence provided by the text of *Orlando* and by the *Diary* is supported by several articles written between 1926 and 1929, in which, behind the impersonal mask of the literary critic, Virginia Woolf carried on the complex process of assessment and speculation which was figured forth in *Orlando* behind the mask of the comic fantasist. I have not the space to deal with these articles[8] closely, but they are clearly related to each other by their common dissatisfaction with the contemporary English novel and by their air of prophetically forecasting its future course of development. All of them touch some aspect of one central argument, that the novel must learn to fuse three things: its traditional power to render the texture of life closely; the freedom, detachment, and impersonality of poetry; and the concentration and strict control of drama. The personal relevance of such generalizations appears from a *Diary* entry for February 21, 1927, in which she noted her urge to write a new kind of work, something away "from facts; free; yet concentrated; prose yet poetry; a novel and a play."[9] Her irritation with the psychological novel, expressed repeatedly in three of these four articles, makes it clear that she was going beyond the strictures of "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" to include in the category of the unsatisfactory her own most recent and successful novels. The hypothetical book which appeared to her "on the rim of the horizon,"[10] was to be a distinctly new thing, something which the famous "method" of *To the Lighthouse* had not and never would bring forth.

II

Everything mocked. *Diary*, 105 (March 14, 1927)

This process of evaluation and exploration was continued in *Orlando*, lending it "un certain détachment critique"[11] which Floris Delattre describes as its most distinctive feature. The mode of this detachment is irony, both comic and serious; a mode which liberates an artist much as caricature does. In both, he may shut out the complexities of his subject, may abandon his full and serious involvement with it for the moment, may select any aspects of it which attract his interest, and may deal with these without being forced to commit himself to any view of them. In her first *Diary* entry about *Orlando*, Virginia Woolf stated: "Satire is to be the main note—satire and wildness. The ladies are to have Constantinople in view. Dreams of golden domes. My own lyric vein is to be satirised. Everything mocked."[12] This passage glancingly indicates the two most important elements of the special charm which marks this book—fantasy and mockery. But it is difficult to see how satire is truly the main note of the text: its mockery lacks the thrust of implicit moral judgment and the sustained critical purpose inherent in satire. "Everything mocked" is too sweeping a statement to indicate a satirical intention, which demands selective precision: it is, rather, a statement of an ironical attitude which, because it subjects all things to ridicule, liberates the author from the need to engage any of them seriously.

Irony provided her with an impregnable shield of detachment because it is in itself morally and emotionally uncommitted. This lack of commitment is manifest in the wide variety of purposes which it may serve: that of the satirist, who is anything but uncommitted; or of the cynic, who is indifferent; or of the pure ironist, who simply does not express in his irony his moral and emotional position, if any. The unsophisticated reader of a satirist like Swift testifies to this neutrality when he accuses Swift of being "insincere" or "cynical," thereby showing that he has felt the icy detachment of Swift's ironic manner without sensing the moral passion behind it. A slightly more sophisticated reader will sense that passion and will call Swift's irony a mask—something to be seen past and finally ignored in assessing Swift's satire. But the reader who truly understands irony will realize that the cold surface and the fiery depths must be contemplated together in a tension which is never relaxed if Swift's irony is to be savoured to the full. This tension is common to all

forms of irony, and springs from the fundamental act of the ironist, which is to perceive, expose, and contemplate a contradiction between two terms: between what is expected and what happens (the irony of fate), what circumstances seem to be and what they are (the irony of situation), what is known and what is not known (dramatic irony), or what is professed and what is performed (the irony of behaviour). The neutrality of irony appears in its usefulness for expressing both the comic and the tragic responses to these contradictions. The only response of irony is the refusal to respond, to get involved, to be partisan or passionate. It leaves the contradiction over which it plays exactly where it found it, more sharply exposed but in no way resolved.

The way in which irony works demonstrates its inherent tendency to sharpen the tensions of experience rather than to remove them. It penetrates to the depths which the surface conceals by dwelling on the surface in such a way that it becomes translucent. Not transparent, for irony never dismisses, in the spirit of the *exposé*, the surface through which it stares. Its special pleasure lies precisely in seeing the two together and in experiencing the tension which their mutual contradiction generates. Verbal irony produces this tension by pretending to look only at the surface; and this pretense postulates a fool who will be taken in by it, who will *not* see that the ironic statement is about the depths as well as the surface. All forms of irony seem to assume the hypothetical existence of someone who knows the secret, the real meaning, and someone else who does not. Tiresias and the audience, for example, know what Oedipus does not, and the verbal ironist simultaneously hopes that there are wise men who will see what he means and assumes that there are fools who will not. If there *is* a wise man, one who is psychologically attuned to its unique pleasure, he too will need to assume the existence of this hypothetical fool in order to enjoy the irony. All the way through the experience of irony, from the facts which provoke it to the pleasure it provides, there is this tension between two elements, neither of which can be sacrificed if it is to remain irony.

The lightness of the irony in *Orlando* is due chiefly to the prominence of parody among its ironic devices. Parody is the most translucent form of ironic mockery: it acts as a lens through which we look at an object familiar to us and see it, at first glance, almost as it is in fact, the pleasure of recognition being followed quickly by the realization that its characteristic features are slightly distorted. The slighter the distortion, the

subtler the parody; and the subtler it is, the better, for the hallmark of good parody is its ironically straight-faced imitation of its victim. Verbal irony makes a statement which appears to mean one thing and actually means its opposite; parody offers its victims the compliment of close imitation which is in fact mockery. The ironic secret involved in parody is the agreement between parodist and reader that a writer's style will be regarded for the moment as ridiculous; and the party ignorant of this secret is the writer himself. From this agreement springs the contradiction which parody contemplates, between what the style of a writer is in his own eyes and what it can be when its distinctive features are caricatured. Any further involvement with this contradiction is forestalled by the laughter it provokes; and as a result, both reader and parodist remain intellectually free, morally neutral, and emotionally uncommitted. Irony in its other comic forms has a wider range than parody because it can play with ideas as well as with style; and yet, in its most radical form, what irony in general does is to observe with amused detachment the *style* of these ideas, the *way* their original thinker thinks. An inveterate ironist hovers constantly on the verge of parody, even if he does not use it as a comic device, because he reduces all ideas to *styles* of thought, all emotions to *ways* of feeling, thereby sterilizing them, killing off the bacilli of serious meaning which they carry and with which he chooses not to be infected.

Parody, like caricature, does not necessarily judge the object ridiculed and may play with something which, in our serious moments, we regard with respect, admiration, or affection. It shrugs aside all questions of literary value, critical judgment, or fidelity to the complex truth and turns with equal glee on the genuine and the fake, the great and the shoddy, the profound and the superficial. If Milton is the victim, his grand style is sure to be mocked; but after we have laughed at its latinate syntax, its elaborate embroidery of allusion, its polysyllabic music, and so on, we are free to find it as grand as ever when we return to it in a serious mood. The pleasure of parody thus seems to be a sheer delight in imitation for the sake of imitation and ridicule for the sake of ridicule. When we compare its effect to that of comic mime, the theatrical equivalent of caricature, it is clear that the central pleasure is that of saying mentally, "There's old Milton, done up brown." The irresponsibility of such an attitude has about it a childlike impudence, and latent in it is a resistance to something which confronts us with an air of authority,

in the case of writers the authority bestowed by print. It may be partly for this reason that parody flourishes in a culture which is not at all childlike, but adult, sophisticated, and complex. Life in such a culture involves for the individual a tiresome struggle to retain his identity in the labyrinth in which he is enclosed by necessity, law, tradition, custom, and manners. Sometimes his only victory is the triumphant evasion of an outthrust tongue; and this we relish in parody, where the verbal labyrinth in which we are confined by a writer is undermined for the sheer delight of watching it collapse. Those who enjoy parody know very well that this delightful triumph is really a tactical retreat, a momentary escape which leaves the labyrinth fundamentally untouched. Perhaps that is why writers can enjoy reading, and even writing, parodies of their own work.

The relatively uncritical mildness of parody springs from its cardinal limitation: it can be directed only at style, at the *way* in which a thing is done. It is impossible to parody Milton's theology, for even if his theological vocabulary is mocked, the amusement is over the vocabulary, not the ideas it conveys. An attempt to ridicule his ideas will lead to burlesque, a rougher form of ridicule than parody, which it may use to imitate its victim's style. The central comic effect of burlesque, however, rises from joining this imitation to ideas startlingly unlike the original. Burlesque can therefore attack ideas by stating them in a ludicrously inappropriate way, but parody will dissolve as soon as burlesque elements are introduced into it because the fun of parody is firmly anchored to a consistently close ironic imitation of style. Its frequent use as an instrument both of burlesque and of satire may obscure this fact, but even in a work like *A Modest Proposal*, the satire operates independently of any realization that the systematic, calculating, businesslike style of the proposer parodies that of real proposers who wrote in Swift's age. Its satirical force stems from the fact that such a manner should be used in any age for making such a proposal. The amusement of the parody is added to this but does not affect it qualitatively.

The curiously irreducible character of parody makes it possible to use it intermittently in a larger work, to apply it to a general style of writing as well as to the styles of specific writers, to combine it with other comic devices, and to sustain it with slight touches as a vein of amusement running through a narrative, without losing or blurring the special comic effect which it provides. That the noun "parody" has no adjectival form,

and that we never qualify the noun with such adjectives as satirical, farcical, or burlesque, seem almost signs of its stability as a comic device.

From all this it appears that a work dominated by parody will be "playfully" mocking in a special way, its ridicule implying an attitude of withdrawal which permits intellectual scrutiny without intellectual, moral, or emotional commitment. The prevalence of parody in *Orlando* reinforces the conclusion to be drawn, as we shall see, from the prominence of fantasy: that in this book Virginia Woolf paused to assess, by playing with them, certain themes and methods of her work thus far. She also paused to explore, by playing with them, certain themes and methods of the work to come. In neither case did the detachment afforded by parody and fantasy involve rejection—or acceptance—of these themes and methods. Having played this game, she was still free to choose the battleground and the weapons for the serious engagement with experience which marks the later novels, and, indeed, the later chapters of *Orlando* itself, in which her ironically playful detachment breaks down under the pressure of her mounting interest in the vision of her heroine.

The subtitle of this book—*A Biography*—indicates the object of its most sustained parody. Virginia Woolf's life-long fondness for reading biographies, which she frequently reviewed for periodicals, must have led her on many a weary trek through tomes more remarkable for their pretentious style and solemn pedantry than for any real insight into the lives with which they dealt. From the stereotyped flourishes of the preface to the learned uselessness of its scholarly index, *Orlando* parodies this type of biography. But the ridicule goes farther than that. The absurdities of the biographer are the absurdities of the whole approach to things which she considered typically masculine: the pompous self-importance; the childish faith in facts, dates, documents, and "evidence"; the reduction of truth to the logical conclusions deducible from such evidence; and the reluctance to deal with such nebulous aspects of life as passion, dream, and imagination. For all his learning and labour, the biographer does not understand his subject, and when understanding Orlando's life began to engross Virginia Woolf's serious attention, he became an encumbrance instead of a joke and disappeared from the book.

The parody of the biographer is most emphatic in those passages where he pauses solemnly to explain the obvious, to record with meticulous precision a trivial detail, to shake his head over the shocking state

of the documents, to lament the paucity of facts, or to confess his dismay at having to deal with matters which decorum would suppress but which the dedicated scholar must record. Between these direct intrusions, the parody is sustained by the style; and here Virginia Woolf brilliantly solved a difficult technical problem. The biographer is a bore; we must know from the way he writes that he is a bore; but what he writes cannot bore us if we are to read "his" book. The style nicely blends his pretensions to formal elegance with a driving narrative energy and a ready flow of exact and fresh imagery. The following passage illustrates this blend at its best, in the chapters dealing with the Elizabethans. Orlando is waiting for Sasha to join him:

Many a time did Orlando, pacing the little courtyard, *hold his heart* at the sound of some *nag's* steady footfall on the cobbles, or at the rustle of a woman's dress. But the traveller was only some merchant, making home *belated*; or some woman of the quarter whose errand was *nothing so innocent*. They passed, and the street was quieter than before. [1] Then those lights which burnt downstairs in the small, huddled quarters where the poor of the city lived moved up to the sleeping-rooms, and then, one by one, were *extinguished*. The street lanterns in these *purlieus* were few at most; and the *negligence* of the night watchman often *suffered them to expire* long before dawn. The darkness then became even deeper than before. [2] Orlando *looked to* the wicks of his lantern, saw to the saddle girths; primed his pistols; examined his holsters; and did all these things a dozen times at least till he could find nothing more needing his attention. [3] Though it still lacked some twenty minutes to midnight, he could not bring himself to go indoors to the inn parlour, where the hostess was still serving sack and the cheaper sort of Canary wine to a few seafaring men, who would sit there trolling their ditties, and telling their stories of Drake, Hawkins, and Grenville, till they toppled off the benches and rolled asleep on the sanded floor. The darkness was *more compassionate to his swollen and violent heart*. He listened to every footfall; *speculated on* every sound. Each drunken shout and each wail from some *poor wretch* laid in the straw or in other distress *cut his heart to the quick*, as if it *boded ill omen* to his *venture*.[13]

The italicized words and phrases are removed slightly from current good usage (though not sufficiently to confuse their meaning), and sustain our sense of a style both consciously formal and "elegant." This is done by mixing genuinely archaic turns of phrase with modern *clichés*. Among the former are: *hold his heart*, *belated* (in the sense of "made late"), *nothing so* innocent, suffered them *to* (with reference to an inanimate object like "lights"), looked *to*, compassionate *to* (in the sense of "showing compassion towards"), and speculated *on* (of a sensation, such as "sound"). Formal diction, deriving from late eighteenth-century or early nineteenth-century prose style, is apparent in: *extinguished* (of lights), *purlieus*,

negligence, *expire*, and *venture*, none of which is archaic. At the end of the paragraph, the stiffness of these "refined" expressions modulates into the grosser absurdity of phrases which originated in romantic prose fiction and which are still *clichés* of the pulp romance: *many a time*, *his swollen and violent heart*, *some poor wretch*, *cut his heart to the quick*, *boded ill omen*. None of these requires any knowledge of specific works parodied, and none obtrudes so violently that amusement disrupts the momentum of the narrative.

The vigour and directness of the numbered sentences counterbalance this inflated manner: the visual image of the lights going out in the quarters of the poor, the kinetic swiftness of Orlando's fidgeting as he waits, and the image of the sailors telling stories and getting drunk are all simple and vivid. Such words as "toppled" and "rolled" offset with their energy the soggy *clichés* of the sentences which follow them; and even in these sentences, phrases like "drunken shout . . . wail . . . laid in the straw" bolster up the slack words in which they are set. We are gently reminded of the biographer's stuffiness even as we enjoy the speed and energy of his narrative, which save his prose from becoming so tedious that it is unreadable.

When parody operates throughout an entire work in the manner of this passage, it ceases to be an added grace of wit and becomes, as in *Don Quixote*, a technique of presentation.[14] Assimilating as it may the extremes of satiric mockery and affectionate mimicry, this technique is elastic, permitting divergent feelings and attitudes to intertwine in such a way that they "act creatively on each other, establishing new syntheses of feeling and stimulating more comprehensive and subtle perception."[15] It allows conflicting elements to marry freely and to breed oppositions which lead not to the baffled sense of logical contradiction engendered by a related form, paradox, but to a comic recognition of the teeming illogicality of life. Sharply defined parodies are rare in *Orlando*: the intrusions of the biographer, where he self-consciously moralizes; some passages ridiculing Virginia Woolf's lyric style; the mental sonneteering of Orlando as he thinks of Sasha, or his Jacobean meditations on death; Lieutenant Brigge's diary, the pompous testament of The Briton Abroad; the sentimental letter of Miss Penelope Hartopp, the gushing flirt; the elaborate parody of the masque, when Modesty, Chastity, and Purity rant and posture around the bed of the transformed Orlando; the snippets of

Victorian Female Verse—these, and a few other short passages, strike our *conscious* attention as parodies. Without the enveloping parody of the biographer's style, they would be too sudden and brief to be effective; with it, they affect us as quick rays of wit flashing out from an ambience more diffuse than they but identical in kind.

The mocking gleam of parody is shed also by the clouds of allusion which float lightly over most of the narrative in the first four chapters. Consider, for example, the opening scene of the book, the charm of which is founded on the universal adult reaction to youthful ardour, a reaction which can range from approving indulgence to ironic sadness, depending on the control of tone. In this case, a comic tone is sustained by defining Orlando's ardour through a parody of romance, which first appears in the last sentence of the first paragraph: "Orlando's father, or perhaps his grandfather, had struck it from the shoulders of a vast Pagan who had started up under the moon in the barbarian fields of Africa; and now it swung, gently, perpetually, in the breeze which never ceased blowing through the attic rooms of the gigantic house of the lord who had slain him."[16] The uncertainty about which ancestor won this trophy is balanced by the grandiose emphasis of *vast Pagan*, which is echoed by *gigantic house* at the end of the sentence; and between these two portentous phrases the crude elements of romance are tossed before us in the picture of the Pagan *starting up under the moon in the barbarian fields of*—not Yorkshire, by any means, but the inevitably exotic Africa. In the opening sentence of the second paragraph, the allusive note is maintained: "Orlando's fathers had ridden in fields of *asphodel*, and stony fields, and fields watered by *strange* rivers . . ."; but this is balanced anticlimatically by" and they had struck *many* heads of *many* colours off *many* shoulders,"[17] which reduces their heroic exertions to a kind of vague trophy collecting, very much as if they had absentmindedly been gathering a splendid array of the footballs which this particular head resembled. Then we are confronted by the grave youth who moves in the mental world which has just been parodied: "So too would Orlando, he vowed."[18] The affectionate mockery generated by this scene carries over into the whole section devoted to the Elizabethans and Jacobeans, where the parodistic treatment of courtly love, the courtier's life, and melancholy obsessions with Death, Fame, and the *vita brevis* are in effect a tribute to the abundant belief of an age in which men pursued values from which, for better or worse, we are detached.

III

I want fantasy. *Diary*, 136 (November 7, 1928)

In Virginia Woolf's opinion, the defects of *Orlando* rose from her failure to fuse the comic and the serious, and this failure rose in turn from the fact that she began to write it as a joke and went on with it seriously. Most critics seem to agree with this view of the book's status as a work of art; and yet it is hard to see why it should be so difficult to combine serious and comic elements in a book, or why, as it was composed, its author could not change her emotional relation to it without destroying its artistic integrity. While she was still bogged down in revision of *Orlando*, Virginia Woolf vowed that she would spend no longer at it, and dismissed it irritably as a "freak."[19] The term seems a reflex of her critical acumen because it defines exactly the real failure of *Orlando*—its failure to follow to the end the laws of its literary nature, which is fantasy. In common usage, "fantasy" is associated with notions of the grotesque, the odd, the eccentric, the capricious, the whimsical, the irrational, and the arbitrary, all of which express different nuances of its central meaning, that of an extravagant and impossible deviation from nature. In the usage of literary criticism, however, the term must mean both more and less than that: more, because the literary fantasy, unlike the fantasy in life, is a work of art and must be created according to some kind of artistic laws which are not arbitrary, capricious, or irrational; and less, because other literary types, such as the utopia, the satire, the allegory, and the romance, also use extravagant and impossible deviations from nature. Some such deviation, indeed, is involved in all art; and if "fantasy" is given a wide inclusive meaning, it will end up being applied to works like the *Divine Comedy* or *King Lear*, an application of no interest to the literary critic, though it may be to the psychologist who regards all art as fantasy.

The term becomes useful for literary criticism when we compare the sort of work to which it can be applied with similar works, such as romance and allegory. In fantasy, the deviation from nature is enjoyed primarily for its own sake, for the pleasure of playing with natural law; whereas romance and allegory, while they may provide this pleasure, subordinate it to a didactic intention. The hero of romance transcends natural law because in doing so he displays his virtues; but when a figure in fantasy does the same thing, he need not display anything except his

power to do it. If he reveals his virtues, such as courage or quick wit, the revelation is accidental, not a fundamental part of the fantastic role he plays. The impossible convolutions of plot in allegory serve to articulate the structure of thought and feeling which it bodies forth, but in fantasy they satisfy us primarily because they are impossible. The satisfaction of fantasy may be comic, or it may take a more serious form of wish-fulfilment; but in either case it resembles the satisfaction of parody in its irresponsibility, its moral neutrality, and its root reliance upon our child-like urge to escape from the real pressures of life.

This vague resemblance is tantalizing, for it suggests that the effect of fantasy in *Orlando* is at least congruous with, and possibly intensifies, the irony which is the mode of the whole book, and of which parody is an example. Yet at first glance the sophistication, self-consciousness, and intellectual complexity of irony seem antithetical to the naïveté, spontaneity, and simplicity of fantasy. That the antithesis is less radical than it seems is hinted by the fact that satire frequently employs both together, and that the fantastic voyage of Gulliver, for example, in no way inhibits or qualifies the play of Swift's irony.

What fantasy and irony have in common is the deliberate disengagement from life so striking in parody, which may be closer than any other form of irony to the psychic root of all ironic responses. More is involved in this disengagement than the aesthetic distance inherent in the experience of all art—that tacit acknowledgment of the difference between art and life without which art could not *be* art. The acknowledgment in the case of irony and fantasy is explicit; and they sharpen the difference between art and life into the severance of life from art, into a deliberate withdrawal from those stresses of life which enter so profoundly into such art forms as tragedy or epic. When some earnest Puritan attacks parody for being unjust or fantasy for being untrue, we will admit the accuracy of his charge even as we assert its irrelevance; but if he brings the same charge against tragedy or epic, we will deny its accuracy.

In disengaging from life, fantasy withdraws into a realm of libidal fulfilment in which the conflict between fact and desire is momentarily annihilated, our sense of the facts serving only to sharpen the pleasure of ignoring them. Irony withdraws into a realm of intellectual contemplation, in which the disparity between fact and illusion is itself the object of contemplation, so that we are not involved in reconciling them. In both cases, the pleasure is one of release from what is fated in our experience:

from the frustrations of desire and the contradictions of reason which we cannot escape in life. In irony we "master" contradictions by exposing them; in fantasy we "master" frustrations by ignoring them and reconstituting experience arbitrarily, to suit desire; and in both there is something inconclusive, evasive, and improvised. We always know that a fantasy is "make-believe" in a way that *King Lear* is not; and our pleasure in it is as provisional as that produced by parody, in which we surrender momentarily to the possibility that Milton's style is laughable. It is for these reasons that the satirist so often blends fantasy and irony. Focussing his attention, as he must, on the disparity between what life is and what it ought to be, he has in them tools designed to deal with a similar gulf between things as they are and things as they may be imagined: between fact and illusion in irony, and fact and desire in fantasy.

In defining further the distinguishing features of fantasy, it should be noted that it is not a clear-cut literary type: like satire or allegory, it may infiltrate many genres, may provide serious or comic effects, and may serve purposes ranging from sheer escape through satiric criticism to moral instruction. Fantasies like those of Lewis Carroll and H. G. Wells are freighted with satiric or didactic ore, and, on the other hand, Gulliver's voyage to Lilliput becomes, with a few snips of the censor's scissors, a children's fantasy. When we call a complete work a fantasy, therefore, we are really describing a work in which the sustaining pleasure is that created by the impossible abrogation of natural law, and in which didactic or critical material is ancillary to this pleasure.

In these terms, *Orlando* is a fantasy. In the *Diary* entry recording the original conception of the book, Virginia Woolf sketched a story of two "women, poor, solitary at the top of a house. One can see anything (for this is all fantasy) the Tower Bridge, clouds, aeroplanes. . . . Everything is to be tumbled in pell mell. . . . No attempt is to be made to realise the character."[20] The fantasist's dominating urge to cut loose from fact is certainly evident here, and in the early chapters of the text it is manifested in the glittering shower of extravagant exaggerations shed by the mockery of literary conventions, social manners, and individual foibles. But as the work proceeded, Virginia Woolf's interest in Orlando's voyage through the centuries became steadily more serious and less ironic, so that it vitiated the artistic integrity of the book, slowly undermining the fantastic frame thrown up so exuberantly at its beginning.

This vitiation can be measured only if we examine the technical

principles of fantasy. The first of these is the need to preserve within the fantasy-world a human perspective: we need an Alice to take us through wonderland, for her presence in this world enables us to accept it imaginatively. At the same time it sharpens our sense of its fantastic exaggeration by reminding us, through Alice's bemused reactions, of the "normal" perspective we share with her. No fantasy can successfully omit this perspective, which is usually supplied by a human narrator, but may also be supplied by an omniscient author. The second general principle is to make the fantasy-world coherent enough to strike us as a *world* and not a chaos; to make us believe that it has laws even if we do not understand them. The narrative momentum of most fantasies is provided by the human hero's effort to fathom these laws, and in most fantasies he succeeds: after the initial astonishment, perhaps terror, of facing the incomprehensible, he gradually comprehends it, reduces it to order, "makes sense" of it. The possibility of doing this demands some element of consistency in the fantasy-world itself. This is often supplied by a scrupulous consistency of distortion, like the scales of measurement in Lilliput or Brobdignag, or like the consistent scale of the monsters which appear in fantastic movies about lost worlds. The purest fantasies, however, do not need to rely on this control of the physical. The objects and atmosphere of Carroll's wonderland change arbitrarily; things shrink, grow large, change shape, vanish, reappear, and so on. Its status as a world is maintained by the invariable assumption of its native inhabitants that it *is* a world, and a very sensible one at that. When Alice feebly argues a few points here and there in the interests of reason, common sense, or morality, she is brusquely overruled or contemptuously ridiculed by them; and as a result she, and we with her, are imaginatively ready to wait until the *rationale* they take for granted becomes clearer. It never does, of course: Alice never grasps the logic of the Red Queen, for example, but the Red Queen obviously does, and the force of her conviction intimidates us as well as Alice. In giving to the "natives" the artistic function of lulling our urge for coherence, Carroll reveals his sophistication as a fantasist, for this manœuvre leaves him free to exploit continuously the baffling fascination of the unexplained without disappointing too extravagantly our desire to believe that it is explicable. Lesser fantasists will dissipate the fascination in proportion as they explain it, but we wander confusedly with Alice right to the end, bullied on all sides by the Red Queen, the

White Rabbit, the Mad Hatter, the Cheshire Cat, all of whom regard her as a creature incapable of grasping what is to them the obvious reasonableness of wonderland.

The freakishness of *Orlando* lies in the failure to follow these two principles of fantasy throughout. In the first half, the human perspective is supplied by the biographer in his struggle to make sense of his subject's fantastic life. Although he is the butt of ridicule, we are forced to look at things through his eyes, not those of Orlando the noble lord, courtier, would-be writer, and diplomat; just as in *Gulliver's Travels* we must accept Gulliver's account of the events he experiences even when we do not credit his interpretation of them. As long as the biographer provides us with the human perspective required in fantasy, Orlando remains a fantastic figure and can support airily the tissue of hyperbolic descriptions woven around his life; but as soon as Orlando has become a woman for good, we draw steadily closer to her, and the biographer steadily diminishes in importance until, in the last chapter, he disappears.

As he shrivels, so do the distortions. In the early chapters, the fantastic career of Orlando proceeds in an environment equally extravagant, and by the time we reach the superb description of the Great Frost, we are acclimatized to a world of extremes and can relish such details as the bumboat woman frozen in the Thames or the flood which follows the Great Thaw. The burlesque of diplomatic protocol in Constantinople sustains this, and the change of sex is the boldest fantastic stroke of all; but with the onset of the eighteenth century, the fantasy begins to deflate. Orlando has no adventure that is truly fantastic; and instead of the old bumboat woman we have the usual prostitutes in Piccadilly Circus. The heroine assumes in this society the conventional role of a patroness of the arts and brings to it little of the *panache* which Orlando the courtier had brought to the London of Elizabeth. When Bonthrop Marmaduke Shelmerdine thunders out of the pages of *Jane Eyre*, he is artistically unconvincing, as the bumboat woman and Sasha were not, because we are no longer moving imaginatively in the atmosphere provided by fantasy and parody. (Addison, Swift, and Pope, for example, are quoted directly, not parodied.)

This deflation of the fantasy was caused by Virginia Woolf's growing desire to make us take her heroine seriously. To do this, it was necessary for our relation to her to change: from being a fantastic object *at* which we

look, she beomes a human subject *with* whom we look; and this involved transferring to her the human perspective formerly supplied by the biographer. Beginning with the scene in Marshall & Snelgrove's and proceeding through the city and countryside to Orlando's ancestral home, the restless world of time present is described with cinematic precision, so that such dazzling sequences as the kaleidoscopic view of the city seen from a moving car impress us by their literal accuracy, not their fantastic distortion. When Sasha "reappears" to Orlando, we know that she reappears only in the mind's eye, and that the woman mistaken for her is not Sasha at all; whereas in fantasy she *would* reappear, if not in the flesh, then as a very fleshlike apparition. By the time Orlando sits down in the long gallery of her home, she has become a distinctly credible aristocrat of the present age, down to the lavender bags, ropes, and name-cards which mark the passing of her private heritage into the public domain. Along with this reduction of Orlando and her *milieu* to the proportions of actual life runs a steady transfer of their fabulous aura to the events of the past which she now recalls. Yet these events are carefully robbed of their absurdity, and the more grotesque among them, such as the Archduchess Harriet, are omitted: the helmeted warriors of the past return from such real battlegrounds as Flodden and Poitiers, not from Ariostan forays against the paynim and the Turk. Fable must become history, for we are intended to take this resurrection of the dead not in the irreverent spirit with which we took the Great Frost, but in the spirit of a solemn vision.

To effect this intention, Orlando is altered from a fantastic figure to an actual person, so that we may share her grave vision of her own past, which was anything but grave when we moved through it with her. But the paradoxical fact is that the more "believable" Orlando becomes, the less we can believe in her or her vision, because her aesthetic "believability" has resided precisely in the fantastic charm which she has now lost. Hanging uncertainly between fantasy and actuality, we are jolted back into the fantastic by Bonthrop Marmaduke Shelmerdine's return. The shock is too great, and so the wild goose flying into the night is not a successful symbol but a melodramatic stage-prop which only completes the bathos of the final scene.

IV

The comic play of parody and fantasy in *Orlando* served the end of

critical detachment more directly than that of the artistic exploration to which caricature may also lead: it is obvious that they are more useful for skeptically scrutinizing past methods and themes than for laying one's artistic hand on the resources necessary to create a new fiction. The truly exploratory nature of *Orlando* must be inferred, therefore, by comparing it with the novels which precede and follow it, on the working hypothesis that Virginia Woolf was seriously committed to creating this new fiction in her artistic practice. When such a comparison is made, several revealing similarities emerge between this most frivolous of her books and the intensely serious last three novels. I shall deal only with one of them, the way in which the biographer prefigures the narrative point of view which was employed in *The Waves*.

Orlando was the first of Virginia Woolf's novels in which the narrator frankly revealed himself. The concealed narrator of *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, and *To the Lighthouse* controlled our point of view subtly, shifting it back and forth from the consciousness of a character to a disguised omniscient position and to a vantage point between these two, in which we hover beside the consciousness of a character without entering it. In all of these novels, the decision to eliminate the omniscient author made it impossible to detach ourselves from consciousness for very long; and the boldest attempt to do so, "Time Passes," never satisfied Virginia Woolf. She was probably aware that this interlude was the piece of *trompe l'œil* which William Empson has analysed so tellingly[21]—a bit of trickery which her artistic conscience could never quite accept.

Intervening awkwardly between us and the narrative, the mind of the biographer who "writes" *Orlando* is a caricature of the mind in solitude to which Virginia Woolf had referred frequently in critical essays written at this time,[22] and with which she felt fiction must learn to deal. By mind in solitude she obviously could not have meant merely the mind of a character who is alone. She had begun to deal with that in *The Voyage Out*, had perfected in *To the Lighthouse* her method for rendering its movement, and in *Orlando* parodied this method in the meandering solitary reflections of her central character. She meant, rather, that fiction must learn to saturate a *complete work* with the essentially poetic activity of a contemplative consciousness reflecting in solitude. Such a mind could never be that of a character in the action because we are bound to look *at* such a character as well as through him. The biographer is a rudimentary model for this containing consciousness, which can stand a

little back from the characters and look past them at a larger reality of which they need not be aware. The artistic possibilities of a containing mind are various, but two are especially striking. If the characters do perceive what it perceives, then we will accept their perception more fully, because we have perceived the same thing ourselves and it has an imaginative objectivity lacking if we are forced to rely entirely on the reactions of the characters. If they do not perceive it, this objectivity serves the purpose of dramatic irony, for their impercipience is then measured by our superior knowledge. Both reinforce the impersonal and detached character of the reality so perceived.

Although the biographer is the butt of ridicule, his self-conscious fussiness does reflect his genuine desire to discover the truth and his fretful suspicion that the "facts" are not revealing it; and here he serves to intensify our sense of the elusive nature of his subject, Orlando's life. His reflections on Time, on the multiple self, and on the Meaning of Life allow Virginia Woolf to mock her own lyric style and her preoccupation with these themes, and at the same time allow her to test the possibility of handling them from a position clearly outside and above the characters. The brilliant clarity of the events he narrates becomes coloured, as his account rushes on, with a curiously mysterious tint, as if they must mean more than the nervously applied dull tools of his scholarship can reveal. We always look *at* these events, never surrendering to them as participants; and this detachment rises from the biographer's baffled air as much as from their fantastic impossibility. If anything rises consistently from the pages of *Orlando*, it is this faint wraith of mystery, which becomes more sharply defined in Orlando's meditations in the last chapter and which assumes a dark symbolic shape at the end when the wild goose flies off into the night.

In "The Narrow Bridge of Art," *Tristram Shandy* served to illustrate the successful attainment of poetic detachment and freedom in fiction through the use of a narrator. In many ways, the biographer resembles Tristram. The speed of his narrative, his long loose-knit sentences, his frequent use of the parenthetical aside, his tendency to digress, his lyric meditations, and his habit of juxtaposing passages widely differing in tone—all remind us of Sterne's inimitable mask. But there is a crucial difference: Tristram is in complete command of his narrative from beginning to end; and if we succumb to the eccentric charm of his approach to his subject, we finish

the book with the realization that the title does after all describe it exactly —that Tristram, not the marvellous *ménage* of which he incessantly talks, *is* the book. In all of this Sterne's mask never slips: Tristram is always obtrusively present, confident, loquacious, utterly absorbed in his task. The biographer of *Orlando* neither charms nor commands us to believe in him in this way; and since he is not the subject of his own book, he fades out of sight when the true subject, the meaning of Orlando's life, rises into serious prominence in the last chapter. Virginia Woolf's mask is never firmly in place, and her tentative use of it is characteristic of this exploratory uncommitted book.

The Waves was originally intended to be a first person narrative in which the narrator is so firmly in command that he is presented as omniscient, and the gradual diffusion of this narrator into the uniform style continues to control our relation to the entire book with a sureness worthy of Sterne or Proust. The biographer in *Orlando* is the tentative sketch for this figure, and his ingenuous incompetence is the caricature of the other's brooding omniscience.

notes

1 *A Writer's Diary, Being Extracts from the Diary of Virginia Woolf*, ed. Leonard Woolf (London, 1953), 105 (March 14, 1927), hereafter referred to as *Diary*.

2 *Ibid.*, 117 (Oct. 22, 1927).

3 *Ibid.*, 123 (Feb. 11, 1928).

4 *Ibid.*, 128 (May 31, 1928).

5 *Ibid.*, 136–137 (Nov. 7, 1928).

6 *Ibid.*, 120 (Dec. 20, 1928).

7 *Ibid.*, 105 (March 14, 1927).

8 All of these articles are reprinted in *Granite and Rainbow: Essays by Virginia Woolf* (New York, 1958). They first appeared in the following journals: "Impassioned Prose" in *Times Literary Supplement* (Sept. 16, 1926), 601–2; "The Narrow Bridge of Art" (under the title "Poetry, Fiction and the Future") in *New York Herald Tribune* (Aug. 14, 1927), vol. I, 6–7 and (Aug. 21, 1927), vol. I, 6; "Women and Fiction" in *Forum* (New York, March 1929), 179–182; and "Phases of Fiction" in *Bookman* (New York, 1929), in April (123–132), May (269–79), and June (404–12).

9 *Diary*, 104.

10 "The Narrow Bridge of Art," *Granite and Rainbow*, 23.

11 Floris Delattre, *Le Roman psychologique de Virginia Woolf* (Paris, 1933), 185.

12 *Diary*, 105 (March 14, 1927).

13 *Orlando, A Biography*, Uniform Edition (London, 1949), 55–6.

14 I am indebted in the following discussion to Dorothy Van Ghent's comments on parody in her book, *The English Novel, Form and Function* (New York, 1953), 11–18.

15 *Ibid.*, 13.
16 *Orlando*, 15.
17 *Ibid.*
18 *Ibid.*
19 *Diary*, 126 (April 21, 1928).
20 *Ibid.*, 105 (March 14, 1927).
21 See his essay, "Virginia Woolf," *Scrutinies*, ed. E. Rickworth (London, 1931), 204–16.
22 See *Granite and Rainbow*, 13, 34, 119, 130, *passim*.

PIERRE MÉLÈSE

*France Looks at French Canada**

Strange though it may seem in our time, when distances scarcely count any more, Canada, only a few hours away from Paris today, still seems to many Frenchmen enveloped in the mist of legend. Ask an "average Frenchman" about Canada: knowing nothing about the English-speaking provinces, he will name you two cities, Quebec and Montreal, where people speak French with a peculiar accent, where they sing "Alouette" all day in the cold and snow; he will recite for you the list of the Great Lakes which he learned in school. His knowledge will scarcely go beyond that.

Yet, since the "Brief récit" which Jacques Cartier wrote in 1545 of his first voyages to Canada, the reports and descriptions of the country published by the explorers, missionaries, or administrators of New France have been numerous indeed. Most of them are only of documentary interest and treat of the history of the conquest and the establishment of the French colonists as well as that of the religious missions whose importance was so great for the development of the country.[1]

Some of these works enable us to enter into the life of the first "habitants," such as the *Histoire véritable et naturelle des mœurs et productions du pays de la Nouvelle France, vulgairement dit le Canada*," published in 1664 by Pierre Boucher, governor of Trois Rivières, or the *Histoire et description générale de la Nouvelle France*, written a century later by M. de Charlevoix (Paris, 1744).

One of the most curious reports on New France is that which baron Louis-Armand de Lahontan gave in 1703, in his *Nouveaux Voyages dans l'Amérique septentrionale*, published in Paris in three volumes, frequently re-published in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and translated into English, German, Dutch, and Italian.[2] In spite of many inaccuracies and a good deal of fantasy, Lahontan gives a picturesque and vivid image

*Translated by Peter Moes.

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of life in Canada at the end of the seventeenth century. What contributed, apart from this, to the extraordinary success of this work was less its value as testimony than its freedom of expression and thought and its anti-clerical bias.[3] Precursor of the "Philosophes," Lahontan in his book was already enunciating the criticisms of society and traditional morality which were to be taken up again in Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*, Rousseau's *Discours sur l'inégalité*, Voltaire's *Essai sur les mœurs*, *Candide*, and *L'Ingénu*, and Diderot's *Supplément au voyage de Bougainville*: the myth of "the good savage" so dear to the heart of Jean Jacques, Swift, and Chateaubriand in *Atala* and *Les Natchez* is already found in the bud in Lahontan's *Dialogues*.

One may find an allusion to Canada in *Le Quart Livre des faicts et dicts hēroïques du bon Pantagruel* (1552), in which Rabelais borrows from Jacques Cartier the general lines of the voyage of exploration which he has Pantagruel follow. And on the other hand, a century later, Cyrano de Bergerac, in *L'Autre Monde ou les états et empires de la lune et du soleil* (1657) has his hero touch an unforeseen port of call at Quebec where his flying machine has deposited him; received by naked Indians, frightened at seeing this man fall out of the sky, he finds himself surrounded by a company of French soldiers who inform him that he is "truly in France, but in the New one," and lead him to the Vice-Roy, M. de Montmagny,[4] with whom he has long philosophical conversations for several days before flying off again towards the moon in the manner of a jet.

A century more is to elapse before Canada reappears in French literature with that too notorious phrase of Voltaire in *Candide* (1759): "You know that our two nations are at war over a few acres of snow in Canada and that they spend far more on that war than Canada is worth."[5]

But we have to wait until the beginning of the twentieth century for Canada to emerge from the domain of scholars and amateurs of history and to reach a wider audience. It was the novel *Maria Chapdelaine* whose success in 1913 finally put Canada in the limelight. Louis Hémon's novel was a revelation to its many readers, that of a patriarchal Canada, with a simple, rough-hewn way of life, profoundly religious, attached by tradition to its mother country, although knowing nothing about it, a revelation also of a harsh land that had to be conquered at the cost of bitter labour to draw profit from it, under a hostile climate against which one had to protect oneself unceasingly in order to subsist.

Poem of the frozen north as *Mireille* is of sunny Provence, *Maria*

Chapdelaine conquered the French public by its discreetly exotic descriptions, the picturesque quality of its language, its sensitiveness, and its poetic charm every bit as much as by the story itself and the characters of its people; if the picture of their daily lives made them familiar to the French reader, he nevertheless conceived a slightly erroneous idea of the mentality of these courageous pioneers who resist the bitterness in their lives by an intrepid joviality and also a chasteness of expression and sentiment which makes them susceptible in the extreme. It is nonetheless true that Louis Hémon knew better than anyone else how to paint rural Canada, no matter what has been said about it by Canadians who were offended by the realism in the description of peasant life and at first rejected the author of the novel, but who, since then, in recognition of the poet of forest and snow, have erected a monument to him at Péribonka, where the action of the book takes place.

Maria Chapdelaine, novel of the farmers of northern Quebec, certainly does not present all of Canada. Canada is also the country of the frozen Northwest, depicted by L. F. Rouquette in *Le Grand Silence blanc* (1926), of dog-sledding, fur-trapping, of eskimo igloos; a country of round-ups in the infinite space of the prairies, of the solitary and laborious life of the courageous farmers of Alberta and Manitoba which Maurice Constantin-Weyer lived and described in the ten novels of his *Epopée canadienne*.[6] Among these *Un Homme se penche sur son passé*, which obtained the Prix Goncourt in 1928, gave many of its readers an invaluable appreciation of the vitality of the French-Canadian people, faithful to its origins and anxious to preserve its soul and its language in the British environment, that language so well defended by the "Messieurs Prêtres" who throw themselves the more heartily into the struggle since they know full well that catholicism and the French language are intimately bound together and that the loss of the one would entail the loss of the other.

The novels of Marie Le Franc, from *Hélier, fils des bois* (1930) to *Le Fils de la forêt* (1952), make us participate in the raw life of the simple "bûcheux" (woodsmen) of the Laurentian forests in their isolated houses in the heart of the woods, painfully cultivating the land hacked out of the woodland; they make us feel the suffering of the long winter, followed by the exaltation of spring, the simple and sincere integrity and courage of these Canadians of the forests, so different from those of the cities.

It is in this setting that, in *La Rivière solitaire* (1934), those workers from Hull live their lives, who to escape the miseries of unemployment go

away to the Temiskaming area to clear new land amidst all the snares of the forest, encouraged by their priest, in whom they place all their confidence, to have numerous children in order to raise a solid barrier in that frontier region of Ontario against the English element. Again, the same atmosphere is evoked in *La Randonnée passionnée* (1936), which introduces the reader to the woods and banks of the lakes of the Saint-Maurice, to savage beauty in close proximity to the flourishing industries of the valley; what enthusiasm in this youth of the Cap de la Madeleine, studying the history of its past when "the humble tenacity of the first settlers, lost among the waves of the forest-sea surpasses in grandeur that of the founders of the cities!" But in this environment where the word France does not mean much, the assimilation of a Frenchman who has come from the old country seems difficult: "An ocean separated these two peoples who in days gone by were but one." Leaving the forest for the coast it is, in *Pêcheurs de Gaspésie* (1938), quite a different aspect which the author presents to us, describing the way of life of the cod fishermen and salters, the wretched life of the peasants and small farmers of the picturesque but harsh Gaspé peninsula.

It is again the adventurous character of Canada which Maurice Genevoix shows us in the novels which he devoted to that country. *Laframboise et belle humeur* (1941) is perhaps the most characteristic from this point of view: Laframboise, this sedate man, who lives with his large family in a peaceful parish, is seized by restlessness, by a sort of fever from the moment the fall sets in, which forces him in spite of his wife's exhortations and the pleading of his priest to abandon everything, to go out and face the hardships and dangers of winter in the wild forest, where close to nature he finds in fur-trapping the freedom of a mind untrammelled by the constraints of daily life. In this novel's treatment of this irresistible attraction towards the North, the unknown, the author certainly seems to have expressed one of the characteristic traits, inherited from the trappers, of the French-Canadian soul. In any case, *Le Lac fou* again takes up this theme, broadened by that of solitude in the depths of a still untamed nature, a solitude which may lead to insanity.

In contrast, *Eva Charlebois* (1944) takes us far away from Quebec to the Rocky Mountains, the new home of a young woman born and raised in Quebec, whose husband, a native of Ontario, has been appointed ranger of a national park. It is, like *Manitoba* by Constantin-Weyer, a testimony of loyalty to things French in a completely English environment. If the love between husband and wife is the reason for their har-

monious life together, their spirits nevertheless obey their fundamentally dissimilar cultures, and the nostalgia for her native land profoundly pervades the young woman's soul. Maurice Genevoix here touches on an essentially Canadian problem which he tries to present equitably.

Hormisdas le Canadien (1952), by Pierre Hamp, takes us back to the province of Quebec, to a country parish not far from Montreal during the last war. The quiet life of the parish under the aegis of the priest who inculcates his hearers with a horror of French atheists and revolutionaries as well as of English usurpers is convulsed by the establishment of a war factory. Certainly the villagers turn this to their profit, but when it comes to going out to defend the "Mère Patrie" they are no longer of one accord: to them "our fathers" are not the Gauls, but those who founded their parish; the enemy is not the Germans, about whom they are completely ignorant, but the English who despise them: "A pity that France is not an ally of Germany rather than England!" *Hormisdas le Canadien* is one of the rare novels of Canada which represents not only the farmers, but also the workers, especially those in the wretched suburbs of Montreal, and shows them as submissive to the paternalism of the management, to its opposition to unionism, as well as to the predominant influence of the clergy which induces the employer to refuse to hire Protestants and to demand of his workers that they go to mass.

This sort of somewhat tendentious sociological fresco, which seems outdated today by the progress of unions, is to the best of my knowledge the most recent of the novels by French writers about Canada.

It would perhaps not be superfluous to add to these impressions of Canada those which certain French-Canadian authors give us who are well known to the French public because their books are published in Paris. In particular I refer to *Trente arpents* (1938), by Ringuet, which with a good deal of realism describes the wretched peasant life of Quebec; to *Bonheur d'occasion*, by Gabrielle Roy, awarded the Femina prize in 1945, a moving picture of the precarious existence of the little people in a workingclass district in Montreal, a sensitive and touching novel; to *La petite Poule d'eau* (1950), by the same author; to *Le Survenant* (1947), by Germaine Guévremont, a story seething with the life of its locale, full of rustic joviality and colourful language; as well as to *Les Plouffes* (1955), by Roger Lémelin, a lively tableau of Montreal life.

Since *Maria Chapdelaine* France has in this way been rediscovering Canada through the novel, but also through scholarly works.

After André Siegfried, who in 1906 had stated the political problem of

co-existence between English and French with his *Le Canada, les deux races*, J. C. Bracq in 1927 retraced *L'Évolution du Canada français*; Léon Lemonnier and Marcel Giraud published in 1949 and 1950 respectively each a *Histoire du Canada français*, while André Siegfried enlarged and revised his work under the new title *Le Canada puissance internationale* (1947).[7]

In addition, for some thirty years numerous writers, professors, and lecturers have gone to Canada and brought back personal impressions.

After L. Arnould, who the very year of the publication of *Maria Chapdelaine* spoke sympathetically of *Nos Amis les Canadiens*, E. Robert, in 1924, took us *Au pays de Maria Chapdelaine*. Victor Forbin, during the course of his travels in 1928 to collect his *17.000 kilomètres de film au Canada* (a book prefaced by Raymond Poincaré), was struck in Quebec by the attitude of French Canadians towards France, which they consider, certainly, as the cradle of the race and whose language they maintain with zeal, but also as a country corrupted by its liberal ideas and its anti-clericalism, against which the priests warn the "habitant" anxious to preserve the purity of his thoughts and traditions, yet, England being his principal adversary, "France is our mother, England our stepmother."[8]

The success of *Un Homme se penche sur son passé* by Constantin-Weyer led his sister, Marguerite Constantin-Fortin, to give in turn in 1930 her impressions of Canadian life under the significant title of *Une Femme se penche sur son passé*; settled at first in Saint-Boniface, in that little French island surrounded on all sides by English strength, she notes the persistence of the struggle of protestantism against catholicism, but also—a defense reflex—the hold of the clergy on the French Canadians; next in Montreal, then in Quebec, she certainly finds memories of old France, but also, in the "habitant," a passivity of mind carefully maintained by the clergy: "an ideal herd of lambs which the Church leads to pasture with consummate skill," and imbues with its own contempt of France whose contemporary history it dissembles, making allusions to the French Revolution only "to rail against those who brought it about, bandits vomited up by Hell." Yet, in spite of this hostility towards the mother country and before the incontestable vitality of the French Canadians, the author sees in them "a predestined branch of the French tree which, on the American continent, will play the rôle France played on the European continent."

On the occasion of the mission sent by France to Quebec for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's landing, Henry

Bordeaux, charged with representing the Académie Française, brought back a sort of travel diary, *Nouvelle et Vieille France* (1934), in which he shows himself particularly moved by the persistence of the French language in Canada and of the Catholic faith, not only in Quebec, but also in the Maritimes, Ontario, and Manitoba, where minority pockets in the heart of English majorities have a great deal of difficulty in preserving their personality. But he also observes the susceptibilities of the French Canadians concerning what people sometimes say or write about them, expecially proud as they are of the purity of their race.[9]

It was the turn of Maurice Genevoix to go to Canada in 1939, the year when a new mission led by Jacques de Lacretelle went to Péribonka to pay homage to Louis Hémon. Delayed by the war in their publication, the impressions which Maurice Genevoix brought home with him did not see the light of day until 1945, after the novels drawn from the same sources. This book, *Canada*, or rather this travel diary, is undoubtedly the most interesting to have appeared about that time, the most revealing of the mind and soul of French Canada before World War II. Like his predecessors, the author was inevitably struck by the predominance of the clergy in Quebec, "land of priests, rich and sovereign communities," and also by the mistrust, the susceptibility of the French Canadians who "think they discover a secret irony, a wounding prejudice behind compliments," and whom "even the most discreet critics rub the wrong way and hurt all at once."

Yet the author recognizes with pleasure the profound attachment worthy of respect of the French Canadians to ways of life and to traditions which are sufficiently valid to have allowed them to continue remaining themselves no matter how anachronistic these ways of life may appear today. A visit to the Ile d'Orléans, whose charm he describes with pleasure, permits him to evoke the persistence of the old peasant traditions, the customs perpetuated from the far-off days of swarming out from the motherland, perpetuated more faithfully and piously than in the land of origin, a whole living past surging up again before our astonished eyes. Maurice Genevoix did not fail to bring out elsewhere the inborn charm of the "habitants," the gaiety of the race, its freshness of soul and also its satiric humour, its feeling for the dart of wit peculiar to the French peasantry, finally its predilection for the spoken word.

Then, travelling all over the country, noting the very real differences between the farmers of the Quebec and Montreal countryside, the

tradesmen of the cities, the trappers and lumberjacks of the forests, the immigrants of the west, the author is careful to point out their tight solidarity in their defense against their environment as well as the religious, political, moral, and linguistic traditionalism which they have in common.

He is struck, however, by the existence of those "young hot-heads who ardently wish to emancipate their compatriots" and who are desirous "of abolishing the privileges of class, of nationality, and of the cloth" among the French Canadians. At the time he wrote this, it was no more than a very weak trend which was to find consistency only after the war: it was, in fact, only at that moment that French Canada was beginning, under the influence of agricultural and industrial developments which were to expand in an extraordinary manner, to evolve towards a greater liberalism, though in a way that was in fact still not clearly evident.

Auguste Viatte in *Retour du Canada* in 1945, after having taught at Laval University, still notes the conservatism, the religious intransigeance, the isolationism of the French Canadian, but also the progress which he was able to observe from the intellectual and cultural point of view in the university *milieu*.

Meanwhile, Gaillard de Champris, in his *Images du Canada français* (1947) could only observe, like his predecessors, the social influence of the clergy and the sensitive nationalism of French Canadians. He nevertheless does not hide his "admiration for these Frenchmen, abandoned in a conquered land, who, having refused to deny their soul, have created in that far away exile a proud variant of our race"; admiration also for their obstinacy in maintaining the French language in spite of all the dangers of corruption, a corruption only too evident in daily speech, but which societies such as the Société du parler français, the Institut canadien de Québec, the Alliance française, and the Institut scientifique franco-canadien attempt to oppose. But the author cannot refrain from observing that if the French-Canadian intellectuals "repudiate equally the vaticinations of communism and the lucubrations of existentialism," there are those among them who repudiate just as much Rabelais, Molière, Voltaire, Balzac, or Hugo as interpreters of irreligion and immorality—a narrowness of outlook likely to be harmful in the development of an aesthetic and literary culture as well as in the creation of original works.[10]

In the chapter dealing with French Canada in his book *J'ai vu vivre l'Amérique* (1957), Georges Blond notes on the other hand the existence of a new generation of writers who attempt not without success to move

away from the imitation of French models as well as from the purely regional novel and to create a specifically Canadian literature eager to reflect life in all its complexity.[11] Similarly, Paul Vialar, reporting on his impressions of a lecture tour of Canada in *Images du monde* (1959) and noting the still meagre development of a modern French-Canadian literature, believes it inevitable that "French Canadian literature will compel respect through its power and originality," and that it will not persist in writing sub-Bourget or sub-Mauriac, since the goal of a young French-Canadian literature must be to "explain the different view of things and people proper to a country which has existed for a long time in geographical, historical, economical and social conditions different from ours."

To judge by these various publications,[12] one cannot doubt the interest that France has never ceased to show in French Canada, an interest at first of a sentimental nature on the part of the general public which, through its memories of school days, retains the image of a new France transplanted on a far away soil—a corner of America where people speak French and, just as at home, cultivate the earth like the peasants of Normandy or Saintonge, and where, in two world wars, they have come to defend the cause of liberty side by side with their French cousins.

But this picture-book image is not the one which occurs to people of any education, aware of the importance and originality of the Canadian nation. And yet, many of these retain solid prejudices about French Canada.

The first of these is the love of France which they expect to find in the French Canadian: how many Frenchmen landing in Quebec or Montreal have been surprised, shocked, not to find themselves received with open arms, to feel underneath the courteous reception of their hosts a certain reticence towards this representative of a republican and secular France, liberally minded and by this very reason amoral—a reaction which perhaps would be sufficient to explain the attitude of reserve in certain French intellectuals where Canada is concerned, even in Catholic authors such as François Mauriac and Paul Claudel.[13]

Another such prejudice is that of a French province transplanted on the American continent. "New France" is not France; French Canadians are not Frenchmen of Canada, they are Canadians who speak French; their way of life differs notably from ours. The common bond of language certainly may lead one astray as well as the peasant customs. But it would

be dangerous to trust these appearances. One must not imagine, for example, that except in the intellectual *milieu* of the big cities the language justifies such identification: the spoken language of the French Canadians is scarcely like ours any more and "habitants" and Frenchmen do not always understand each other easily. Are not the French accused of "speaking like the movies," that is, speaking an artificial language sometimes as difficult to grasp by the common French Canadian as the English language he is more or less used to? And to speak with him the French of France seems a proof of affectation to him.

Furthermore, the ideas of the French concerning French-Canadian speech are frequently tainted with error: currently they imagine that the French Canadians have continued to speak the language of Molière which they pronounce like their ancestors at the time of the conquest, and certain expressions complacently quoted by travellers elicit a smile, often not without reason. But it is necessary to realize that if French-Canadian speech remains archaic in many of its expressions, it is nevertheless a language and not a dialect, an authentic French, rather poor in the abstract but very rich in the concrete domain, savoury and colourful, unfortunately riddled with anglicisms—especially in the city where contact with English sounds is inevitable—and pronounced with an accent that is certainly very peculiar to it, but which is nothing but a dialectal accent of which we have numerous examples in France.

Nothing could be more fatal also than the prejudice of taking French Canadians for underdeveloped Frenchmen, which unfortunately was done by certain public lecturers on tour, who, coming to Canada as they would to a backward province, treated their audience with indulgent condescension. French Canadians have every right to grow indignant when they are represented in France through the image of *Maria Chapdelaine* as idyllic farmers and lumberjacks, steeped in piety and worthy to be a kind of moral and intellectual protectorate of the French. If we complain about their distrustful susceptibility, let us admit as Maurice Genevoix has done that we are only reaping what we have sown. Yet one must recognize that the great majority of French Canadians generally lack the fundamental culture that most Europeans possess, which in any case is easily understandable: "As a colonized country Canada did not know a hierarchical social structure; the élite withdrew in 1763, leaving behind it a homogeneous, unlettered mass dominated by the church, the only representative of the national culture and conscience."[14] But if the

great middle class itself remains very close to its popular origins and distrustful of any spiritual activity, there exists today in this country in the midst of its evolution an intellectual élite which tends to free itself from the traditions which have been rooted so deeply for generations, to see clearly through its own eyes, to create by itself, to prove the validity of its principles by living thoughts in all spheres from the literary to the political.

Undoubtedly, they still suffer, like most French Canadians, from an inferiority complex with regard to France, and often they cannot help feeling a sort of impatience and a twinge of jealousy before the internationally recognized values of French culture. All the more reason to help them get rid of their distrust of the old country. The innate and sentimental sympathy of the French for the French Canadians must be transformed into enlightened friendship. That is the trend in the work of the Association France-Canada, which is moving more and more towards cultural exchanges: each year important public figures, professors, and lecturers go to Canada conscious of the thorny problems which exist in French Canada. Any mark of intelligent friendship on the part of Frenchmen towards French Canadians, any personal contact is thus of the highest value; for all that, the French should be tactful and try not to wound the susceptibility of their hosts. Certainly, the French-Canadian intellectual has made his choice between French culture and that of his American neighbours; but let us clearly understand that France is today only an elder sister and not the authoritarian mother. French Canada is no longer a French province lost on another continent; it has a clearly established personality and it is no more than honest to realize it.

French Canada today is in the midst of industrial and cultural progress and indications are not lacking that enable one to foresee an evolution, still slow to be sure, towards a greater liberalism. Frenchmen must see French Canada as a country which has come of age, conscious of its origins, of the heritage of a language and a culture which enabled it to remain true to itself, but also a heritage of an easily offended patriotism, full of confidence in the future, loyal to itself and not to contemporary France.

Let us treat French Canada as an equal and not as a prodigal son and let us rest assured that the sympathy, often unexpressed, which unites the two peoples will some day change into a confident and productive collaboration.

notes

1 Jacques Cartier, *Voyage de découverte au Canada entre les années 1534 et 1542* (Paris, 1598; re-published in 1946); Marc Lescarbot, *Histoire de la Nouvelle France* (Paris, 1609); *Relation dernière de ce qui s'est passé au voyage du Sieur Pontrincourt en la Nouvelle France depuis 20 mois en çà* (Paris, 1612); Samuel de Champlain, *Voyages et découvertes faits en la Nouvelle France depuis l'an 1615 jusqu'à la fin de l'année 1618* (Paris, 1619); *Voyages . . . jusqu'à l'an 1629* (Paris, 1631); Fr. Gabriel Sagard, *Histoire du Canada et des voyages que les Frères mineurs récollets y ont faits* (Paris, 1636); Saint Jean de Brébeuf, *Les Relations de ce qui s'est passé au pays des Hurons, 1635–1648*, edited by Th. Besterman (Genève, 1956); *Lettres de la vénérable Mère Marie de l'Incarnation* (Paris, 1681; re-published in 1929); Cavelier de la Salle, *Dernières Découvertes de l'Amérique septentrionale de M. de la Salle mises au jour par le chevalier Tonti* (Paris, 1697); Bacqueville de la Potherie, contrôleur de la marine, *L'Histoire de l'Amérique septentrionale* (Paris, 1722; re-published by R. Le Blant, Paris, 1940); Gédéon de Catalogne, *Recueil de ce qui s'est passé au Canada au sujet de la guerre tant des Anglois que des Iroquois depuis l'an 1682*, manuscript edited by R. Le Blant (Paris, 1940).

2 Cf. *Dialogues curieux et mémoires de l'Amérique septentrionale*, edited by Gabriel Chinard (Baltimore, 1931).

3 Cf. notably the 1703 ed., I, 60: "You would not believe how far the authority of these ecclesiastical gentlemen reaches . . . . Do not think that the priests limit their authority to sermons and reprimands in church; they pursue it right into the affairs of every-day life and into the very houses."

4 Governor of Quebec, 1636–47.

5 This statement by Voltaire in a letter to Mme du Deffand of October 13, 1759, is less well known: "We have had the wit to settle in Canada in the snow between the bears and the beavers." Three years later he wrote again to M. de Choiseul (September 6, 1762): "I am like the public, I prefer peace to Canada and I believe that France can be happy without Quebec."

6 Notably *Vers l'ouest* (Paris, 1921), *Manitoba* (Paris, 1924), *Clairière* (Paris, 1929).

7 Among more specialized works: *France d'outremer: Le Canada français, son histoire religieuse, son présent, son avenir* (Tours, 1901); G. Vattier, *Essais sur la mentalité canadienne française* (Paris, 1928); Abbé Groulx, *Le Français au Canada* (Paris, 1932); Jules Léger, *Le Canada français et son expression littéraire* (Paris, 1938); *Esprit*, special number of August–September, 1952; *France-Amérique*, "Le nouveau Canada" (1952); P. Veysset, *La Population du Canada* (Paris, 1953); P. Deffontaines, *L'Homme et l'hiver au Canada* (Paris, 1957).

8 Travelling about the Maritimes a few years later, the same author reported in 1935 about this in *La Grande Passion d'un petit peuple*, in which he relates the tragic adventure of the Acadians, established anew in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick where, thanks to the founding of the two Eudist colleges and to the creation of Saint Joseph University and also as a result of their high birth rate, a new beginning of national life and a resurgence of the French language is manifest.

9 It should be sufficient to quote the improbable speech of Maurice Barrès, who congratulated the French-Canadian recruits in World War I on their martial bearing "inherited from their ancestors, the Indians!"

10 The special number of August–September 1952 by the review *Esprit* states these problems precisely in the articles of Canadian writers conscious of an evolution. Cf. also the special number devoted to Canada in 1952 by *France-Amérique*.

11 The Cercle du Livre de France contributes to this effort with the creation of its annual prize.

12 See also: Marie Le Franc, *Au Pays canadien français* (1931), *Visages de Montréal* (1934), *O Canada, terre des mes aïeux* (1947); René Cruchet, *Au Canada, vieille terre française* (1936); Jean Camus, *Villes et paysages d'Amérique* (1938); M. M. Charpentier, *Nos Cousins de Québec* (1945); Francisque Gay, *Canada 20e siècle* (1949); Jean Dannemarie, *Au Canada avec Marguerite Bourgeoys* (1950); A. Bernard, *Au Cœur du Canada français* (1956); L. and J. Mahuzier, *Les Mahuziers au Canada* (1958); Pierre Mélèse, *Canada, deux peuples, une nation* (1959).

13 Cf. the letter which Claudel wrote to J. L. Barrault, July 8, 1952, on the eve of the latter's departure on a tour of Canada, a letter quoted by J. L. Barrault in his *Nouvelles réflexions sur le théâtre* (Paris, 1959), p. 239.

14 Henri-Irénée Marrou in *Esprit* (Aug.–Sept., 1952).

Letters in Canada: 1960

EDITED BY F. W. WATT

This is the twenty-sixth in the series of annual surveys begun for the year 1935. As the quantity of Canadian books has increased through the years, the two aims of "Letters in Canada" have become more difficult to reconcile in the space available: to be comprehensive, and to do justice to individual achievements. Nevertheless, the value of the survey lies in its combination of the bibliographical and critical functions, and though compromises are necessary the endeavour must always be to maintain standards in both respects. The Editor would like to thank this year's twenty contributors, both new and veteran—many of whom have had to work with irksome restrictions of time and space—for the energy and ingenuity they have applied to their task.

Not only has the reviewers' task grown more demanding, but readers will have experienced increased difficulty in finding the reviews which especially interest them. Editorial divisions of material, including the minor changes this year, are part of a continuing effort to make the reviews as accessible as possible. But readers must expect to have their patience tried at least occasionally, as long as the creative activities which the survey studies continue to ignore the nicest fixing of critical categories.

The Officers of the Press have co-operated with their usual efficiency and good-will; I am especially grateful to Miss Susan Houston and Mrs. Marion Magee, whose experience and careful attention have eased the new editors' path immeasurably.

POETRY / *Milton Wilson*

Margaret Avison's *Winter Sun* (University of Toronto, pp. vi, 89, $2.50) is a first book by a poet whose work has found plenty of admirers during its twenty years of piecemeal circulation in periodicals and anthologies, but up to now has found no book of its own. Readers who (like myself) see her as among the best two or three poets that Canada has produced since 1940 may be disappointed at *Winter Sun*'s exclusiveness. Miss Avison has taken no pains to be definitive or comprehensive, the book is strongly weighted in favour of recent poems, and many of the familiar anthology-pieces from the forties (such as "The Butterfly" and "Perspective") are not included. But the anti-canonical bias of *Winter Sun* is not simply a reaction against organized books, or a distaste for embalming the poetic past, or a refusal to compete with and duplicate the anthologies. Miss Avison's themes are recurrent and inexhaustible. Some of the new poems may be too close to rewritten old ones for her comfort, if not for ours. "From a Provincial" does not, in fact, make "Perspective" superfluous, and the images of "Dispersed Titles" or "Civility a Bogey" are a good deal more than new versions of those in "Neverness," "The Iconoclasts," and "Geometaphysics," but I can understand her not wanting them all in the same book.

In any case, Miss Avison has never been eager to take on a settled stance or to allow the reader to do so. A dynamic, speculative, rhetorical poet, her excesses are vital not formal. She is less an intellectual than a voluptuary of the mind. In "Voluptuaries and Others" she contrasts two kinds of illumination, the speculative "Eureka" which

> is living, creating the chasm of creation,
> Contriving to cast only man to brood in it, further,

with the "other kind of lighting up" which illuminates so fully and finally as to wipe out all shadows—thereby killing what it conveys and leaving nothing but shadows. Complete comprehension is pure light or pure dark, a hell in which no speculation is possible because everything has found its unchanging place. Miss Avison's fanciful heaven ("R.I.P.") includes interchangeable identities. She dreads finality and prefers the promise to the promised land. Archimedes must keep rising from the foam; when his "Eureka" got into a textbook, it brought doomsday one step nearer. Even the hero of "Chronic," continually building and

rebuilding his house out of last week's newspapers, seems no more unreal to Miss Avison than his opposite: "Adam's lexicon locked in the mind." When she does invite us to contemplate a perfect, all-containing form, an immortal memory of the mortal race, it turns out to be no Berkeleian Mind or anagogic man. Her apex animal is the head of a horse, who knows all but might just as well know nothing, for whom there are no questions or alternatives, "a matter which may be safely left to mortal memory."

Miss Avison wrote a couple of Christmas poems in the forties, but they don't appear in *Winter Sun*, although a New Year's and an Easter poem do, not to mention "Birth Day," which is probably the most joyful poem ever produced by a Canadian. In any case, for all her concern with quick bright things, she is obviously a poet of annunciations not epiphanies, of all-fools' eves not of Easter morns; and, much as she likes the word, her "apocalyptics" come in ironic or at least questionable shapes. But, while the land kills the promise, the promise without the land can seem pretty abortive or fruitless. "Prelude" begins with anticipations and intimations and moves not to incarnations but to prisons: "Tomes sag on the begrimed shelves/locking in light." Yet, although the stone flower leaves no seed, the annunciation is never in vain; Miss Avison finds no light really sterile, even in an Isis or a Pharaoh's daughter

> rinsing clouts beside the holy river,
> who does not bother glancing up to see.

Piano tuners still have a function (in "The World Still Needs"), whether suburbanites go to sleep in concerts on all fools' eve or not.

The poem called "All Fools' Eve" is a Poor Susan's reverie, where for a moment the animal and vegetable world of childhood is superimposed on the mineral world of the here-and-now city, the open space of the past on the shut frame of the present. Like all such double visions, it is fugitive. The "glory" fades.

> The Sticks-&-Stones, this City,
> Lies funeral bare.
> Over its gaping arches stares
> That haunt, the mirror mineral.
> In cribs, or propped at plastic tablecloths,
> Children are roundeyed, caught by a cold magic.
> Fading of glory. In their dim
> Cement-floored garden the zoo monkeys shiver.
> Doors slam. Lights snap, restore

> The night's right prose.
> Gradually
> All but the lovers' ghostly windows close.

Some of the best poems in the book are thus more elegy than annunciation. "On the Death of France Darte Scott," which mourns the winter death of a May mother in bearing seven-month twins, who are then cast out into a dark polar womb and die before their spring fullness of time, is an unbearably poignant combination of the two. "Unfinished After-Portrait" seems like the opposite combination, a funeral poem which just starts to announce a resurrection.

Miss Avison is fond of celebrating festive or ceremonial or seasonal occasions, and, as the jacket blurb starts to remind us, she has no desire to keep society and the weather apart. In "To Professor X, Year Y" a November diarist records for academic posterity a civic gathering without any apparent civic occasion, an event without historical cause-and-effect, a kind of communion without a sacrament. "A few thousand inexplicably here" gather in the civic square after work to "generate funny currents," but produce no "explosive meaning" which will satisfy the higher-critical needs of the future's Professor X, whose society may (who knows?) depend on this wonderless annunciation.

> You, historian, looking back at us,
> Do you think I'm not trying to be helpful?
> If I fabricated cause-and-effect
> You'd listen? I've been dead too long for fancies.
> Ignore us, hunched in these dark streets
> If in a minute now the explosive
> Meaning fails to disperse us and provide resonance
> Appropriate to your chronicle.
>
> But if you do, I have a hunch
> You've missed a portent.
> ("Twenty of six." "Snow?—I wouldn't wonder.")

Sometimes Miss Avison's communal events are less apparently political and more sacramental—in imagery at least, as in that wonderful, difficult, complementary pair of contraries, "Extra-Political" and "Intra-Political," in which man and nature eat and reject one another relentlessly. It is perhaps no help to be told in the end that

> George Herbert—and he makes it plain—
> Guest at this same transfiguring board
> *Did sit and eat.*

Miss Avison is an exciting and rewarding poet to read; if she is sometimes less than plain, the reasons are obvious. The most superficial is her fondness for allusions at one or even two removes. Take some of her titles. A poem which one would expect to be called "Phaeton" is in fact called "Jonathan O Jonathan." The missing link, I assume, is Absalom. The Atlantis of "Atlantis and the Department Store" is not a sunken, western palace of art but a rising eastern one. The reader provides his own flat map. It takes a little agility to decide why the speaker of an ostensibly unphilological poem is called "Grammarian on a Lakefront Park Bench." But if Miss Avison prefers peacocks and oriental myrrh to serpents and apples, they still open gardens and sheepfolds and extend vistas. And her preference of the analogue to the thing, the pun to the word, the type to the presence, is of a piece with her mortal enjoyment of "The Promise, not the Land." More disconcerting, but equally characteristic, is her method of argument, which does not so much confirm or discard hypotheses as move through them. When a poem is organized like that, a title is no more than a glancing blow anyway, a proscenium imposed on a theatre-in-the-round. In "Dispersed Titles," which is Miss Avison's most complex meditation on the problem of continuity, on the ancestry and heirship of the titles to space and time, the very title itself is dispersed through the text like so many independent claims to the poem.

E. W. Mandel's *Fuseli Poems* (Contact Press, pp. 68, $2.00) is named after Henry Fuseli, the Swiss-British painter and friend of Blake. The spirit of the book is, I suppose, recognizably Fuselian if you know what to look for. Mr. Mandel's characters gesture and stare, his poems and protagonists (like Fuseli himself) are dwarfed by the myths they try to act out, he mingles the melodramatic and the commonplace with disconcerting aplomb, and he too seems to be a friend of Blake. But very few of Mr. Mandel's poems suggest specific works of Fuseli, and those that do are likely to suggest more than one, or other treatments of the subject as well as Fuseli's. The opening poem of the book, "The Fire Place," is a very skilful pastiche of motifs from at least five of Fuseli's works: "The Witch," "The Nightmare," "Sin and Death," the entomological drawings of moths, and (of course) "The Fire Place." The poem called "Fuseli: Girl Combing Her Hair, Watched by a Young Man" refers not merely to Fuseli's impotent, despairing voyeur, or (by implication) to Actaeon and Artemis or David and Bathsheba, but specifically

to Keats's Porphyro, turned to his nominal stone by a very Gorgonian Madeleine.

> the barring rock is black
> and the pillar of his staff
> is set upon a black arm,
> he is pillar, all male, all glare.
>
> this is nowhere
> say the ladies of the street
> see, in the black air
> only the black there.
>
> sheer wall is all there?
> is he perched on air?
> but that is black rock
> on which his staff is set
> and he is glaring there.
>
> I think Porphyro stared
> from the same rock
> and wore the same staff
> and stretched the same arm
> in the black winter air
>
> and cried, despair.

I quote only the first section of one of Mr. Mandel's most powerful and central poems.

These two explicit Fuseli poems ("The Fire Place" and "Young Man Looking") are a complementary pair. In the first the protagonist is in the stone and the nightmare stares in (or does in Fuseli); in the second he is outside, clinging to the stone, and himself stares in. In being transported to Canada (the landmarks include Southern Saskatchewan, Toronto, St. Jean, and finally Edmonton), the Fuselian fire place seems doomed to become a sunny or bloody prison dome with caves of ice or bone, and the Fuselian stare a landscape with everything to see and no place to hide. The end-product of this metamorphosis can seem cosy as well as sinister, but the sinister predominates in a representative group like "Palinode," "Landscape," "Merits of Laughter and Lust," "The Professor as Bridegroom," "Blizzard," and "Ice Palace." Particularly striking is Mr. Mandel's concentration on the physical eye itself, from the trachoma smears and glue of blood in "Humanities Association" and the pierced, bleeding eye of "Saint Johns near Montreal," to the pond turning into the pupil of an eye at the end of "Ducks in a Pond" or the

visionary collapse at the end of "Metamorphosis," whose ostensible subject is *King Lear* and its vile jelly.

> Looking at her, my eyes magnified by anger,
> I saw her nose collapse into her face,
> her eyes narrow, her eyelids disappear,
> her lips extend into a pointed, yellow beak.
> I thanked the transformation of my rage
> that gave me vision.
> Later, to my horror,
> I discovered that my eyes were little stones
> and on my hand instead of hair were quills,
> And in my blood, not hers, the reptile crawled.
>
> Intellectual beauty, how we are shrunken now.

To pursue any further the themes which Mr. Mandel has drawn our attention to in the title would be to distort the book, which includes poems written over a period of five or six years at least, and is not all of a piece. Just as important to the book as Fuseli are the canticles, migrations, captivities, and prophecies of the Bible, and the ceremonies of Judaism—sometimes (see the images of "Noon Hour," "Ceremony for Rosh Hashonah," and "Pillar of Fire") for the same reason. Moreover, in *Fuseli Poems* Mr. Mandel hasn't left behind the poet of 1954's "Minotaur Poems"; he still knows how to end a poem with the roar of a bull. The cover is decorated with what looks like an unassembled labyrinth or Chinese puzzle, and the book itself is full of civic mazes to be threaded. Perhaps the most interesting of the labyrinthine poems show the city-maze and the poem-maze as two sides of the same coin, with the poetic image as the clue or will-of-the-wisp by which the poet is lost or found, as in "Two Part Exercise on a Single Image," "Palisade of Images," and "Poetic Process":

> expecting always
> a rocket metaphor
> blazing over an unexplored interior
>
> I find only
> this damp fuse
> of an unlit simile
> lying like a shoelace
> on the familiar sidewalk of my mind.

Even in a successful quest the clues may not light up anything beyond themselves. Mr. Mandel is much aware of the fact that the labyrinth may

in the end turn out to be simply a pattern of clues, with the poet at the centre: "cardboard Stevens in his honeycomb of lies." In "Death of a Poet," the verbal body of the poet falls apart and when all the words are gone there is nothing left—just an empty socket.

This last image is familiar, but Mr. Mandel can do almost as much with mouths as eyes. Indeed, in poems like "Humanities Association," "In the Caves of My City," "Mr. Mandel's Sunday Service," and "Epilogue," he seems to have as much trouble keeping them apart as Milton. What issues from these mouths may be the moats and mists of "The Damp Pilgrim" and "The Counterfeiter" or the Fuselian moths of "Entomology" or (at last) the flames of "The Fire Place" which begins the volume or the "Epilogue" which ends it. At the centre of the book is not merely the image of the stony or bleeding eye, but also the question:

> Who, with his mouth, will stop
> this cold blood or put his root
> or seed into this vain wound?

The fundamental tension of Mr. Mandel's work is between the Fuselian voyeur and the Hebrew prophet.

But the style that goes with these "blind eyes" and "hot voices" is often neither statuesque nor dynamic. One of Mr. Mandel's favourite *personae* is a shabby hero with a querulous, defensive, ineffectual tone of voice, who moves through a commonplace world of local landmarks and petty officials, of nextdoor gossip and tall tales. But the hero's wound is terrible as well as insignificant, and his commonplace world is also a world of suffering and violence, of melodrama and myth.

> A woman built herself a cave
> and furnished it with torn machines
> and tree-shaped trunks and dictionaries.
> Out of the town where she sprang
> to her cave of rusting texts and springs
> rushed fables of indifferent rape
> and children slain indifferently
> and daily blood.
>
> Would you believe how free I have become
> with lusting after her?
> That I have become
> a melodramatist, my friends ashamed?

This small-town damsel with a torn typewriter is a good Muse for Mr. Mandel's gossip-conscious demon lover, his Theseus in an outhouse, who,

in another poem, threads his way through the soiled logos of a mail-order catalogue of archetypes. As for the town council itself, it struggles manfully and unimaginatively with apocalyptic problems beyond its control, like the writing on the fence in "Prologue," which causes a civic scandal, but which no local whitewash or fire can remove. When we reach the last page of the book, we are gratified to find that the "Prologue" is duly given an "Epilogue," where Fuseli's nightmare turns into a horse of a very different colour, and where most of Mr. Mandel's images and themes manage to rest at last.

> When our mayor was put out to grass
> And on the street manholes opened like eyes,
> Everyone said it had come from below
> Because the street was nervous, empty,
> And the sewers rumbled for days, the wires
> Sang in the high wind and cracks appeared
> In the gray cement like folds in an elephant's hide.
>
> Everyone said it had come from below
> Because the banks toppled over like great gods
> And fire flamed out of the mouth of the stock exchange,
> And our bird-like mayor, like a hoofed thing,
> Galloped away to the green fields in the country.

To describe this rich, coherent, assured, exciting book is for me the same as to praise it. If 1960 had produced nothing else worth reading beside *Winter Sun* and *Fuseli Poems*, it would still compare favourably with any year of Canadian poetry since the war. But the poetry at hand shows no sign of splitting up into Miss Avison, Mr. Mandel, and a nondescript rest. The last days of 1960 saw the publication of two very distinctive books: one by Daryl Hine and the other by Ralph Gustafson.

Mr. Hine's *The Devil's Picture Book* (Abelard-Schuman, pp. 32, $2.00) is more accomplished and far less uneven than his two earlier books. It is also somewhat less exciting. The self-divided poet of *The Carnal and the Crane* is still in evidence; but in this new collection the various halves of Mr. Hine's self assume static poses and gesture at one another; they can hardly be said to debate or interact. Drama has given way to symmetry, and the decline in energy is considerable, whatever the compensations. So low is the erotic urgency of the love poems that much of the time we seem to be witnessing a kind of slow-motion Bower of Bliss, whose deliberation is about to become a series of disconnected stills. The "absolute" which the spherical temptress of "The Charms of

Circe" has to offer is a recurrent decimal. As the "moral traveller" tries to square her circle, she repeats now and forever her "resurrective trick."

> Between illusion and the fact,
> Unsure of each, the pilot steers
> Till all her charms like snails retract,
> And she spins on, mechanical.
> So winning is the doubtful act
>
> That mariners forever shall
> In any strait remember her:
> "O pivot of the ethical,
> Though promise of salvation were
> A premise of arithmetic,
> Yet infinitely you recur
> And none to help us is so quick.
> Protectress of the unastute,
> Repeat your resurrective trick,
> Persuade the little more than brute,
> Unridden by the caviller,
> To fasten on the absolute."

Mr. Hine is still able to strike off the unforgettable lines that made *The Carnal and the Crane* and even the earlier *Five Poems* so impressive, but the lines have a different flavour and use. In the earlier books they were evocative and intense enough to carry us through the arid wastes between. In *The Devil's Picture Book* the wastes have been set in order, and the mighty lines, if that is now the proper word for them, have a crisper, less "moving" sort of brilliance. In these "more facile and articulate" serenades (to quote the first poem in the book), the reader finds himself in a mosaic-world of carefully arranged but detached *aperçus*. The devil's picture book is also a commonplace-book. Hence, perhaps, Mr. Hine's increased fondness for villanelles or villanelle-like repetitions of single sentences and phrases, and for sestinas of one kind or another, with their perpetual renewal of identical rhymes. His aphorisms are always in danger of falling in love with themselves, and it isn't just one poem that deserves a title like "Fourteen Aphorisms in the Same Vein." Mr. Hine's current style is as tricky as his Circe, and in much the same way.

The range of *The Devil's Picture Book* is narrow, although in a sense universal. It isn't only Mr. Hine's doubled and redoubled protagonists who are

> So split and halved and twain . . . ,
> So like two persons severed by a glass . . .

That they cannot their pleasure name,
But like two doubles in a darkened place
Make one obscure assault and one embrace;

his Nature too is a fallen, inverted reflection, and, if art without faith can't recreate the original from the fiendish reflection, it can perhaps rereflect it wittily into a devil's picture book. Yet for me the poems which pursue these patterns relentlessly into a topsy-turvy wilderness of mirrors and cardinal points are less successful than those in which either the pattern is expressed in some sort of dramatic situation ("The Suitor" and "The Acclamation") or in which it is unbalanced to the point of defining or rejecting one extreme ("Proserpina" and "A Tour in the Forest") or in which Mr. Hine elaborates other, more original conceits ("The Charms of Circe"). His, however, is not the sort of verse which invites a last judgment—critical or otherwise. Its virtues are inseparable from its vices, as no doubt the author would be the first to agree. In "Fourteen Aphorisms" art is the life in the midst of the wornout relics of depravity. In "The Destruction of Sodom" grace is conceived of as redeeming the perverted relation between imagination and foreign bodies; not, however, by destroying Sodom, but by alchemizing it into a bodiless city of imagination—whether perversely pure or purely perverse hardly seems to matter. Both these poems fascinate with their cleverness and technical skill. So does the book as a whole. But, like his vices, Mr. Hine's material seems to be wearing out. As I read *The Devil's Picture Book*, I have the disconcerting feeling that all the ingenuity and epigrammatic brilliance cannot conceal (and are, indeed, not intended to conceal) the fact that the poetic machine itself is slowly running down for want of fuel. The title poem of the book might be retitled "The Dead End of Iconography." For the two poets of that poem, it isn't merely that no recoverable symbolic meaning lurks behind the surface images or reflections of nature; the images of sense themselves have no impact—even on the surface. All that survives for the poets is an album of demonic snapshots.

Why the shabby curtain hung
Across the sky as if congealed,
What landscape was by it concealed,
Which song, as well, the senses sung
Our common education failed
To explain. Thus we were stung
By poetry's demonic tongue:
Where faith was feeling, wit prevailed.

It is sixteen years since Ralph Gustafson published the last collection of his poems, and now, unexpectedly, he comes up with two: *Rocky Mountain Poems* (Vancouver: Klanak Press, pp. 36, $1.75) and *Rivers Among Rocks* (McClelland & Stewart, unpaged, $3.00 cloth, $1.50 paper). The former has a good deal of charm, with its contrast between an epigrammatic style and an epic setting, but the latter is certainly the book to know him by, and no earlier one is even in the running. I realize (judging from his selection of his own poems in the *Penguin Book of Canadian Verse*) that Mr. Gustafson feels some affection for the earlier work, but few readers will want to follow him back to *Flight into Darkness* (1944), with its heavy-handed wit and rhetoric, particularly in the sequence of war poems. Still, even in that book, an occasional love poem or landscape with figure does manage to achieve the clean, fresh brilliance of his later verse at its best. One such poem survives (revised) into *Rivers Among Rocks*, where it has now found much happier company.

Frank Newfeld's design for the book is almost as engaging as the poems themselves, particularly the wonderful set of superimposed and mutually transparent pages, whose arcs and solids lead the reader gradually into the titular images of Mr. Gustafson's poetic world. Not that the fluid element is literally everywhere in *Rivers Among Rocks*. But, whether we are exposed to a scatter of gold or a drench of blue and green, or simply to the staccato energy of Mr. Gustafson's mind, the material remains fluctuating and metamorphic, the language full of spurt and spray. His mannerisms may remind us of Hopkins, but the spring of his rhythm is a good deal lighter and more elastic.

> All's mad majesty and squander,
> And x and y or zodiac
> Excreting wizard mathematics
> Like a slew of ebbtide worms
> Won't solve it. The sand is miles and packt
> And moonlights wash the gnawings of
> A million years. The globe cants so,
> It's miracle a man can walk it.
> Listen to him: *I'll say my prayers*
> *And set mine eyes on kingdom come.*
> *I'll jump the prickly hedge and scratch*
> *Them in again.* I'll. I'll.
> Not Hesperides, I warrant,
> No matter what you will. Try.
> Scour this heaven-hung kettle of fish.

The vitality and brilliance of this passage from "On the Verge of Ocean" are exceptional, but the idiom and syntax are characteristic of *Rivers Among Rocks* as a whole.

The book is divided in three sections. In the first the water is perpetually recreative, the womb of nature not her grave; mutability is a saviour, because it forces vitality to keep renewing itself and prevents nature from being solid all over:

> Wherefore no person lives
> Until he is alive;
> No poetry's in the head;
> As none is written until read.

In one poem the speaker strikes out at the faultless white architecture which has succeeded a blizzard; in another he puts God's glory behind him and greets the glancing light of the dawn; in another he is pleased to recall that a tendril can split a rock. The shipwrecked hero of "Legend" (which makes a fine beginning to the book) prefers not to plunge inland but to stay at the land's end,

> Doomed in that landscape but among magnificence,
> By shell and seafoam tampered with, his senses
> As though by hers of Aeaea used, exquisite—
> He, that salt upon his time's tongue,
> Knows, standing the margin ocean and sand,
> Ilium toppled thunder his ears, what's left
> Of Helen naked drag between his toes.

The section is not without its doubts and ironies. The poet has a hard time making all excretions look like recreations, although "Gothic Fugue" and "Marine Conjecture" do their best. The latter, which begins with the "edifying mind" and its digestive cycle, and goes on to dump waste thought out to sea for the edification of underwater viscera, ends negatively: "This form of sanitation is not a love." But, on the whole, if the poet of this opening section hears "a muddle of farewells," he prefers to look the other way. We dig in tombs not to lament, but "to accost Cleopatra's dust."

While the first section praises mutability, the second defies it by trying to "draw out Leviathan with a hook." Most of these love poems deserve the title of one of them, "Monstrance in the Face of Malign Accident":

> Cancel it; love in
> Defiance of it;

Confound: snow
And candles, bed
And beetles. This deathwatch
Asks an anger.

Then, in the final section, chaos is come again; and this time the "muddle of farewells" can't be held off: the fertile muck is erosive and elegiac now, as in "Fort Tryon" or "On Such a Wet and Blustery Night." Mr. Gustafson has his consolations, to be sure; but they are less vital than they are formal, resigned, philosophic. The reader has only to compare "The Disquisition" of the first section with "Dr. Johnson Kicks Hocking's Shin," which makes almost exactly the same point in the last, to realize that "the mad majesty and squander" are gone. "A Pertinence," which confronts Henry Vaughan's world of shadowy decay not with a ring of endless light but with a seeming eternity of after-dinner comfort, ought to have been called "An Impertinence." The delightful sets of six preludes and four songs balance spring with decadence, love with antique music. The book ends with the harvest gathered and the hatches battened.

The buzzsaw shines and birch and fir
Are corded near the kitchen door.
Around the roof the farmer trims
His eaves; the housewife counts her jars

And all things bring the prodigal
And summer work to wise debate
With coming of the northern snow,
The early need of lamps, and night.

Mr. Gustafson is a good poet and he offers the reader a genuine delight. At the same time, there is something minimal about his material and rootless about his style. Whatever his insistence that the flesh makes the word, his poetry often remains "a rhetoric in the mind," and his insistent naturalism seems more rarefied than prolific. Vitality is kept up as a virtue of style, or as an attitude toward life, or as the subject of a poem, but it rarely gets beyond gesture and idiom. And the frequent grammatical obscurity is not justified by complexity or vigour of thought. Such a sentence as "Appointment scrambles waste youth or older thought was not a rubbish," with its nouns that might be adjectives, verbs that might be subjects, objects that might be subjects, and so on, is really confusion claiming the rewards of energy, although the reader soon

learns to unscramble the confusion. Still, even if *Rivers Among Rocks* promises more than it gives, there is nothing pretentious or disingenuous about the promise. The limitations remain those of a very fresh and engaging book.

Kenneth McRobbie's *Eyes Without a Face* (Gallery Editions, The Isaacs Gallery, pp. viii, 58, $2.00) is the only book of the year in which the reader will have much sense of encountering a young, consciously "new" poetry. But the newness is combined with a remarkable eclecticism, which no reader is likely to miss as he turns from a poem on Kenneth Rexroth to one addressed to Felicia Hemans, from poems after André Breton and Boris Pasternak to one "from the documentary history of education for Upper Canada." This open sensibility is no doubt responsible for a kind of failure of identity in the language of these poems; the idiom belongs here and there, noplace and everyplace; to my ear it sounds rootless and voiceless. But Mr. McRobbie's eclecticism is also a source of strength; the historical, international, and interlinguistic stretch of his mind (a book of translations from contemporary Hungarian poets and an anthology of recent French-Canadian poets are supposed to be among his current projects) gives his work much of its alert, curious flavour and sets it in a spacious context.

The poetic elements of this work vary widely in interest and success. I think of them as arranged in a kind of ascending series, with words at the bottom and sense impressions at the top. His diction is pallid in an impersonal, mosaic-like way; his syntax is dull, straggling, and without muscle; his free-verse rhythms are often flat, although also notable for their experimental variety; but his images—their nature as selected objects, their quality as filtered through a special sensibility, and the world made up out of their patterning—these have a convincing and sometimes appalling impact. It is not easy to forget what happens to "Caryatids in the Park at Night."

> The disaster of damp flays the caryatids
> whose faces peel into the breathing plants.
> Lips and brows are crumbling
> upon those classic simulacra almost
> indistinguishable from winter strollers,
> the skeleton decoratively
> suggested at sunset in the hanged gates
> or a shattered tennis party awaiting
> the ball tossed from shadows by a stranger.

> And over there, two virtuousos freeze
> in the arms of a bandstand
> marooned on the noisy grass, lips
> lashed to sudden stone in headlights.
> Lost races send the lonely walkers
> once too often round the Memorial
> where wind saturates the spouting faces
> and statues are sweating it out
> under the trees like men.

But Mr. McRobbie's sinister metamorphoses go beyond the human, the vegetable, and the mineral. To the tree, the man, and the stone, he will add the machine; and the park in which he will set them all is both the sterile space around us and the sterile time ahead. In "To a Late Understanding" each point of reference insists on being a microcosm of that park. Whether the point is a bride's photograph, a radio, a library, or a dentist's chair (with its telescopes "drilling out the cold tissue" and its "bleeding holes of ether" and its operator worrying about the ultimate effect of X-rays on his genes), the poem keeps on persistently composing the same world. The poetic solvent at the centre of the book is nuclear fission and its far-off event is a "chemical Jerusalem." The alchemy of science and the unnatural metamorphoses of man are thus two sides of the same coin, and Mr. McRobbie can never let a missile go by without turning the launching pad into a bed. At its worst, this symbolism is laboured; at its best, the ambiguous relations of fertility and sterility simply permeate the texture of the poem. In the end, even the sterile diction and syntax seem the inevitable means of communication in this world.

Mr. McRobbie has written a few striking poems and included them in a much less striking book. To look at *Eyes Without a Face* as a whole is to realize what it would gain by being reduced to about a third the size. It is too full of occasional pieces which refuse to outlive their occasions, of abortive experiments which seem to be there just for the record, of pleasant lyrics which prove only that the author is sentimentally attached to them. If *Eyes Without a Face* consisted merely of "To a Late Understanding," "After Zhivago," "The World of De Chirico," "Caryatids in the Park at Night," "Diary of a Nerve," "Serenade to the Queen City," and possibly "Requiem for the Dust of a Child," with the addition of half a dozen of the best short lyrics (such as "The Movement of the Worlds"), the reader would find it easier to recognize the quality of

Mr. McRobbie's sensibility and to see in him a good deal more than a poet of mere promise.

Milton Acorn's *The Brain's the Target* (Chapbook no. 199, pp. 16) deserves the place of honour among Ryerson Press's current crop of chapbooks (all $1.00). Mr. Acorn's work has been getting better and better during the past five years, and he seems about to become a very convincing and solid writer indeed. Such "solidity" is most obvious in his habits of speech—in the crushed rhythms, heavy alliterations, and words like boulders which have become his trademark:

> throbbing among turbines the
> gutted consonantal speech of
> a rigger, ex-seaman; the
> ring of the struck spike bouncing
> hammer and arm into the blows' beat.

The verse wrests whatever freedom it has from a rhythm of hard blows against an unyielding texture. But for Mr. Acorn society too is a dialectic of will and resistance; only here the struggle can be mutually destructive. As in that T.V. ringside poem "The Fights," "the brain's the target," whittled away until nothing human is left. I wish that Ryerson (or the author) had seen fit to represent the poet of society and the poet of ideas more adequately. In *The Brain's the Target* the Maritime regionalist (admirable in himself) is allowed to overshadow the debater, and Mr. Acorn's development seems truncated. That development displays a solidity of its own and has proceeded not by a process of reaction or attrition, but by accumulation like a snowball. The lyricist, the regional scene painter, the sketcher of people, the social protester, the muscle-bound arguer, these don't exclude one another; as a poem like "Mike" makes clear, nothing poetic or geographical has been finally rejected on the roads between Charlottetown and Toronto and Montreal. Because Mr. Acorn stands so obviously apart from the characteristic fashions of recent Canadian verse, one is likely to overrate his potentialities. Still, if, in due course, he doesn't produce one of the best books of the Canadian 60's, I shall be much surprised.

Of the other eight Ryerson chapbooks for 1960, only three are by poets new to the series. Four poets are bringing out a second chapbook, and one a third. The proportion of repeaters is a little disquieting. To be included in Ryerson's series (which has now reached a grand total of

199 titles) is a useful first step in book-publication for a Canadian poet, but nobody should be encouraged to make a poetic career of it. If the series is to be continued past its second century of titles, it needs a new policy. A low age limit and one chapbook per poet would be a step in the right direction.

I wish I could now point out something exciting in the work of the three newcomers who accompany Milton Acorn on Ryerson's list; but William Conklin's *For the Infinite* (no. 193, pp. 9) and Mary Nasmyth Matheson's *Autumn Influence* (no. 195, pp. 8) provide just the odd moment of pleasant or civilized speech in a very thin waste of rhetoric and platitude. Paul West is a much more skilful and subtle writer. His verbal inventiveness is at least enough to hold the reader's attention from line to line. But the substance of the poems in *The Spellbound Horses* (no. 194, pp. 16) (despite the Dylan Thomas title) is wearily elegiac, and the sophistication is little more than a pleasant virtue of style. There are some good poems in this chapbook, especially "Low Tide Is Noon," but, on the whole, Mr. West's poetic talents lack poetic life.

Of Ryerson's repeaters, some seem to have done better the first time. The lilting Carmanesque lament and uplift of Mary Elizabeth Bayer's eight-part *The Silver Swan: An Epithalamion* (no. 198, pp. 8) certainly reveal none of the "sharp imagery" and "distinctiveness of theme" and "compact . . . rhythmical organization" which were pointed out last year in the review of her *Faces of Love*. In *To Any Spring*, her third chapbook (no. 197, pp. 12), Myrtle Reynolds Adams again demonstrates how much can be squeezed out of a very limited sensibility, and an even more limited range of image and topic, by good taste and a practised technique. She can afford to let her springs shimmer and her dusks mellow and her summers burn because her phrasing is neat and she tempers her sweetness with just a touch of wit, so that when she fails it is usually by being pedantic rather than cloying. Douglas Lochhead, in *It Is All Around* (no. 191, pp. 24), is equally practised and competent, but tries for a wider range. Maritime scene-painting, with death or the sea just around the corner, alternates with more intimate interior-sketches. However, Mr. Lochhead is a much better painter of the outer than of the inner landscape. His erotic and domestic poems, while skilful enough, are far too coy and cosy for my taste. The most attractive poem in the book is an unpretentious six-part series of sketches and comments called "Poems in a Train—Newfoundland."

Michael Collie's chapbook, *Skirmish with Fact* (no. 192, pp. 24), makes me think of Arnold, or, to be more accurate, of T. S. Eliot on Arnold. He writes the contemporary equivalent of the nineteenth-century prize poem; and, like Eliot's Arnold, he is not to be found associating with the riff-raff and knows how to conduct himself in verse. His characteristic poem is civilized and readable, diffuse with epigrams and elaborate with variations. As the lines rock quietly to and fro, the images and sounds renew themselves in one disguise after another.

> My words were simple, simple as grasp of veil.
> Veil of the dancer where the game prevails.
> Words are a masquerade, songs of a double deed.
> Need is a twisting, like a table's turn
> of long nets twisting on the ocean bed,
> inscrutable fathoming, quest of the flesh and bone.
> Need is the chanting of these fishermen,
> with words of perverse delight, at the day's end.

These poems aren't arguments to follow or patterns to order in the mind, but foam-rubber cushions to sink into. They manage to seem rich and porous at the same time. The most buoyant of all is the title poem, with its delightfully long-drawn-out series of images for the moon, a "skirmish with fact" on behalf of that most illusory and impregnable of facts. Fred Swayze's *In the Egyptian Gallery* (no. 196, pp. 12) gives us his usual unassuming, serio-comic mixture. He specializes in the comic exposure of a casual event or encounter or quotation; but what starts with the casual rarely ends that way. The contrast between the crisp, fluent surface of his verse and the urgent undertow is what gives Mr. Swayze's work an unpretentious distinction of its own. The quality of his earlier chapbook, *To See Penelope Plain* (1958), was more consistently high, but *In the Egyptian Gallery* is more unified in subject. That subject is death. There is an elegy for the best gardener on the street, who dies in March with cedars still boxed and spireas still staked, and another for a mining magnate, who dies on the holiday when the market is closed, but soon goes through the weekday business of burial:

> Encased in rosewood and bronze, he denied the earth
> The ninety-nine cents of minerals he was worth.

There is a sacrificial winter-solstice poem, an A-bomb apocalypse in the manner of a numbers song ("Count Down") and a cosy underground reunion ("Family Plot"):

> Charlie, the prodigal, is home for good,
> And Addie, the Continuing Presbyterian,
> United now with the vast majority.
> And there, by Father, is room enough for me.

The title poem is a monologue by a mummy in a museum, whose eternity is spent displaying the resurrection of the body to an audience for whom even death is no longer real, much less immortality. But my favourite is "Frog-Catcher," in which a boy catches his frog for fun under the contemptuous eye of a heron, who catches his for food. The least one can say about Mr. Swayze is that he is ephemeral with a difference. He deserves not another chapbook but a real collection.

Ryerson has also published two longer books, but they don't rival the best three or four chapbooks. In *Ports of Call* (pp. viii, 56, $3.50), Marjorie Freeman Campbell offers a verse-diary of her tour around the world in a freighter. She has an eye for vivid scenes and an ear for lively anecdotes, but also a strange conviction that what these things need is verse—and in as many metres and styles as possible. She ought to have applied her journalistic skill to producing a prose journal. Being able to churn out assorted verse patterns with a modicum of skill is no excuse for failing to give us a good piece of reporting—which is what Mrs. Campbell's material really demands. Thomas Saunders' narrative poem, *The Devil and Cal McCabe: The Tale of the Cowman's Corns* (Ryerson, pp. vi, 26, $2.50), is disappointing for a different reason. His *Something of a Young World's Dying* (1958) was one of the most distinctive and fully realized of recent Ryerson chapbooks. Its flat Western landscapes and portraits asked only a little from language, but what they asked they got. In this new book the story of Cal McCabe's defence of his honour at the rodeo (complete with drunken aftermath and encounter with the devil) moves at a good pace in bouncy four-beat lines; but it hardly seems worth while to give the world yet another diluted, synthetic frontier tale, told with the usual folksy heartiness. Mr. Saunders' idiom is surer and his vigour less conventional than the typical example, but, just the same, no one who knows his best work will feel like congratulating him or Ryerson on *The Devil and Cal McCabe*.

If the ability to invent arresting and subtle phrases were the same as the ability to write good poems, *Out of Solitude* by R. Cynewulf Robbins (London: Linden Press [Toronto: Smithers & Bonellie], pp. 47, $1.75) would be an important book. A random collection of its catching phrases

might include: "Through windows pox'd with blue fly," "The pips I spit erratic stars dulling the universe," "Garner square beads of despair," "A moon with porcupine quills," even the first line of the book, "Lie loose my queen in your stately hole of delight." But Mr. Robbins is only occasionally able to make interesting buildings out of his interesting collection of stones. Still, there are worse fates than to be a quarry for critical magpies, and most readers will come away from this book with a bright assortment of rewards. And, although the average poem from *Out of Solitude* sags or diffuses in the middle, Mr. Robbins is at his best with beginnings and ends. Perhaps I am just defining a broad habit of mind. The dust jacket calls him a religious poet, and he is certainly much concerned with the first things and the last, as in poems like "Premonitory from the Deep," "History," "Apology for the Serpent," or "Agnostic at Worship," whose hero ends "By marvelling so cadaverously/At the nuisance of his birth/That he dies before his death." Last things certainly dominate the book, not only death and heaven and hell, but also the in-between "atheistic gray" which makes them all unreal. I found some of these limbo poems among the most distinctive and least pretentious: "Mr. Satyr Half-Awake," "Christmas in the Asylum," "Hope's Charnel House," and even the diffuse "Duchess of Barbitone," which begins with "Puff-balling still-born tomorrows" and ends with a refusal to "Venture further than the middle distance."

Fred Cogswell's little pamphlet, *Lost Dimension* (London: Outposts Publications, pp. 12, $.50), might seem more substantial if he hadn't published a much larger and better collection last year. While the new book (even in its twelve pages and eighteen poems) manages to represent most of his favourite genres (except the ballad), the examples are generally second-string Cogswell. But he still has a flair for neat, carefully simplified psychological contrasts, particularly for such anti-climactic ones as "The Tame Goose," "Burdens," and (best of all) "Ulysses Minor."

> He waxed both ears to drown the living song
> The sirens sang beside the lonely sea,
> For strings of life must break that vibrate long
> To such great ecstasy.
>
> Now in his mind their seething sea-bells chime
> And soft, insidious passions wake to stir
> Cruel ghosts that lurk between the ticks of time
> And mock their murderer.

Richard Outram's *Eight Poems* (Tortoise Press, unpaged and unpriced) really belongs to 1959, but is worth mentioning even if a year late. His most interesting work renews conventional images in conventional metres—roses and moonlight and snow in crisp quatrains. Carman could have been proud of "The Lovers" or of "The Dark Vision of the Anchorite," with its sharp and evocative conclusion:

> Till sudden, thin, high in the hills
> A red fox barked! The white hare froze;
> Shivered; stirred; began again
> The dance that hare, or madman knows.

John Robert Colombo and his Hawkshead Press have again been responsible for a scattering of well-designed broadsheets, by himself and others. His own neo-Blakean cycle of short poems, *Lines for the Last Day*, manages to make the last trump seem no less quiet than strident; Milton Acorn's *Against a League of Liars* collects some of the more rhetorical and occasional poems that didn't get into his chapbook; Mike Strong's *Hot Alphabet* wears its archetypes at a pretty rakish angle and is a lot more interesting than his earlier *Heart Honey Churning*. Other unusual volumes include Frank Andrews' *Rejoice We Conquer* (New Line Fraternity, pp. 59, unpriced), a set of less-than-Pindaric hymns to Canadian athletes, intended, it seems, to stir us all to greater Olympic efforts, and William W. Mawle's *Random Rhyme and Varied Verse* (pp. 97), a privately assembled nosegay of sad, hearty, cosy, and facetious pieces, which is most readable when closest to parody or self-parody.

> I marvelled that a maid so fair
> Should by herself be sitting there.
> But what may suit one person's taste
> Another may assess as waste.

Ryerson's *Selected Poems* of Emile Nelligan (pp. xvi, 39, $2.00) belongs in this survey because on opposite pages to the French originals it prints English verse translations by P. F. Widdows. These stick pretty closely to Nelligan's own verse-forms, although not (needless to say) to the extent of trying to write English alexandrines, or of keeping the order of the phrases inviolable. In style Mr. Widdows flatters some of the prejudices of contemporary taste. His English often focusses what Nelligan's French kept diffuse and sharpens epithets and images which the original left carefully vague. But these translations are very readable as poems and

quite true enough as translations. Some readers may question the selection itself. I notice, for example, that five of the nine poems selected in the *Oxford Book* are not included by Mr. Widdows. But maybe a piece like "Le Mai d'amour" is untranslatable.

A. J. M. Smith's *Oxford Book of Canadian Verse* (pp. lvi, 445, $6.00) proclaims in its jacket blurb that it is the first anthology to represent both French and English Canada. This seems to be true, for verse anthologies anyway. The French and English selections interweave like the independent plots of a minor Elizabethan play. If by chance they happen to shed mutual light on one another it is certainly not part of the design. Mr. Smith is giving us the opportunity of exercising our skill in comparative literature; he is not teaching us a lesson in bilingual unity. The blurb also informs us that "excellence has been the *sole* criterion of selection" (italics mine), and that any other principle is a lucky by-product. This I find hard to believe. I doubt if Mr. Smith included, say, F. G. Scott, G. F. Cameron, A. S. Bourinot, Bertram Warr, John McCrae, Heather Spears—even himself, just because he couldn't find any better poems as yet unselected from Margaret Avison, P. K. Page, Irving Layton, or A. M. Klein. This anthology is the result of an admirable and successful compromise between three aims: (*a*) to cover the historical range of Canadian poetry, (*b*) to include as many poets as possible, and (*c*) not to defeat Mr. Smith's own poetic standards of economy, accuracy, intensity, and purity. The result is a triumph of compromise as well as taste, and there is no need to make the triumph seem any simpler than it is. One can quibble endlessly about minor inclusions and exclusions; but in the *Oxford Book* our most experienced anthologist has produced his best work.

FICTION / *F. W. Watt*

The novelist's job seems in one respect more discouraging than the poet's. The weakest book of verse may contain one, two, or a dozen memorable poems which that small élite, the actual readers of poetry, are always happy to rescue for their permanent enjoyment. But few readers will return to the moments of artistry and insight of any novel which fails to go the whole distance. Of 1960's some twenty Canadian novels, only three stand much chance of being read and re-read, and the rest, with such

momentary qualities as they actually possess, must sink into entire oblivion—cargo, crew and passengers, the orchestra in some cases still bravely playing the national anthem.

Only two or three living Canadian novelists can be mentioned in the same breath with Morley Callaghan, and a novel by him is an important occasion in Canadian literature, even when it is launched without the blessing of the Governor-General's Award. From *Strange Fugitive* (1928) to *The Loved and the Lost* (1951) certain marked characteristics and patterns have emerged: the strengths of the new work, *The Many Colored Coat* (Macmillan of Canada, pp. 318, $4.50), are those of the old with which it takes a leading place, and so are its weaknesses. Callaghan's interest has shifted since the 1920's from naturalism to a freer realism and symbolism, but there has always been a concern for a consistent and plausible image of real contemporary life in his fiction, however freighted the work may be with conceptual significance. In the latest novel, the story of the public relations director for a large distillery, Harry Lane, who descends from prosperity and popularity into humiliation but makes certain self-discoveries in the process, presents exceptional difficulties. The fabric of Lane's social world (why is it not *called* Montreal?) is extensive, and all the characters, even the minor figures, are accounted for and knitted conscientiously into place. Callaghan seems to have exercised himself more than ever before in this respect, because of the necessity of supporting by a dense, realistic background what is really a grossly and deliberately absurd main action.

Dense as it is, however, the realistic texture does not often communicate a vivid sense of life. There is something laboured and mechanical about many of the glimpses Callaghan offers of that crowd of faces pressing in around Harry Lane, first to flatter him, to bask in his easy, good-natured, glad-handing, hospitable, moneyed way of life, and then to sneer and laugh at him in his disgrace. The significance, the meaning, one could almost say the allegory, keeps pushing its hard frame through the colour and contour of real life in the novel, and this seems to be Callaghan's first interest. Harry Lane finds his reputation and popularity ruined when the respectable middle-aged banker he has befriended, Scotty Bowman, is convicted of fraudulently arranging a doubtful loan for Lane, in hopes of a quick stock-market success for them both. Bowman's post-trial suicide leaves Lane accused (not in law but "all over the town" and particularly by Bowman's friend and defence witness, Mike Kon the

tailor) of enticing Bowman into a conspiracy by the lure of his glamorous life and his "terrible criminal attractiveness." The suit with the faulty, rotten lining made by Kon for Lane is simply an occasion for Lane to embarrass the tailor in revenge; and by flaunting it about town he may force the Bowman affair into the open again, and then have a chance to convince everyone of his own innocence. The ensuing tragi-comic duel of the coat between Kon (convinced like one of "those hard-nosed righteous guys out of the Old Testament" of Bowman's innocence and Lane's guilt) and Lane (sure of his own virtue) drags them both down, both crying for justice and becoming public buffoons in their ridiculous, obsessive quarrel.

Thematically the relation between Lane and Kon is that between naïve innocence and conscience ("Konscience," as Lane puns): the latter obsesses the former, trying to teach it self-analysis. The Lane we see at first is "an impulsive man full of generous gestures," a man of warm and attractive good instincts, of "*bonne volonté*." Symptomatic of the corruption of contemporary society is the fact that it has just the place for such a man: the public relations job. Lane comes to represent "the great American image, the nice guy making a buck," possessed of everything his society admires: money, entertainment, women—a man with charm, well-liked, at ease in the world. But at the end of the action Lane has discovered, like the heroine of *The Loved and the Lost*, that innocence is dangerous. Lane's is not ever or for long that unreflective innocence of the little child in the blue dress and pig-tails bouncing her rubber ball; nor is it institutionalized innocence (Lane is a Catholic who avoids the Church), that of the two nuns seen walking in the garden full of flowers; it is not that of either of the two women who love Lane, Mollie's well-trained prudence or Annie's appealing physical charity. Innocence becomes for Lane "like a two-edged sword without a handle, and if you gripped and used it, it cut you so painfully you had to lash out blindly, seeking vengeance on someone for the bleeding. . . ." The central concerns of *The Many Colored Coat*, I am suggesting, are religious, as in most of Callaghan's work. How does natural goodness (generosity without self-analysis) fare in our world? This is Callaghan's recurring theme. The biblical Joseph's coat of many colours was the sign of his father's love, but this favour provoked his brothers' hatred. Lane, too, was much-favoured, and his summer coat is also poor armour: not only does it draw down upon him, and fail to protect him from, his enemies—it is

itself corrupt, rotten on the inside. It is when Lane comes to question his own garment of innocence and way of life deeply that he ceases (like the hero of *They Shall Inherit the Earth*) to search for justice and turns instead to mercy. He has joined those whose full self-awareness is in "knowing the terror of their innocence."

The boldness of this novel's conception is apparent: it tries to fuse vast social and spiritual significance with the most trivial and silly "real life" action; as Lane's life becomes "smaller and smaller" its portent is supposed to become greater and greater. But the double focus is hard to hold: the small print of the newspaper gossip column distorts and blurs as we strain to read it against its giant background of capitalized profundities—"Konscience," justice, mercy, sin, innocence. At some point, for most readers I imagine the tension breaks, dwindling into dreary and incongruous triviality on the one hand and swelling into pretentious religiosity on the other. *The Many Colored Coat* is the work of a considerable artist whose dreams are often beyond his powers to execute them—but in this there is much to admire.

Brian Moore's third novel *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* (Little, Brown, pp. viii, 243, $4.00) is also a story of a fall and a redemption, the death of an old self and the birth of a new, and again Montreal is the setting. There is little point in pursuing resemblances, however, because in every obvious way the two novels are opposites. Moore's novel is fast moving, fluent, sure of touch, exuding an air of vital, natural talent like that surrounding a novel by Dickens. Callaghan's progresses with the efficiency of a carefully devised machine, still showing signs of long hours in the workshop. Moore has an eye for vivid detail and a faultless ear for lively dialogue. Rarely given to eloquence, Callaghan furnishes his world more meticulously than spontaneously, and in talk his characters often ring false. Callaghan's flat style, aiming as it does at perfect transparency, is not without its own virtues, however, and the other side of Moore's fluency is perhaps best realized by such a juxtaposition. Ginger Coffey is an Irishman, which perhaps justifies a certain lushness and greenness in the vegetation, but when fluency in language becomes fluency in sentiment it has its dangers.

The Luck of Ginger Coffey is a delightful performance by a comic genius, an artist whose talent is to discover and release the extraordinary hidden within the ordinary. The hero is "sinking" as the novel opens, but he has still further to go, into mundane humiliations more grotesque than

Harry Lane's. An Irish priest in Dublin twenty-five years before had warned the schoolboy Coffey of the consequences of a restless mind. The rootless sinner, the wanderer, is very likely to end up "in some hell on earth, some place of sun and rot or snow and ice that no sensible man would be seen dead in." This is Coffey's fate, despite the warning: his not very heroic odyssey carries him at last to Canada. Here he is stranded, wife and child to support, fifteen dollars to his credit, unemployed, thirty-nine years old and the likelihood of a future life perpetually "in humble circs," but still living on hopes and buying love from wife and daughter with promises. The action of the novel strips away the falseness of these hopes and promises until, jailed, jobless, penniless, in danger of losing his wife to a lover, Coffey, a poor forked creature whose luck has entirely run out, stands in a courtroom mocked, humiliated, and imperilled, on a charge of indecent exposure ("A fait pisser juste dans la grande porte du Royal Family Hotel"). But this descent, complete with a harrowing sojourn underground "in the cells below stairs," is prelude to a new self-knowledge and self-resolution. If the factors that go to create the new Coffey appear unrelated, they are so perhaps in the manner of T. S. Eliot's "way down" and "way up" which are the "same." On the one hand is Coffey's honest recognition of his inadequacies ("He would die in humble circs: it did not matter") and of his own responsibility ("*mea culpa*"). On the other hand is his inexplicable elation at the moment of release on the courthouse steps: "He looked up at the sky. Gray clouds ballooned down like the dirty underside of a great circus tent," that circus in which Coffey had been cast for so long as the clown:

> Yet oh! Never since he had lain in a field as a small boy had the heavens seemed so soaring, so illimitable. And in that moment his heart filled with an unpredictable joy. He was free .... For one liberating moment he became a child again; lost himself as a child can, letting himself go into the morning, a drop of water joining an ocean, mystically becoming one.

Readers will concede much to the interior life of this externally comic Irishman with his enormous moustaches and little Tyrolean hat; touches of tenderness and pathos recur. But this moment perhaps demands too much. The eloquence carries us beyond even the misunderstood, sensitive, unfulfilled "true" Coffey, and there is more. The moment of mystical self-forgetfulness, of joyful identity with the life urge at its simplest, Moore adds, "came more often in childhood, but it might come again

and again, even at the end of a life." And then at the novel's conclusion, Coffey thinks of his wife restored to him and of love: "Love—why, I'll tell you what love is: it's you at seventy-five and her at seventy-one, each of you listening for the other's step in the next room, each afraid that a sudden silence, a sudden cry, could mean a lifetime's talk is over."

However moving, these passages show Moore trying to weight his vehicle with more than it can properly carry. The novel's main strength lies in the brilliantly depicted comic scenes which constitute its main action: Coffey's disastrous interviews with the fierce Scots editor MacGregor; his experiences as a diaper delivery man; and perhaps best of all, the intensely ironical spectacle of Montreal courtroom justice and constabulary charity at work. Few writers have treated the Canadian scene with such freedom, energy, and eloquence; in Moore's own odyssey the New Canadian venture has brought him his first Governor-General's Award, but I trust not his last.

Moore and Callaghan both undertake to redeem for art the most unlikely material of ordinary life. Margaret Laurence, in her first novel, *This Side Jordan* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. x, 282, $2.50 paper, $4.00 cloth), sets herself an easier task. Accra, the capital of the old Gold Coast, now Ghana moving towards Independence, the Africa of today, black-white relations—the fascination of this subject matter itself is obvious. But Mrs. Laurence, without underplaying the documentary values of her theme, applies to it a versatile and mature skill, and the result is a passionate and moving novel. This book on Africa is suitably torrid and earthy: it abounds in imagery of the sun (heat, light) and of the body (sweat, bellies, buttocks, breasts)—no trace of the glacial prudery of much Canadian fiction survives this frankness and warmth. The action's main focus is the African school-teacher Nathaniel Amegbe, a figure who owes something perhaps to Forster's Aziz. Nathaniel is a type of emergent Africa, struggling for fulfilment, caught between "yesterday and today," the customs and religion of a primitive past and the English, Christian "enlightenment" he received in a mission school. "You hate all the old ways," he tells his cynical London-educated friend Victor Edusei, "and now you go and hate all the new ways." Nathaniel himself tries to redeem the good from his familial and tribal past, and to maintain his idealistic hope for Ghana's future, the promised land on the other side of the River Jordan. Mrs. Laurence's bold attempt to show the confused stream of Amegbe's consciousness where opposed cultures meet and mix ("King

Jesus came riding on a milk-white horse . . . arrayed like a King of Ashanti") is imaginative; but prose rhythms are too clumsy for the job, and the effects tend in the end to dissipate in a vague emotional turbulence.

In the white community, centring on the English textile firm by which John Kestoe "who didn't like Africans" is employed, Mrs. Laurence pictures (her dialogue and its epiphanies are vivid) all the varieties of moral and racial obtuseness familiar from Forster's India, the death throes of the imperial class. Kestoe is evidently intended as a counterpoise to Nathaniel. From a London slum background, he is burdened with a dark past as filled with brutality and superstition as Nathaniel's, and as troubling to him. In their relationship, these two re-enact the history of Ghana and Africa. Kestoe treats Nathaniel as an inferior being, Nathaniel weakly protects himself by offering a fellow African as a "slave" as his ancestors had done. Kestoe rehearses the rape of Africa, as lust, fear, and hatred combine to make him ravish the African "whore" (actually a young, frightened virgin); and then, too late, he suffers remorse and compassion: "She was a continent and he an invader, wanting both to possess and destroy."

At the novel's end Kestoe supports the Africanization of his firm ("Black man, black man, come down from the trees,/Show how you pound these typewriter keys," as the "highlife" song puts it), but only out of expediency. I confess to uncertainty as to the mood of this conclusion. Is it primarily hopeful or ironical? The key is no doubt in the simultaneously new-born children of Nathaniel and Kestoe: Kestoe's child, named Mary after his mother who died from an abortion, assuages the brutality of his past; Nathaniel's, called "Joshua," may live to cross over the River Jordan. If at times this author risks dropping some threads or confusing the pattern altogether, the cause is an abundance of experience, imaginative energy, and resourcefulness—things rare enough in themselves, and doubly welcome in a first novel.

II

The ease with which Margaret Laurence gets tension and drama from her African world points up the difficulties facing a writer whose setting is the Canadian social scene. Phyllis Brett Young in her second novel bravely chooses to grapple with that notoriously shapeless subject, the city of Toronto, and the struggle to define its significant patterns of life

proves too much for her. There is the Annex, a decaying relic of Victorian dignity and graciousness; "Rowanwood," a suburban housing development for materialistic, conformist, well-to-do business men; the downtown slumland between King and Queen Streets. There are the old private school girls and the floods of New Canadians. The city is bursting outwards into suburbs and upwards into skyscrapers. In the novel's finale the heroine's radical change of heart and mind is supposed to be symbolized in her wish to move from suburban Rowanwood back into central Toronto. But in fact the city has never really come alive in the book: it is the heroine's decision that defines the city's significance, not *vice versa*. For all the author's efforts she produces no more than the most pallid effects of local colour. In other respects, *The Torontonians* (Longmans, Green, pp. 320, $4.50) is a disappointment, moving as it does away from the first novel's strengths towards its weaknesses. The strong opening picture of the heroine and her state of mind—Karen, well-off, comfortable Rowanwood matron, but stifled, depressed, starved by a life of sterile commercialism and conformity, obsessively playing with the dangerous toy, death—gives way to satirical and sociological analyses of the "evolutionary *cul-de-sac*" of society which is supposed to have reduced her to this unhappy condition. Too much of the book is a somewhat facile commentary on "gadgetry," conformity, materialism, and other features of modern North American life, and the characters dominated by them are often too grossly caricatured to be more than occasionally interesting or convincing.

Despite her pointed title, Mrs. Young makes her appeal to local tastes with a show of sophistication, but David Walker is less squeamish. He follows the formula for *Canadian* writing once outlined by Lister Sinclair: never write "as fast as the wind," write "as fast as the wind in Winnipeg"; never write "as cold as charity" without adding something like "in Toronto," and so on. In Walker's *Where the High Winds Blow* (Collins, pp. 512, $3.95) we read: "his children . . . , the colt-limbed young of Canada"; "the best goddam man in Canada"; " 'The Canadian family Skafe,' he said, 'You're quite an outfit.' " But Walker's *Canadianism* goes much farther than this: his book enshrines the spirit of "Canada's Century" in a form appropriate to 1960. When some sixty years ago Laurier claimed the twentieth century for Canada, he and many of his fellows were intoxicated by the opening of the western frontier, the beginning of an era of vast material expansion and still vaster hopes

(Saskatchewan alone, said Lighthall, can support a population of 800 millions). Walker assumes that a new "heroic age," a new exhilarating phase of nation-building, has now dawned with the opening of the *northern* frontier. For long penned up against the American border, Canadians are now free to surge boldly northwards, and Walker's book raises the cry, Go North young man: "Life is an adventure, or life is nothing. Canadians must adventure from the narrow land, or Canada will be nothing. Our adventure waits there for us." Walker's hero is the arctic adventurer Simon "Husky" Skafe, who, as a young trapper on the Mackenzie River, sees the potential wealth as well as the fascination of the North, and as an older man turns entrepreneur and big-city tycoon to ensure its exploitation. Skafe embodies an adolescent dream: hard, muscular, ambitious, ruthless, equally cunning in the wildernesses of nature and of business, a triumphant buccaneer; but under the heroic armour all the softer virtues of poetry, vision, and love ("an austere man, Simon, yet a passionate splendour of a man in bed"). Skafe's triumph is actually his fusion of spiritual and material values; idealistic vision with commercial foresight; arctic mysticism with winter sports. But this, unfortunately, Walker never really scrutinizes, preferring to emphasize the amorous and northern adventure-story experiences of his hero, which are often (especially the snowscenes) exciting enough. When the sociology of the Canadian novel is written *Where the High Winds Blow* will have its place.

Fred Bodsworth's *The Strange One* (Dodd, Mead, pp. xii, 400, $5.50) also shows the Canadian imagination turning northwards, but with less grandiloquence. The peculiar interest of this book is its attempt to fuse a minor with a major genre, the animal story with the romance. The story of the barnacle goose's transatlantic migrations from the Hebrides to James Bay, its biological compulsions, its struggles, its mating, and its death, makes a fascinating documentary, though of course charged with the pathetic fallacy. But the human love story is yoked with violence to the goose saga: what starts as a suggestive association which has beauty and mystery ends as a laboured allegory, in which the boy-girl gander-goose parallels seem more and more superficial and contrived. Moreover, Bodsworth solves the main complication of his human drama, the racial problem, in the act of creating it: if he really imagines that Kanina Beaverskin, with her exotic, graceful manners, alert social tact, and extraordinary educated intelligence, would be unacceptable to the

faculty wives' club and would oblige a Toronto zoology lecturer to choose between marriage and university advancement, he has obviously met few professors' wives.

For his first novel, *Florencia Bay* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. 205, $3.50), James McNamee also chose a far-off *locus*: the west coast of Vancouver Island. The setting is as vividly described and is almost as awesome as Bodsworth's Hebridean Islands. But the characters are drawn with more sophistication and wit: Charlie Jack, the shady Indian *entrepreneur* whose gold-rimmed glasses represent the extent to which civilization has impressed itself on his essential barbarity; Monica Jack, his sulphurous half-breed daughter, convent-raised, which helps to account for the intermixture of piety with her ferocity and sophistication; and Patrick Crogan, thirty-year-old prospector, who arrives for a peaceful and profitable summer's panning for gold to find himself willy-nilly the chief matrimonial prospect for Monica. The author leads us cleverly step by step to the point where the Jack family's wooing becomes no longer just amusing, ludicrous, and embarrassing, but sinister, dangerous, and in the end brutal. At this point, however, one must perforce take the game seriously, and if we do the author's facetious tone seems inappropriate, like the frozen smile of the prankster whose exploding cigar has just taken out someone's eye. However inconsequential its plot, in its sprightly dialogue, pictorial vividness, and fluent movement *Florencia Bay* remains a refreshing first novel. Charles de Verteuil's second novel, *The House of Bamboo* (Longmans, Green, pp. 219, $4.00), takes us still farther afield: to the remote beauty and peace of the hill country of post-war Burma. Here the hero Peter Sandford tries to escape a painful personal past in seclusion, in dedication to painting, and in dusky romance: "As their bodies came together in the ritual of love, the moon rose up to shed a phantom light over the infinite loneliness and, as he thought, the safety of his refuge." Eventually, Sandford decides to go back to England with Irene Bankart, his white beauty, rather than to go native (or rather stay native) with his dark beauty, Ma Thwei. The colourful "matter of Burma" never seems to be more than an exotic backdrop for the Madam Butterfly theme, and the rest is romantic rhetoric.

The exotic is exploited with a more professional touch by Nicholas Monsarrat in his latest production, *The Nylon Pirates* (Cassell, pp. vi, 314, $4.25), a heavily spiced tale of crime and lust on a millionaires' luxury cruise. This hard, worldly book offers much cynical and ribald

humour; some intriguing insights into organized crime as the small gang of whores, extortionists, gamblers, and gigolos proceeds to gull the wealthier fellow passengers; but mostly crude and unconvincing caricaturing of the upper crust and a sensational sordidness. Slick as the conclusion is, it hardly encourages a serious view of the novel to have the fairest of the villains, the young and beautiful Kathy, purified by a change of heart, prepared to marry and live happily ever after; while the blackest of the villains, Carl ("you've tried to make a pig-sty out of a fine ship") disappears overboard down the toothed gullet of an aged shark, presumably taking all the evil along with him, as the "ship of fools" sails onwards to its safe harbour.

Two books released by Vantage Press, *Falls the Shadow* (pp. iv, 309, $3.50) by Nahum Ravel, and *Feathers in the Wind* (pp. 127, $2.75), by J. B. Nelson, are less likely to raise critical issues than questions about the nature of certain publishing ventures. The latter is so artless a tale of social gossip and true love's adversities that it would be unfair to comment further. The former, a more ambitious and aggressive work, explores at length and in frank detail the ideological and sexual lives of a group of Canadian Jews in the late thirties and forties. The imagery is predominantly, even obsessively, excremental, and this comment of one of the characters might apply to the book's value as a whole: "I guess all this morbid detail has disgusted you, but I feel better for telling."

III

In *His Majesty's Yankees* Thomas Raddall showed the respectable heights a good historical novelist with a clear vision of his subject matter could reach; in his latest novel, *The Governor's Lady* (Doubleday, pp. 474, $4.95), we must settle for what might have been. The divided career of Johnnie Wentworth, in his youth Governor of New Hampshire at the outbreak of the American Revolution, and in age Governor of Nova Scotia, is our point of entry into the historical travail of the late eighteenth century which created the United States of America and (indirectly) Canada as well. Wentworth's grand hopes and labours for New Hampshire ("What's impossible in America?"); New England's revolutionary turmoil, the mobbing of the Governor's house, the flight of the Loyalists; the refugees flooding into Nova Scotia in the 1780's, the ceremonial pomp and the scandal of Halifax's social and garrison life: Raddall's

reconstructions are exciting enough. But when the interest must shift from history to the characters, it is evident that Raddall does not show them the same seriousness. We never really get to know the Governor's Lady herself, either as the frivolous, somewhat voracious young provincial belle ("Wait, I'll unlace"), or as the ambitious, worldly, clever courtesan she becomes. Wentworth is potentially more interesting. There is a certain power in the spectacle of youthful energy, talent, and idealism wasting and corrupting itself into middle-aged fatness, futility, and delusion: another "study of provincial life," though the mere thought of George Eliot's Lydgate emphasizes Raddall's comparative lack of purpose. Is Wentworth a potentially great man limited by the adverse tides of history, or by his own shortcomings, or by marriage to an amoral, selfish woman? Is the award of the Nova Scotian Governorship (made at times to seem so petty an office) a late triumph, or an ironical anti-climax, a crown for both, or a mean victory for the Governor's Lady? Historical events themselves cannot be the shape of a work of art; time simply marches on, but the novelist has to provide plot and theme, a beginning, middle, and end, and a meaning.

Mrs. E. M. Granger Bennett is another experienced writer of historical novels, and as one would expect her latest, *Short of the Glory* (Ryerson, pp. viii, 333, $4.95), takes a conscientious and intelligent approach to both its fictional and its historical elements. But even more than Raddall's, the novel lacks narrative and thematic unity, and again the gulf between fictional foreground and factual background (this time New France in the 1690's) is not convincingly bridged. When she finally settles into the story of Abigail, New England Puritan lass carried by Indians to Catholic French Canada, Mrs. Bennett tries to persuade us that her real interest all along is in the racial and religious misunderstanding and conflict it involves. But such matters are hard to see as a theme informing and ordering the whole novel; and readers are more likely to rely on what pleasure they take from the detailed panorama of life in seventeenth century New France, with its mixture of actual and imaginary people, which Mrs. Bennett provides.

In Mazo de la Roche's latest addition to the Jalna saga, *Morning at Jalna* (Macmillan, pp. vi, 263, $3.50), the action begins with a situation of historical interest—the arrival at Jalna of two mysterious visitors from the Southern States during the American Civil War—but as the novel progresses the plot disintegrates, the Confederate spy theme fades out, and

we are left in the familiar domestic world of the wholly fictional Whiteoaks. The best aspects of the new book are its "morning" moments; for example, the magical voyage of the children Augusta, Nicholas, and Ernest (and their pet dove) out onto the vast lake in a little boat: ". . . a great moon rose and flooded the lake with its brilliance. The little waves were capped with silver. The sail was silver. The dove was a silver bird, immobile, his silver beak sunk on his silver breast." And then the sunrise. The book's casual shapelessness is the vice of an author whose audience is loyal and familiar. Marian Keith's *The Grand Lady* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. viii, 222, $4.50) takes us, again with professional fluency, into rural Ontario in the 1880's, the pioneering struggles left behind, urban decadence still ahead, and the present all fresh and wholesome: "we felt the atmosphere of love and security enfolding us the moment we entered the low door." The less smiling aspects of that period (which the Canadian Hawthorne, Joanna Wood, made her theme) are voided by means of a shadowy scape-goat, the insane "Poor Ellen." There is little plot, merely the loving resurrection of the honeyed past, focussing on the grand lady Aunt Flora, everybody's ideal great granny. Bere Joseph Ginsburg's *Generation Passeth . . . Generation Cometh* (Ryerson, pp. viii, 215, $4.50) is also an exercise in nostalgic reminiscence, this time a naïve and sincere account of the Jewish Grossman family of Brinsk in Old Russia, from the 1870's past the turn of the century. The real hero of the novel seems to be the Grossman dry goods store, of ancient lineage, faced with threats of change and betrayal, nearly dying but reborn with new facade and handsome plate-glass windows and, within, a "harmless propinquity of the departments of men's and women's goods," change indeed! The display of Jewish rites, the conflicts of the Grossman generations, historical and ideological upheavals (the growth of the "Bund"; the Japanese-Russian War of 1905) never quite redeem the novel from the omnipresent "trivia and tedium of the dry-goods business," to which the author's attitude is ambivalent but never facetious or ironical.

Wilder Penfield's *The Torch* (Little, Brown, pp. xiv, 370, illus., $5.00) ought perhaps to be considered in the category of intelligent play, like the detective stories of Oxford dons. But despite Dr. Penfield's amateur status, he has chosen a subject obviously important to him. He writes with feeling as well as with intelligence and scholarly care (complete with reference notes) about that student of neurosurgery, athlete and writer, Hippocrates (a man after Cecil Rhodes' heart), the legendary

physician who first put medicine on a sound ethical and scientific basis. The book is part anatomy (Frye's, not Penfield's term) in its concern for ideas and theories; for example, the Hippocrates/Empedocles debates, and Hippocrates' revolutionary theory that a man thinks with his *brain*, not with his heart or his blood. These are more important than the tenuously connected love affair between Hippocrates and Daphne, which seems hackneyed by comparison. Dr. Penfield is better with reconstruction than with creation, and his control fades in moments of intense action or feeling; but even Hippocrates had to acknowledge that dedication to medicine left him a little out of training, too scant of wind for the ultimate challenge of the Arête.

IV

Ella Elizabeth Clark's title, *Indian Legends of Canada* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. xiv, 177, $4.50), promises more than the book gives. It might have been that comprehensive collection of authentic Indian myths, drawn together from more or less inaccessible sources, needed as the corner-stone of one's Canadian fiction library. But Miss Clark's invidious provisos forewarn us: "desirous of a book of Indian stories that can be read in families and in schools, I have excluded tales with brutal and erotic themes"; and she has also omitted examples of the most common and familiar type, the "trickster" story. Moreover—but this is inevitable—the stories as recorded are all post-white man, and the degree of adulteration varies alarmingly. Nevertheless, the collection contains much of interest, especially, as one would expect, the many attempts to project a comprehensible intermediary between the ineffable divine force behind creation and the world of ordinary life—Nanabozho, Wisakedjak, Glooscap, Napi, Coyote—figures varying in their nature and powers as much as Christ, Prometheus, and Paul Bunyan. Latter day myth enthusiasts profess to find forgotten truths in mythology, but these myths seem content to express feelings and attitudes. They offer world pictures which are benevolent or terrible (usually both together), and which are apparently the Indian's way of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole; they explain nothing, though every man is welcome to read his own allegories into them. Miss Clark's extensive bibliography will lead the interested reader on into her unbowdlerized sources. Howard O'Hagan's *Tay John* (Clarkson N. Potter [Toronto: S. J. Reginald

Saunders], pp. 264, $4.95) is a somewhat incoherent fictional illustration of how myths might come into being, beginning as it does with an Indian legend, and progressing (with increasing realism: legend, hearsay, evidence) to the adventures of the half-breed Tay John which became a source of legends. The book has moments of strangeness and excitement, but as Tay John becomes less mysterious so the work becomes more a sequence of melodramatic yarns without satisfactory resolution.

Two books of short stories appeared in 1960, and one of these, H. R. Percy's *The Timeless Island* (Ryerson, pp. viii, 163, $3.50), brings an authentic shock of surprise and pleasure. Like Joseph Conrad (they have a sea-going background in common) Lieutenant Percy is in love with unnaturally pure and intense feelings and states of mind (the title is apt); and he frames ironically or distances his tales by his use of narrators, aiming at a disciplined romanticism. There is much variety, and if nothing quite lives up to the opening depiction of the blind woman, "The Walking Tree," it is only because that story's poetic intensity sets such a high standard: "She knew it [the moon] was there; and if she could stretch out her hand that far it would have the cool silver feel of a coin that had lain through the dewy night on the doorstep for the milkman. Only softer." The second book is Robert Weaver's "World's Classics" edition of *Canadian Short Stories* (Oxford, pp. xiv, 420, $1.75), which draws together examples from 1895 to 1957, from Thomson and Roberts to Mordecai Richler. The range in quality, techniques, and subject is as great as this comprehensiveness would indicate: from the story-tellers' tales of Scott, Thomson, and Raddall to the "slice of life" of Layton and Richler; from the sunshine of Leacock's little provincial town to the moody evocation of Vancouver in Malcolm Lowry's profoundly inspired story: "anyone who had ever really been in hell must have given Enochvilleport a nod of recognition"; from Knister's and Grove's raw-boned prairie dramas to the urban neurotic sophistications of P. K. Page and Ethel Wilson. Genuine "classics" are rare; but the collection as a whole is a generous testimonial to the variety and quality of three generations of Canadian writing in this most difficult form.

Finally, a translation from French Canada: the now notorious *Mad Shadows* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. 125, $3.50, translated by Merloyd Lawrence) by Marie-Claire Blais, a turbulent tale of the cruel voluptuary Louise who maltreats her ugly daughter, Isabelle-Marie, and adores her beautiful idiot son, Patrice, *la belle bête*. The book reads like a nightmare,

with all the shadowy incoherence and otherworldliness of such dreams, as well as their compelling if obscure sense of urgency and terrible meaning. Hence the temptation of the interpreters ("The key . . . lies mainly in the 'Revelation of St. John' "; "Louise symbolizes the vanity of that complacent, self-contemplative spirit of Quebec"). The movement between private symbolism and universalized romance is uneasy, and in the end unsatisfying, though at times painfully intense and haunting—mad shadows indeed.

HUMANITIES / LITERARY STUDIES

A Critique of Paradise Lost by John Peter (Longmans, Green, pp. x, 172, $4.25) is a book with a limited objective: it is neither a work of scholarship nor of popular elucidation, but simply of assessment. Framed by a Prologue and Epilogue, which set forth the critic's principles (not without some admixture of self-justification) are six chapters devoted to Milton's treatment of: "God and his Angels," "Satan and his Angels," "The War in Heaven," "Adam and Eve in Eden," "The Fall," and "The Consequences of the Fall." In all the chapters the method is the same: to isolate Milton's many failures and occasional successes, the criterion being the critic's own sense of fitness and effectiveness, but failures and successes mainly on the levels of idea and phrasing. Quite apart, then, from the adequacy or inadequacy of the criterion, the method is one of fragmentation. The reader is never invited to take a look at the poem as a whole and the relation of the parts thereto.

Consequently, there is no general consideration of the task that Milton set himself, and no recognition of his greatest success, the achievement of a structural pattern whose only rival is the *Aeneid*, or of that remarkable web of internal patterning which forms the setting of such individual successes as Professor Peter concedes, and even goes some way to neutralize passages which, when isolated, are or appear to be failures. Such consideration Professor Peter's piecemeal method inevitably precludes. Much else which another critic might regard as relevant, he rejects. Thus (to take one example, which might be duplicated from any of the chapters) in his comments on Milton's God, and the dialogue of the Father and the Son, in Book III, he ignores every historical factor, whether of thought

or of literary convention: he writes as if he had never heard of the Four Daughters of God, among whom the attributes of Truth and Justice, Mercy and Peace are distributed, and who are allowed to debate the situation of man, a convention which lurks just below the surface of the dialogue; and as if, again, he had never noticed the repeated emphasis on the Son as "true image of the Father," which means that for the whole nature of Milton's God we must add the utterances of the Son to those of the Father. But even to mention such matters is of course to fall under Professor Peter's interdict as attempting to justify the ways of Milton; for he cannot readily conceive of elucidation as springing from any motive but a desire to defend. So he sets happily to work collecting everything in the utterances of the Father which strikes him as incongruous or inconsistent, and by massing the examples out of context creates an impression of failure much in excess of anything that the poem itself will yield even in this, confessedly one of its least successful parts.

Professor Peter protests that his purpose is not to attack Milton (and he should perhaps in return be prepared to believe others when they disclaim all intention of defence, being content with the humbler, though not necessarily easier, aim of understanding). But in truth Professor Peter has other and loftier purposes. He thus describes the critical tradition in whose ranks he would take his place: "Here criticism is related not so much to the subject of inquiry, the poet, but to the reader of poet and critic alike. . . . The critic's aim . . . is to stimulate and challenge the reader's habit in reading, providing object lessons . . . of how—and how not—to read, so that ultimately his criticism may be empowered to form and define . . . the literary taste and judgement of his time." He claims as exemplars Johnson and Arnold, but apparently without reflecting that what is of permanent value in Johnson is not so much his judgments (the notorious critique of *Lycidas*, for example) but his elucidations of meaning, or that Arnold, who did little to elucidate, still preached disinterestedness, and regarded it as the hall-mark of good criticism. One may doubt, however, whether either Johnson or Arnold is a principal influence in Professor Peter's work, and whether his aim and method do not in fact much more closely resemble those of F. R. Leavis. If this query is justified, and if we have identified the master, we need not be much surprised that humility is not among the virtues manifested by this stimulating and certainly very well-written book. (A. S. P. Woodhouse)

Now that the biographers and editors of Byron have prepared the

way, the critic should appear. Mr. West is not quite what is wanted. His book, *Byron and the Spoiler's Art* (Chatto & Windus [Clarke, Irwin], pp. 156, $4.00), is a collection of essays, several of which have already appeared as articles, and their juxtaposition here curiously decreases their impact. Mr. West's theories are lively, though not subtle: Byron writes from an "act of repulsion" stemming from "the insecure person's fierce need of elimination"; he is not serious about poetry for its own sake; beyond its power of catharsis he sees poetry as entertainment; his vitality is free only in the farce of *Don Juan*; the romances are entertainments, and, though the plays are more, they are vitiated by their author's self-obsession. These basic ideas are not difficult to apprehend, but Mr. West's presentation is oblique. He seems to be writing less about Byron than about possible and often parallel ways of approaching the poet; we are never unaware of Mr. West's articulation. We are perpetually to be startled or to be faced with a witty summary. In a single article this can be stimulating, but in a full-length book it emerges like bravado intent on avoiding controlled discussion or exploration. The telegraphic rhythm, the fierce phrases, the passion for analogy are only irritations to the reader whose concern is Byron. Even when we are not jumping from Camus to Hemingway, or to the thirty other figures, mainly modern, with whom Byron is compared, we are given instruction on psalms or a burst of enthusiasm for the wonders of rhyme.

W. W. Robson's admirable British Academy Lecture on Byron (1957) reminds us that a sympathetic invitation to and assessment of Byron's poetry is possible. At the beginning of his study Mr. West seems even uncertain whether he ought to recommend Byron's poetry to the reader; at the close, however, he does claim the "downright existence" of Byron in the poems, but it is only when he is dealing with *Don Juan*, and possibly the prose, that we are convinced that there is anything worth our attention. (He hints at the greatness of some of the lyrics, but does not explore them.) His careful analysis of the stanza of *Don Juan*, particularly in its development from the stanza of *Childe Harold*, is incisive and valuable. One would have liked Mr. West to look at the total structure of *Don Juan*. Is this poem successful only in its parts, or has Byron managed to hold it together in his double role of easy story-teller and improviser? This is one of many problems concerning the poem, and since Mr. West's enthusiasm seems to reside chiefly here, he might perhaps discipline his talent and give us something of more concentrated value. (R. S. Woof)

J. B. Bessinger's *A Short Dictionary of Anglo-Saxon Poetry* (University of Toronto, pp. xviii, 87, $4.75) presents for the first time a complete glossary of the vocabulary of Old-English poetry in normalized early West-Saxon orthography. It has already become an essential tool for those using normalized texts in teaching or learning our earliest poetry. Professor Bessinger's dictionary is bold and experimental, not only in committing itself to standardized forms, but in pioneering new fields in Old-English lexicography. Thus it includes with each entry the unit number of the Grouped Frequency Word List (Madden-Magoun), and it radically reduces the number of entries by taking a sensible view of compounding in Old English. It seems foolish to have a student worrying about this unfamiliar aspect of Old English when, with a grasp of a few simple principles on the structure of compounds, he can in most cases work out the words for himself from a small basic vocabulary. These principles are provided in an excellent treatise "On Compounding and Modification" (pp. viii-xiii), itself a genuine contribution to lexicography. Also of special interest in this dictionary is the careful attention given to the oral character of Old-English poetry: the spelling norms adopted, the intelligent use of diacritic markings (and notably of those distinguishing palatal from velar sounds, for example, -nǵ from -ng), the use of the attractive acute accent to mark long vowels, all focus attention on the sound of the glossed forms when read aloud. The glosses are consistently good and the entries of what are for beginners obscurely-related forms (for example, dréas *see* dréosan) sufficiently generous to simplify the search for meanings.

All lexicographers adopt arbitrary conventions, some of dubious advantage. Should or should not, for example, a diacritic mark be used in the group *sc* when the *c* is palatal? Are the abbreviations *av* and *aj* really to be preferred to *adv* and *adj*? But in one case here the decision is not at all arbitrary and seems somewhat impractical. Does the continental arrangement of the alphabet (that is, placing þ, æ, œ after z; and placing -ð after -d) really recommend itself "for its consistency" and for the "convenience" of aligning Old English with Old Norse and Modern Icelandic dictionaries? Many will question the aptness of the word "consistency" in this context, and even more will feel that it is unwise, even for convenience, to align Old English with foreign languages, both psychologically where the instruction of the young is concerned, and tactically where one is confronted with British scholars unwilling to make

obsolete their Skeats, Bosworths, and Tollers, and who, moreover, are generally convinced that Anglo-Saxon is English. But here is no essential criticism. Bessinger's dictionary is unquestionably one of the most important pieces of Old-English scholarship to appear this year in or out of Canada. (LAURENCE K. SHOOK)

With *Literature and the Press* (Ryerson and Contact Presses, pp. 238, $5.00) Professor Dudek has provided us with a very useful book, even though he has not provided an index. His theme is the erosion of private and literary values by the rise of the power presses and the flooding of human attention with journalism. He presents the twentieth century as a mere epilogue, finding enough chaos and obliteration of literary values in the later nineteenth century to document his theme. He could have found valuable matter in George Gissing's *The New Grub Street*. Gissing might have recalled to him Moxon's *Mechanick Exercises* of 1686, which, even before the Old Grub Street came into existence, had assumed that the printed word was doomed to disappear. And of course Pope's *Dunciad* is entirely devoted to the idea of the end of wit and spiritual values resulting from the proliferation of the printed book. Pope could have served Professor Dudek very well. One extraordinary omission in his account of the rise of the press is his failure to use the unique work of H. J. Chaytor. Chaytor's *From Script to Print*, like William Ivins' *Prints and Visual Communication*, is solitary for its field and period, and to omit these works is to omit the periods in question.

What Professor Dudek does is to consider the mechanical means to quantification as they superseded the hand-press technology in the beginning of the nineteenth century. He does not, therefore, consider the effects of phonetic writing in the origination of literature, nor the effects of printing in the fifteenth century on the character of literature as it was formed in the ages of the manuscript. If only for these reasons, Professor Dudek is not in a very advantageous position to consider the nature of literature as it encounters the electronic technologies.

A considerable measure of speech is likely to remain in the electronic age, even if literature is strangled by its own fertility. For that reason the teacher of literature now needs to know what were the original effects of writing on speech and what new human values were achieved by writing and literature. As the custodian of those values the teacher of literature needs now to understand them fully. Nothing can be taken for granted. In an article in *Psychiatry*, "Culture, Psychiatry and the Written Word" (November, 1959), J. C. Carothers gives an account of literacy

as it affects the experience and behaviour of African natives. The effects are drastic, and to the native, somewhat terrifying. His discovery of separateness is not easy to bear. But the translation of his hyperesthetic ear world of resonating magic into the cool visual mode is the major change. Literacy means a metamorphosis of the forms of native culture from a closely woven interplay of all aspects of experience to a neutral, separatist mode.

In the West today we are retraversing the stages of native into visual culture by means of our electricity. Once more we can move information at the speed normal to the native village, but for the entire human community. The result is that language itself, as well as all the forms of human association, acquires again the auditory, magical resonance. The role of literature in a society retreating to "the Africa within" is far more crucial than it was in a society engaged in muting down the auditory magic, and acquiring the calm and neutrality of the visual order of literacy.

The effects of literacy in creating Euclidean space and homogeneous and continuous time needs to be appreciated in order to grasp the role of phonetic writing in shaping all of our literary genres. But the effects of writing and of printing on the rise and interplay of genres and styles in the past four hundred years is not the province chosen by Professor Dudek. He stays with the facts of vulgarization as they emerge from the use of the printed word as a major commercial commodity. (MARSHALL MCLUHAN)

In his introduction to *Sir John Suckling's Poems and Letters from Manuscript* (University of Western Ontario Studies in the Humanities no. 1, London: The Humanities Departments, University of Western Ontario, pp. 124, $3.00) Dr. Herbert Berry proposes to "mitigate much of the inconvenience caused by the state of affairs in the canon" of Suckling. His contribution to this formidable task is to publish six poems and fourteen letters, with a critical apparatus. Of the poems, two are found only in manuscript, one is from an eighteenth-century miscellany and two are versions of Suckling at his best known. One is of doubtful attribution. The manuscripts are not holograph, and though the version of the famous "Ballade: Upon a Wedding" is interesting, that of "A Session of the Poets" seems to be poor. In my opinion, the collation of manuscript with printed texts is complete beyond justification when it comes to obvious errors and, especially, punctuation (for example: sayde, sayd; Deare, Dear; &, and), but there is good introductory comment.

The fourteen letters (a few new and only one, apparently, entirely and

correctly printed before) are accompanied by a very full biographical and historical commentary. In its manner and general effect this study seems at times to fall between learned articles, somewhat diffuse dissertation material, and small book, but it gives the impression of being a contribution to the study of Suckling. (N. J. ENDICOTT)

In a review last year, Hugo McPherson expressed hope that, in default of publication, letters of Canadian writers might at least be placed in libraries. But even while his words were being written, Ryerson Press was big with a small volume of L. M. Montgomery's letters already "lodged" (the publisher's best word for Canadian letters) in the National Archives. Far from challenging Professor McPherson's argument, however, *The Green Gable Letters . . . from L. M. Montgomery to Ephraim Weber, 1905–1909*, edited by Wilfrid Eggleston (Ryerson, pp. vi, 102, $4.00) support it, for without being monumental in any but an archival sense, the letters open a window (neither casement nor picture) on the author and on Presbyterian free thought and free lance in the first decade of this century. The letters go from Cavendish, P.E.I., to Didsbury, Alberta, and later to Vancouver, into the hands and mind of Ephraim Weber, young aspirant to the mysteries of writing, teaching, and farming. Mr. Eggleston insists that the "attachment" was platonic, but it wasn't; it was just friendly. The main topics—religious doubts, flowers and horses, literary dreams and successes—are never laboured, never dull, and always informative. In his introduction and epilogue the editor reveals a major debt to Ephraim Weber, who started him on his career, and a minor one to some forgotten teacher of English Composition who taught him to number his sections but not to connect them. (JOHN M. ROBSON)

Arthur S. Bourinot's practice as an editor may be eccentric and inconsistent, but he assembles documents that no one else seems able or willing to print, and students of Canada's literary history are bound to be grateful as well as exasperated. The latest in the Deepwood series is *More Letters of Duncan Campbell Scott (2nd Series)* (158 Carleton Road, Ottawa, pp. 104, $2.50). These letters stretch from the end of the nineteenth century to a few months before Scott's death in December, 1947, and the majority are directed to Pelham Edgar and E. K. Brown. The curious student will find plenty of evidence of Scott's mental and physical curiosity, industry as an editor, and capacity for friendship. The evidence of Scott's poetic taste is less detailed: he expresses a vague dislike for Hopkins' "stupid ideas about rhythm"; he orders a copy of *East Coker* "from curiosity as

my affections are for other modes." By far the most interesting and extended piece of literary criticism occurs in a letter of 1904 to Pelham Edgar, where (among other things) he speaks of Carman's "wild-life fad" as a "commercial idea," prefers T. E. Brown to Yeats or Kipling, and grieves (in 1904!) that Yeats "cannot get back to his clear and spiritual first manner." (MILTON WILSON)

Three bibliographies of note have appeared during the year. One is a supplement to *A Bibliography of Canadiana: Being Items in the Public Library of Toronto, Canada, Relating to the Early History and Development of Canada*, published in 1934. This invaluable volume, still the most informative single reference on books and pamphlets about pre-Confederation Canada, described over 4,600 items in great detail. The supplement (Toronto: The Public Library, pp. xvi, 333, $7.50) adds another 1,650 titles. Besides new acquisitions, they include the Library's collection of books and pamphlets on early Newfoundland and Labrador. These were omitted in 1934, since Newfoundland was not then a part of Canada. As in the original volume, the substance of a book, as well as date of publication, has been taken into account in the selection of titles to be included. Thus Lord Selkirk's diary for 1803–4, published by the Champlain Society in 1958, is here listed under the year 1804. The mass of detail to be dealt with is so great that some slips and omissions are inevitable, but the supplement, edited by Gertrude M. Boyle, maintains fully the high standard set by its predecessor.

The Bibliography of Canadian Bibliographies: Bibliographie des bibliographies canadiennes (University of Toronto, pp. x, 206, $10.00), edited by Raymond Tanghe, was compiled under the auspices of the Bibliographical Society of Canada. It consists of 1,665 entries, grouped broadly by subject, supplemented by author and subject index. The items relate largely to the social sciences and the humanities. The major difficulty faced by the editor of a compilation of this kind is to determine its precise scope; in particular, he must decide what catalogues, check lists, inventories, indexes, and lists should also be considered to be bibliographies. No two persons would arrive at the same conclusions, and some difference of opinion is therefore inevitable. About the book's usefulness, however, there can be no question. The largest single section is devoted to bibliographies of individual authors; no less than 752 items are listed. A considerable number of unpublished bibliographies have been included, notably the long list of bio-bibliographies compiled by students at the

University of Montreal Library School; few of these have been printed. though some are available on microfilm. (W. KAYE LAMB*)

An extended review, by Professor Roy Pascal of the University of Birmingham, of *Green Henry*, a translation by A. M. Holt of Gottfried Keller's *Der Grüne Heinrich* (London: John Calder [Toronto: McClelland & Stewart], pp. viii, 706, $4.25), will appear in a forthcoming issue.

DRAMA

Stanley Richards, the editor of *Canada On Stage*, a collection of ten one-act plays (Clarke, Irwin, pp. xviii, 324, $3.50), complains of the critics' habit of disparagement of Canadian playwrights and then claims that "Canadian dramatists are now becoming as professional as their American, English, and French counterparts. Perhaps they are not yet as well known internationally . . . but they are on their way." He also claims that all the plays in this collection "have a tone of authenticity, and every one of them, including the comedies, contain food for thought." It seems to me only too discouragingly obvious that for most of the volume the authenticity is that of the most conventional, sentimental, amateur dramatic circle, and the food hardly strong enough to keep the smallest brain awake. Even when there is sprightliness in dialogue or local character types—as in plays by Mrs. Ringwood or Mrs. Brickenden—the elements of reality are dissolved in the treacle of plot or happy boy-meets-girl ending. And this is not less embarrassing if in the course of the play there have been feeble protests against respectability, women's temperance or literary societies, money (instead of love or art), and so on. If Mr. Campbell, like others of our time, uses Chinese theatrical convention, what is it for? So that he can write a "fantasy" which liberates the author from any effort of construction or mind.

There are, however, some exceptions. In *Overlaid* Mr. Robertson Davies, despite a certain obviousness about his targets and an almost parody unevenness in his use of country speech ("By gollies, you're a card," and so on) shows, as we might expect, a very quick sense of comic theatrical effects and an extravagance of invention and satirical humour which is entertaining. Mr. Ian Malcolm's existentialist and expressionistic *A Moment of Greatness*, "designed to be performed in

*Dr. Lamb's review of *A Bibliography of Higher Education in Canada* will be found at the end of the "Education" section.

concert reading style," though a work of promise rather than success, has very encouraging verbal qualities of wit and pungency.

Close-Up: On Writing for Television by Arthur Hailey (Doubleday, pp. 307, $4.50) is a collection of six television scripts with an introduction. The latter is eminently and unbashfully practical, and the scripts are obviously written by one who has no observable literary distinction but a very considerable talent for the creation of emotional and melodramatic excitement in the varied language of television. Mr. Hailey is very explicit in his prescriptions: "My own method of assessing a potential story is to consider a possible background . . . and then envisage a principal character or characters. After that I attempt to devise a story plot using this simple three-part formula as an aid to thinking: Set a situation. Create a problem. Resolve (though not necessarily solve) the problem." Should a writer produce an outline or a full script? Provided that there has already been a success, "if a producer likes an outline he will usually commission a full script" and "this is an advantage to the writer because he is no longer investing his time and talent merely on speculation." Mr. Hailey is convinced that if a writer "is prepared to do thorough detailed research on any subject" (for a commissioned play about nurses and nursing he did for a start a "week's intensive reading" in books about nursing and in "back issues of magazines") "sooner or later a sound story is certain to emerge" and "it is unnecessary to invent, except in a minor way." But he thinks of television as "a scientific product of our age . . . with which we are groping our way toward better understanding of each other"; he has a "profound belief in . . . the individual's ability to rise, in crisis, above the mechanisms which he lives with daily." It is interesting to note that two of the most theatrically successful scripts, *Flight Into Danger* and *Course for Collision*, were created around the mechanism which he knew as an R.A.F. pilot in the war. It is also proper to say that Mr. Hailey's scripts show goodwill and sincerity, and something of the documentary (not artistic) possibilities he sees in television. (N. J. ENDICOTT)

ESSAYS AND HUMOUR

Who will defend the written word? Robertson Davies. Who will write the word defending the written word? Robertson Davies. Who will read the word written to defend the written word? Robertson Davies and his

"clerisy." *A Voice from the Attic* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. x, 360, x, $5.00) tells those who read rather for life than for a living that they can civilize their neighbours if they but try. Not as a bludgeon but as a leaven must the clerisy shape North American culture (Canada is America's attic). More and more Mr. Davies sounds like Matthew Arnold trying to arouse the aliens, and, like Arnold, he is best when proceeding by indirection. Most of the time the voice speaks of the simple and lasting pleasures of the reading man, not of his duties. And here is the dilemma: university students form the potential clerisy, but if given Mr. Davies' book, which would enlighten them, they would expect to be lectured and examined on it, and would lose the pleasure in looking for the prophet.

Although Hugh MacLennan makes a living by writing and speaking words, and so is technically excluded from Mr. Davies' clerisy, his essays guarantee his adherence to the grand old cause. *Scotchman's Return and Other Essays* (Macmillan of Canada, pp. viii, 279, $4.00), mostly reprinted from *The Montrealer*, has less to say about books than about the good life, but for the author the latter is clearly impossible without the former. Curiously, while Mr. Davies, Canada's most relaxed novelist, becomes almost brittle in his essays, Mr. MacLennan, too often brittle in his novels, is unbraced but bracing in his essays. It is an easy transition from his memories of the Maritimes, Oxford, the Eastern Townships, and New York, to accounts of publishing success and to educational exhortations, because all unite in biography. The brawny tennis "blue" and woodchopper slips easily into the tweed of the classics student, and then into the temperate grey of the man consulted by (but hating) government bureaucrats. The faintly superannuated atmosphere may offend some, but as its density defies air-conditioning and prolongs echoes, it will provide relief for many sufferers from modernity. And it identifies Mr. MacLennan; we know who he is.

But who is Pierre Berton? His identity is a mystery (can his last name really be spelled that way?) no matter how much he talks about himself. On the dust-jacket of his *Adventures of a Columnist* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. x, 211, $5.00) we find a photographic cliché, Berton the snap-brimmed journalist, with penetrating and cynical gaze, while some pictures inside show him impersonating fictitious business men with all the ambiguity of a Simpson's manikin. His verbal stance is equally confusing: now meticulously careful, now sloppy, now slick; sometimes looking to recorders ages hence, but usually to commuters aging here.

As irritating as Nabokov in asserting the irrelevance and incompetence of all criticism, he at least accepts it willingly as a stimulus to yet more words. In seeking the ideal reflection of his community of readers, he is sentimental, rational, comic, pathetic, Canadian, cosmopolitan. His best poses are as the conscience of the community and as Toronto's self-appointed J. Edgar Hoover; his worst, as the quietly emotional, intimate friend of Canadian "personalities": the "most ingenious idea for a Canadian novel . . . is the story of Arthur Hailey himself—the marvel, the myth, and the mystery." But Pierre Berton, whoever he is, is still the best daily columnist we have, and his *Adventures* confirm his title without adding glory to it.

Yet a fourth collection of essays is as well worth waiting for as an after-dinner port. Messrs. Davies and MacLennan lace their mixtures with wit and irony, and Mr. Berton's fizzes and bubbles, but the vintage humour comes from Norman Ward, and is labelled (alas for my image), *Mice in the Beer* (Longmans, Green, 1960, pp. iv, 206, $4.50). The touch is personal and whimsical, with a few dramatic flourishes. If there were more, the frequent suggestion that Professor Ward (an economist) is a latter-day Leacock would have more justification, but the similarity is mostly fortuitous. Ward's best technique (not Leacock's) is the pursued paradox, which can lead to annoying *non sequiturs* when given full rein, but usually stops delightfully with a quizzical lurch. The subject-matter—mostly drawn from the frustrating mundane, whether political, domestic, or academic—is thus caught at a moment of comic distortion. The jacket properly announces that some of the credit goes to Louis de Niverville, whose illustrations capture and fix this distortion. To suggest affinities and not influences, one can see here the unlikely offspring of Searle girls and Thurber men—and as some of them sit at prayers in the House of Commons, the sight alone repays the purchase price. (JOHN M. ROBSON)

PHILOSOPHY

Two Canadian contributions to the hyper-celebrated centenary of *The Origin of Species* have now appeared in print. The more substantial of them is volume IV of the Royal Society's "Studia Varia" series, *Evolution: Its Science and Doctrine; L'Evolution: La Science et la doctrine*, edited by T. W. M. Cameron (University of Toronto Press for the Society, pp. xii, 242, $5.00). It contains twenty papers presented at the Society's annual

meeting in 1959, when a symposium was held to commemorate the publication of Darwin's book. More than half the papers are by specialists in the biological sciences who discuss different facets of present-day knowledge of evolution. What is said will undoubtedly interest those with the background needed to comprehend it. But a non-specialist may find the going rough because of the technical details. Few of the scientists show much of a gift for *haute vulgarisation*. A notable exception is W. P. Thompson whose discussion of "The Cause and Mode of Evolution" is admirably lucid and concise. The papers which will likely appeal most to general readers are those devoted to the broader aspects of Darwinism. In this group are: "The Influence of Darwin on Political and Social Thought" by Alexander Brady, "Darwin and Social Evolution" by H. B. Hawthorn, "Samuel Butler and Evolution" by C. T. Bissell, "Evolution and Industry" by N. H. Grace, and "Quelques Réflexions Philosophiques sur la Science de l'Evolution" by le R. P. Louis-Marie Régis. If anyone still wonders why there was so much fanfare about Darwinism in 1959, he can find a large part of the answer in this volume.

The other centenary contribution, *Darwin in Retrospect*, edited by H. H. J. Nesbitt (Ryerson, pp. x, 86, $1.75), is on a smaller scale. It consists of five lectures by members of the staff at Carleton University, and is designed for a non-professional audience. The Editor, speaking as a biologist, devotes the opening lecture to a broad sketch of Darwin's scientific work. Here all is comfortably familiar. The discussion is then carried forward by two philosophers. J. C. S. Wernham provides a lively account of the religious controversy evoked by *The Origin of Species*, and Bernard Wand gives a balanced, though necessarily brief, analysis of the problem of evolution and ethics. There follows another familiar story, the impact of Darwinism on social thought, told by an economist, Scott Gordon. The final lecture, by a member of the Department of English, Michael Hornyansky, traces some effects of Darwinian ideas on Victorian literature, and takes an occasional pot-shot at metaphysical and theological targets. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this brochure is its inter-disciplinary approach to the subject. Such an approach is warranted by the fact that where Darwin is concerned there is much to be said on all sides.

The Whidden Lectures delivered at McMaster University in 1959 are entitled *The Hollow Universe* (Oxford, pp. xii, 127, $2.50), and their author is Charles De Koninck, Professor of the Philosophy of Nature at

Laval University. The purpose of the lectures is to challenge the "views of thought and nature suggested by certain advanced interpreters of the scientific outlook" (xi). The views in question are those which affirm that thinking is a process of computation (now done more expertly by machines than by men); that mathematical physics provides the true account of nature; and that living things are physico-chemical systems which involve no teleological factors. A universe pictured in these terms is, according to the author, "hollow," and only hollow men whose headpieces are stuffed with the straw of platonism and experimentalism can be satisfied with it.

Dr. De Koninck's criticisms of this picture stem, as might be expected, from an Aristotelian-Thomistic standpoint. Mathematics is just a symbolic construction "sufficiently explained once for all . . . by the mind's ability to reflect upon itself" (and what computer can do *that*?). Mathematical physics, committed to an abstract symbolism, operational definitions, and continually changing theories, cannot tell us what nature "really is." It gives us only the grin (or rather only the structure of the grin) and lets the Cheshire cat escape. Mechanistic biology can provide no more than a dead account of life. It is all very wrong. What we need is a philosophy of nature to get the cat back in the bag and inject some purpose into things. The author argues his case with moderation, urbanity, and wit. At various points a reader cannot help saying "*touché*." But sometimes one is a little oppressed by the presence of those metaphysical prompters, Aristotle and St. Thomas, who are never far off stage. (T. A. GOUDGE)

ART

Following hard on volume II, which was published last year, the Board of Trustees of the National Gallery of Canada has announced the publication of *The National Gallery of Canada Catalogue of Painting and Sculpture*, III: *Canadian School* by R. H. Hubbard (University of Toronto Press for the Trustees, pp. 463, plates, $20.00), a catalogue of Canadian paintings and sculpture in the national collection. This has been thought of as the final volume, but it should be pointed out that a catalogue of the very important collection of prints and drawings has yet to follow.

In his scholarly introduction to the present volume, Dr. Hubbard provides a rich summary of the development of painting and sculpture in Canada, from the charming and anonymous early votive paintings,

originating in French Canada in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, to the experimental *avant garde* developments of the early sixties of the twentieth century. Within the confines of this adventurous period of our history, now extending itself towards a tercentenary, we discover that successive Boards of Trustees, advised by successive professional advisers, have performed a commendable public duty in assembling this delightful and authentic visual record of our development. True, there are areas, in time and in accomplishment, which are thinly represented; in many cases these sparse areas are accounted for by the absence of representative examples of painting and sculpture of paramount interest and quality. Some movements and individual artists are perhaps over-emphasized, reflecting enthusiasm or prejudice on the part of Board members. However, considered in its totality, one cannot help but be impressed by the manifest quality of the Canadian collections in the National Gallery. From the vantage point of one who is more favourably situated than the many citizens who are denied, by circumstances and geography, the opportunity of viewing the original works, it must be most emphatically stated that these collections do constitute a record of accomplishment of which every Canadian may well be proud.

As well as for the elegant style and historical accuracy of his introductory essay, Dr. Hubbard, as editor and compiler of this catalogue, is to be complimented on the excellent contribution he has made in so successfully integrating this vast compendium of information into one coherent whole. Physically, the new publication is a mammoth production, approaching some five hundred pages, weighing four pounds. No doubt the inclusion of *all* Canadiana in the collection makes volume III an extremely valuable reference catalogue, but for the enjoyment of the separate collections one can only hope that the Trustees have in mind to make available further specialized publications, long overdue, such as "The Canadian War Memorial Collection, 1914–18," "The Canadian War Records, 1939–45," and "Diploma Works by Canadian Academicians." These collections are included in the volume under review here, but the reproductions are of a scale which challenges public perception and enjoyment.

According to the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, an anthology is "a collection of small choice poems." Whether in the literary field or, as in this case, *An Anthology of Canadian Art*, edited by R. H. Hubbard (Oxford, pp. 187, 135 pls., $5.50), in the field of the visual arts, ranging from archi-

tectural monuments through sculptures, silver, and carvings, to paintings in many categories, the final selection of such a collection must, of necessity, reflect the taste and considered choice of the editor. Few Canadians have devoted so much assiduous study to the problems of the development of the arts in this country as has Robert Hamilton Hubbard. In addition to his disciplined research in this area of Canadian accomplishment, Dr. Hubbard possesses a well-cultivated mind, conditioned by travel and critical study abroad, which places him in a pre-eminent position to assess and evaluate, with unswerving integrity and judgment, the contribution of successive generations of Canadians to our ever-expanding heritage in the visual arts.

In his prefatory remarks, Dr. Hubbard has been generous in his acknowledgment of others working in this area of study, and of the direct assistance afforded him by colleagues, but his introductory essay owes little to anyone other than himself in its diligent and stylistically attractive accounting of Canadian development over nearly three hundred years, and since this delightfully readable essay is contained within the compass of some ten thousand words, it becomes a masterpiece of condensation, one of the most difficult of literary forms.

The volume is not, of course, a definitive history, but rather an outline survey. It is essentially a picture book which offers sheer delight to the casual observer and sound information to the serious student and the collector. The illustrations begin with that majestic religious allegory, painted by Frère Luc about 1671, *France bringing the Faith to the Indians in New France*. They continue with seventeenth-century architecture, exteriors and interiors, votives, embroideries in silk and golden thread, wood-carvings and rétables, all from French Canada. The eighteenth century is lean, but it does yield the baroque-style carvings of Paul Labrosse and Antoine Levasseur and the painting of the first Canadian-born artist, François Beaucourt. The nineteenth century is rich, beginning with a water-colour by George Heriot painted in 1800, passing through the tranquil charms of Thomas Davies, the Davidian classicism of Antoine Plamondon, and the graceful portraiture of Théophile Hamel, to the smell of buckskin and the beat of tom-toms latent in Kane, and the lively genre of Krieghoff. The twentieth century is prolific. Beginning resolutely with William Brymner, James Wilson Morrice, and Ozias Leduc, it soon tumbles into the white water of the Group of Seven and eddies about independents like Emily Carr and David Milne. It then sweeps

into the echoing turbulence of the past twenty years with surprising buoyancy—Pellan, Dumouchel, Borduas, Riopelle, Shadbolt, Ronald, Town, and so on. Paintings are interspersed with architecture and sculptures, but it is paintings that are pre-eminent and they are fascinating.

Included, with a bibliography, are short biographical notes of artists. Criticism in some quarters will accuse Dr. Hubbard of the sin of omission, but, as stated above, this publication is a masterpiece of condensation and it is, after all, an anthology, "a collection of small choice poems."

F. St. George Spendlove, who recently shared his specialized knowledge of Canadian history and prints in his successful and charming book *The Face of Early Canada*, now extends this sharing into other aspects of his specialist experience with *Collector's Luck: Canada and Europe* (with a Foreword by L. G. G. Ramsay, Ryerson, pp. xx, 208, 64 pls., $15.00). In his Preface he states that the present collection of essays is "by way of being a formal farewell to a quarter-century of museum association with oriental and European ceramics, glass, furniture and art objects, as well as Canadian antiquities." Hints for collectors, as well as interesting and valuable information for all readers, is given in each of these various categories.

From the outset, where he generalizes on the history of ceramics and potteries, one becomes immediately confident of the erudition and impeccable taste inherent in the selection of items for discussion and illustration. The text smoulders brightly through chapters on the early Chinese potters and how the eighteenth-century English addiction to tea ("The leaf is of such known vertues that those very Nations famous for Antiquity, Knowledge and Wisdom, do frequently sell it among themselves for twice its weight in silver") led to the importation of Chinese teawares, such as caddies, cups, pots, and so on, which in turn inspired English designers to create masterpieces in silver, mahogany, and ceramics, reflecting the styles of Chippendale and Adam. The text bursts into flame in the chapter dealing with Queen Anne's royal gifts of liturgical silver to her North American colonist churches in 1712, which consisted of sets of austere communion silver, among them the Mohawk silver, now in possession of the Six Nations Indians of the Grand River. The author describes other existing items and relates them interestingly to their period and function. Another fascinating essay is devoted to the silversmiths of French Canada, a craft which commenced at "some unrecorded time in the seventeenth century" and which began with the

liturgical requirements of the Church. The chapters on furniture, particularly those dealing with Canadian furniture, of which so little is authoritatively written, are a most important contribution, and the brief essay on the collecting of Canadian prints covers both a résumé of graphic techniques and periods. The final chapter lists Hints for Collectors.

Perhaps it is only with the title of this attractive volume that one may take issue. Whereas it proclaims, and possibly stresses, the unpredictable nature of collecting, the text would seem to emphasize the importance of specialized knowledge and discrimination. (CHARLES F. COMFORT)

Volume II of L'Encyclopédie du Canada Français is a concise history of *La Peinture traditionelle au Canada français* by Gérard Morisset (Le Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 216, 56 pls., eight in colour, $5.00). As a compilation of historical and biographical information it will be useful to students of Canadian art, but its claim to encyclopedic authority and objectivity must be questioned. M. Morisset is torn between an aesthetic scorn of daubers (*rapins*) and a nostalgic affection for amateurs and tradesmen whose *rapinage* is somehow inoffensive because it served a purpose both "fonctionnelle et sociale." This special pleading does not seriously affect the account of painting before 1840, for no one, in those years, could claim the status of *maître*. But the appearance of the outsider Krieghoff, who was certainly no *rapin*, puts M. Morisset curiously on the defensive; Krieghoff, he writes disdainfully, "fait de la peinture allemande de Düsseldorf, c'est-à-dire un ersatz de la peinture flamande." M. Morisset's estimates of Cullen, Morrice, and others are, fortunately, less subjective. The plates add to our knowledge, but their quality is as bad as the worst reproductions in book-a-week bargain encyclopedias. (HUGO MCPHERSON)

MUSIC

Helmut Kallmann, senior music librarian of the C.B.C., is a German-born musician who has lived in Canada for the past twenty years. Since 1948 he has been accumulating data on this country's musical past. The fruits of his labour, now at last available in published form, *A History of Music in Canada, 1534-1914* (University of Toronto Press, pp. xiv, 311, illus., $6.50), will no doubt be described as a typical example of ant-like German scholarly thoroughness, by the very people who will go in the coming years most frequently to its pages for reference and quotation.

It is not an immediately readable book: like a soil report of one's own backyard, its account has a depressing familiarity. At the same time there are many fascinating and surprising stretches; and the more one delves into the *History* the more one is struck by its integrity, its judicious selection from an obviously meticulous research, finally also its extraordinary charity.

Mr. Kallmann says he has been obliged to apply an "unorthodox approach" to music history (indeed, his title might well be considered at first a contradiction in terms—what of musical significance has Canada ever been identified with?): he is necessarily "concerned more with social than artistic aspects," through most of the pioneer periods he is considering.

> The historian [he feels] would miss the point of his task if he examined early Canadian concert life simply to show how primitive it was in comparison with music in London or Paris, or how wonderful it was because it took place in a frontier setting.

The many uprootings and false starts which have marked (indeed still mark) Canadian musical enterprises, present Mr. Kallmann with a problem in organization. He resists the temptation to falsify history in order to give it greater coherence and logic. His method is, chapter by chapter, to present summaries of political events, or generalized accounts of the main trends of taste and thought in Canadian society, and then to place the details of musical development against this backdrop.

Seventeenth-century musical life begins decorously enough with the performance of a French court masque at Port Royal in 1606. Mr. Kallmann quotes from the successes of the Jesuit educators with the musical training of Indian children ("these little creatures, ignoring all the profane songs of their ancestors, have on their lips only the spiritual motets that the Father teaches them"), but perceptively sounds his own "note of scepticism": "Is it possible that a people, no matter how 'primitive' its civilization, would give up its musical traditions without resistance? Indeed, since many tribes opposed conversion, they must also have defended their traditional songs and dances against the music of a foreign faith." It is interesting to find historical personages such as the Baron de Poutrincourt and the Mississippi explorer Jolliet cited for their musical accomplishments—Poutrincourt as a composer of motets and Jolliet as an organist and harpsichordist of some skill and one of the first Canadians to pursue "post-graduate" musical study in France.

Our first native composer was the Abbé Charles-Amador Martin, whose Gregorian *Prose de la Sainte-Famille*, dated by Mr. Kallmann 1674 or later, is preserved in several early manuscripts. Mr. Kallmann quotes the following opinion of the nineteenth-century Quebec musician Ernest Gagnon: "C'est une pièce de plain-chant d'une incontestable beauté, écrite dans le premier mode authentique de la tonalité ancienne. Le style de cette composition est d'une correction remarquable, tant au point de vue du rhythme qu'au point de vue des affinités des notes modales"—and also a musical excerpt from the *Prose* itself, which seems to contradict Gagnon in some details. Though adroit and melodically gracious, the piece is no more strict in its modal treatment than the pseudo-chants of seventeenth-century church composers in France.

The eighteenth century brings the widely-appreciated *voyageur* songs, the growth of some surprisingly ambitious musical activities in the cities, and, later, the contributions of bandmasters from the British regiments (several of whom were German-born). The churches continued to be central nurturers of musical activity both sacred and secular—sometimes, as in the early United States, mingling the two types. At the same time, the restrictive tendencies of some sects is noted. One feels for the Halifax organist who in 1770 was enjoined by a vestry meeting "to play the Psalm Tunes in a plain Familiar Manner without unnecessary Graces." Among the pioneer musical personalities of this period none steps from Mr. Kallmann's pages more ingratiatingly than the French-born Joseph Quesnel, the first Canadian musical figure who really sounds like an artist. He wrote plays, epigrams, poems, and songs. An air, complete with the feminine cadences of the age of sentiment, is quoted from one of his musical comedies, *Colas et Colinette* (1788). Another work, *L'Anglomanie*, is described as "a one-act comedy which satirizes the aping of British manners among the upper ranks of French-Canadian society." One is most grateful of all for the quotations from Quesnel's *Epitre à M. Généreux Labadie*, an autobiographical poem composed in 1804. It seems almost a *locus classicus* of the Canadian artist's familiar gripes, at once poignant and satirical: "partout [writes Quesnel] on fête le génie,/ Hormis en ce pays; car l'ingrat Canadien/Aux talents de l'esprit n'accorde jamais rien." Elsewhere in the same work he speaks, as in different terms so many of our cultural sufferers have since, of "ce pays ingrat,/Où l'esprit est plus froid encore que le climat. . . ."

But Krieghoff's paintings of dancing festivities come to mind as Mr.

Kallmann rightly asks us to "once and for all discard the unfortunate habit of regarding Canadians as a people without a tradition in the enjoyment and cultivation of music." "Untutored music-making prevailed" over the more sophisticated forms, but "music was one of the essentials of living" in early nineteenth-century Canada. Only later came "music made simply for contemplation, as an end in itself," when urban musical life grew so rapidly in the mid-nineteenth century. The earlier type did not merge into the later: "In the cities musical taste became distinct from that prevailing in the countryside." (For example, "Music teachers, far from fostering folk traditions, were often ignorant of them.") Immigrants of cultivated taste faced "provinciality and philistinism," and that endless line of departures for the United States begins. Mr. Kallmann quotes from Mrs. Anna Jameson's *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada* (1839) concerning the experience of one Toronto musician: "Owing to the exertion of an intelligent musician here, some voices have been so far drilled that the psalms and anthems at church are very tolerably performed; but this gentleman received so little general encouragement that he is at this moment preparing to go over to the United States." Later in the century, the frustrated experiences of the composer of *O Canada*, the energetic and versatile Calixa Lavallée, also ended in American exile. "Musicians like [F. H.] Torrington and R. O. Pelletier did not shrink from playing medleys and light overtures on church organs, while giving the masterpieces of Bach due recognition. A pioneer's work demands a certain degree of compromise. . . ." On the other hand, Lavallée's music specially written and presented at a festival honouring the arrival of a new Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, and his wife, the Princess Louise, was a typical nineteenth-century extravaganza, and also a typical Canadian financial fiasco. Mr. Kallmann says:

> Lavallée was now considered Canada's greatest musician, yet the festival committee, who had encouraged him in this labour and offered guarantees against expenses, failed to induce the authorities to pay him several hundred dollars to cover the deficit. Public acclaim and words of thanks from Princess Louise were obviously considered reward enough for a musician. "Le gouvernement Joly a reçu la Princesse. Mais c'est moi qui ai payé le violon," Lavallée is reported to have exclaimed bitterly.

Musical quotations give a clear idea of the forgotten works of Canadian nineteenth-century composers such as Lavallée, Guillaume Couture, W. O. Forsyth, and Charles A. E. Harriss. Lavallée's *Tiq*, described as "a 'melodramatic musical satire' about the Indian question and its solution

by the United States government," is one of the few early works, aside from Quesnel's piece already mentioned, to deal with North American subjects. Mr. Kallmann is probably accurate in finding "echoes of the harmonic vocabulary of Wagner's *Tristan*" in an excerpt from Harriss' *Torquil*, though Gounod comes more readily to mind. Forsyth, on the basis of a quoted song, suggests a sort of Canadian Edward Macdowell. In citing "the lively activity in composition around the turn of the century" (all-Canadian musical programmes were not unknown in Montreal and Toronto at that time), Mr. Kallmann notes that "the influence of [the chief composers] on composers of younger generations was negligible. One cannot find in the works of Couture, Forsyth, or Harriss the roots of the music of Champagne, MacMillan, or Weinzweig." The war of the generations is perhaps a characteristic of musical development in many countries in the first part of this century.

What sort of music formed early concert programmes in Canadian cities? Typical mixtures such as the programme for one of Jenny Lind's famous Toronto concerts of 1851 are quoted. Mr. Kallmann also stresses some untypical but quite significant landmarks such as the performances of two of Mozart's last string quintets in Quebec as early as 1793; the Toronto presentation of Gounod's *Redemption* in the year of its composition, 1882; and—rather astonishingly—a performance by local players in Toronto of Arnold Schoenberg's *First Quartet*, as early as 1915.

Of nineteenth-century opera performances we learn that

> though grand opera was rarely performed by native singers, the public had more opportunity than . . . today to hear performances of travelling companies. . . . The troupes ranged from minstrel-show companies with brass bands to genuine opera companies. . . . The orchestral accompaniment was often mutilated by the absence of the rarer instruments. Prima donnas of widest fame and "most celebrated tenors" were featured prominently in advertisements but excused in the last moment as being indisposed.

But the frequency of operatic presentations in the major cities far exceeded that of our own day; it is also notable that Wagner was attempted far more often by both visiting and local companies than today: "*Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* were performed repeatedly, and *Parsifal* . . . at least once."

A curious and none too flattering light is shed on the beginnings of higher musical education, especially at the University of Toronto. The Scottish-born musician G. W. Strathy, first music instructor at Trinity, is criticized by a contemporary after a performance in 1853: "We did

not think that Mr. Strathey seemed at home in his duties, and although he is most undoubtedly a thorough musician, we are afraid that he rather threw the first chorus into confusion from his want of experience as an accompanyist and director." And in his position as lecturer he inspired the following comment in a student newspaper: "[the College] had a Professor, but we have seen nothing of him—no graduates—no lecture—no examinations—it is time for a change." The brisk and rather quackish trafficking in absentee degrees, during Strathy's régime, and just after, receives a lively rendering by Mr. Kallmann.

Altogether his book is one of lasting importance to Canadian historical study in general, not just from a music specialist's standpoint. Partly this is a result of its soundness and thoroughness: its appendix of books with music published in Canada before 1850, its scrupulous scholarly documentation, its excellent bibliography, and the attention it gives to nineteenth-century developments in many smaller towns of Ontario and Western Canada—these are all useful features which deserve mention. But quite apart from these aspects, from acquaintance with the volume one can create a kind of aural memory of former days in Canada, in which nuns' hasty rewritings of some of the more colourful *voyageur* song-texts blur into quadrilles and band-tunes by Lavallée, the Schubert-like hymns of the early Protestant churches form a montage with Torrington's and Vogt's choral-orchestral extravaganzas, and the savage land itself sounds a rhythmic drone of an unprecedented tone-colour—perhaps that of the fantastic accompaniment to the New Year's Dance of 1885–6 of the "Coal Harbor Bachelor's Quadrille Club" of Vancouver, where, according to a newspaper account quoted by Mr. Kallmann, "the music was made by beating sticks upon boards. A few aristocrats had instruments made by stretching skins over barrel hoops, but their softer melody was not discernible in the hubbub made by hammering lumber." (JOHN BECKWITH)

EDUCATION

There can be little doubt that the most exciting developments that have occurred in the field of Canadian education during 1960 have taken place in the Province of Quebec. In education, as in so many other fields, the election of the Lesage government on June 22, 1960, gives every indication of being a memorable event in the province's history. Already some

progress has been made towards the resolution of the vexed problem of federal grants to the universities. More important, the delegation of responsibility for most areas of education to the Minister of Youth means that at long last Quebec has what is in effect a Minister of Education. Most important of all, the Minister of Youth has sufficient authority to make possible an integrated approach to the problems of education in Quebec at all levels. Heretofore, attempts to reform education in Quebec have suffered from the necessity of adopting a unilateral approach: by and large l'Université Laval has concerned itself with l'Université Laval; La Fédération des Collèges Classiques has concentrated upon reform of the classical course; the extension of public education into the secondary grades has proceeded without functional collaboration with the traditional system of secondary education represented by the privately financed *collèges classiques*. But education is a continuum, in Quebec as elsewhere; the relation between secondary school and university, for example, is too intimate to warrant anything but a multilateral approach. The decision of the Lesage government to establish a Royal Commission on Education in Quebec is evidence that such an approach is about to be adopted.

Granted this potential revolution in the approach to education in Quebec, it is not surprising to discover that almost half the works with which we are here concerned have been written in French. Nor is it surprising to note that most of them have been published in the closing months of the year; the decision to publish—or even to write—may well have been taken after June 22. What *is* surprising is the public reaction to three of these books. One of them, *Les Insolences du Frère Untel** (Editions de l'Homme, pp. 158, $1.00) has sold approximately 100,000 copies in four months—the work in English with which it can be most nearly compared, Frank MacKinnon's *The Politics of Education* (University of Toronto, pp. x, 187, $4.75) has had a sale of about 1,500 in twelve months. Nor is the success of *Les Insolences* unique: Gérard Filion's *Les Confidences d'un commissaire d'écoles** (Editions de l'Homme, pp. 122, $1.00) is approaching 20,000 and a volume issued by l'Association des Professeurs de l'Université de Montréal, *L'Université dit non aux Jésuites* (Editions de l'Homme, pp. 158, $1.00) has passed 10,000.

All three of these works, it will be noted, are published by a single house, and their striking success is in part explained by aggressive salesmanship: dramatic titles, moderate price, attractive paperback format

*See also p. 505.

(the covers are coloured and charmingly designed), and effective sales distribution—all are available at railway newsstands and drugstores throughout the province. In contrast, Pierre Angers' *Problèmes de culture au Canada Français** (Beauchemin, pp. 117, $1.50) with a sober title and the traditional French paperback format has had a modest sale. But salesmanship affords only a partial answer; obviously there is a market for books which deal in a lively fashion with the educational problems of French Canada. And these books are written in a lively fashion; for this reason, if for no other, they should be required reading for English-speaking Canadians who feel compelled to write on educational subjects. Northrop Frye can safely disregard this advice. His address on the occasion of his installation as Principal of Victoria College, *By Liberal Things* (Clarke, Irwin, pp. 23, $2.00), has a wit and a grace which is beyond the reach of the often journalistic liveliness of Frère Untel and Gérard Filion.

Volume of sales and prose style are thus two distinguishing factors when one compares the works on education published in Canada in the two languages during 1960. There are two others. The works in English tend to concentrate upon a single subject; the works in French begin by dealing with a single subject but expand outward to embrace a great many others. Frère Untel, for example, is ostensibly concerned with the problems which face him as a teacher in a non-classical secondary school; but, since in his view these problems are symptomatic of evils and abuses which underlie French-Canadian society as a whole, he is led to a consideration of the state of the French language, the sociological implications of television, and the psychology of the civil and religious authorities at Quebec. Gérard Filion is ostensibly concerned with the problems of a school trustee in a small community near Montreal, but before he has finished he has dealt with such questions as federal aid to education and the desirable qualities of a Deputy Minister. This characteristic tendency to expand is related to the fourth distinguishing factor, a philosophic orientation on the one side, an historical orientation on the other. For the French Canadian, education is so intimately related to religion, language, and culture that no aspect of it can be regarded in isolation from all others; and because its implications are so serious he is convinced that it must be approached in philosophic terms. A recognizable philosophy of education thus underlies each of the four works in French. No such

*See also p. 503.

claim could be made for the works in English with the exception of those by Frye and MacKinnon. English-speaking Canadians are much interested in how things came about—hence a great deal of historical documentation —but they betray little interest in a *rationale*.

Three of the English-speaking publications require only passing mention. J. R. Kidd's *Adult Education in Canada* (University of Toronto and Les Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. vi, 81, $2.00) is a competent, concise report of the present facilities for adult education in Canada—the offerings of universities, boards of education, public and private broadcasters, and a multitude of private and governmental organizations specifically devoted to this task; its conciseness can be deduced from the fact that the 81 pages offer parallel text in English and French. *Education*, III: *A Collection of Essays on Canadian Education* (Gage, pp. 140, $1.50) groups together the excellent pamphlets issued by Gage from 1958 to 1960; the authors include C. P. Collins ("Educational Research in Canada"), F. E. Whitworth ("The Cost of a Year at University"), M. H. Scargill ("Canadian Dictionary Projects"), D. F. Theall and R. H. Robinson ("The Return to Grammar"). *The Proceedings of an Academic Symposium Held at the University of British Columbia, Tuesday, September 23 to Friday, September 26, 1958*, edited by M. F. McGregor (University of British Columbia, pp. 152) is precisely what one would expect—a fat volume containing addresses on such subjects as "Humanities for the Future" and "The Service and Privilege of a University" by visiting dignitaries from British and American universities assembled to mark a milestone in an institution's history (in this case the golden jubilee of U.B.C.'s charter) as well as the citations accompanying the honorary degrees conferred on thirteen recipients and the toasts and replies posed at the formal banquet. Two voices only survive this ordeal: Roy Daniells, whose paper entitled "The Threshold of Jove's Court" has grace and point, and Brooke Claxton, by his own account the forty-fourth speaker in this three-day orgy of academic generality, who refused to take the proceedings too seriously.

The two contributions to the history of education in Canada offered in 1960 present an interesting contrast in approach. One is charming but superficial, the other substantial but dull. Both as it happens are well written; the fault lies in one case with the nature of the subject matter, in the other with the failure to deal thoroughly with a subject which deserves thorough treatment.

Edwin C. Guillet's *In the Cause of Education* (University of Toronto, pp. xxiv, 472, illus., $7.00) is the centennial history of the Ontario Educational Association, founded (as the Teachers' Association of Canada West) in 1861. Mr. Guillet has faced the frightening task of reading and analysing all the speeches, reports, resolutions, and minutes promulgated by the Association in the course of a full century of existence, and one is torn between amazement at his skill in reducing this mass of material to tractable form and admiration for the patience needed to sustain him as he moved steadily from manuscript to manuscript. His book takes the form of a year by year chronicle, each chapter incorporating a decade, and it is a most valuable reference work for anyone who wishes to know what teachers and educators were concerned about in any given year or to trace interest in a given topic (spelling reform, religion in the schools, teachers' salaries, and so on) across a century; its value as a reference book is increased by the accuracy and completeness of its index. But it is not, as Mr. Guillet announces in his first sentence, a history of education in Ontario, and this for the simple reason that the Association's influence on education in Ontario has always been moral and oblique rather than political and direct. It has never been an effective pressure group; its efforts, for example, in the early years of the twentieth century to persuade the provincial government to do something about teachers' pensions, appear to have been singularly fruitless. At the same time, the Association has increasingly tended to avoid politically controversial issues; the chronicle of the 1950's suggests that the membership took no interest in the recommendations of the 1950 Royal Commission on Education in Ontario. By the 1950's, of course, the Association's membership was so large and its organizational structure so fragmented into special interest groups that it had long since passed the point of speaking with a single voice. Among other things, Guillet's book is a case history of what happens to an institution as it expands its membership from 120 to over 12,000.

At long last a successor to Cyrus Macmillan's history of McGill (1921) has appeared: *McGill: The Story of a University*, edited by Hugh MacLennan (Thomas Nelson, pp. 135, $5.00), a handsome book with fine pen and ink sketches by John Gilroy. A history of McGill is especially welcome since Macmillan's was one of the least satisfactory ever written—he devoted 220 pages to what may properly be described as McGill's prehistory, the period prior to the appointment of J. W. Dawson as Principal

in 1855, and only 54 pages to what happened thereafter. Unfortunately, the new volume is more a series of essays than a history. It begins with a charming "mood-piece," "McGill Today," by the editor, who also is responsible for "The Origins of McGill," which effectively covers the ground to which Macmillan gave such detailed attention. There follow excellent essays on the principalships of J. W. Dawson (1855–93) and William Peterson (1895–1919) by Edgar Collard; these could not be improved upon. The briefer concluding essays cover the forty-year period since 1919: "McGill between the Wars" by David Thomson and "The Link with the Future, 1945–1959" by Cyril James. No two men are better qualified to write on the modern period. But no one, not even Thomson or James, can do justice to two decades of McGill's history in the twentieth century in 3,500 or 4,000 words.

The Quance Lectures, normally given by Deputy Ministers or Professors of Education, were given in 1959 by a Minister, the Hon. Woodrow S. Lloyd of Saskatchewan, whose topic appropriately enough was *The Role of Government in Canadian Education* (Gage, pp. xii, 98, illus., $1.75). Almost invariably, a Quance Lecturer devotes the second of his two lectures to the complexities of a pressing contemporary problem and the first to its historical background. Almost invariably, the second lecture is much better than the first. Mr. Lloyd is no exception; the background is sketched rather than outlined, and minor inaccuracies occur (p. 28: there are four, not five, major Protestant denominations in Newfoundland). But in his second lecture Mr. Lloyd does come to grips with a pressing problem, and there is significance in an experienced Minister of Education (sixteen years) raising the familiar questions: How adequate is the property tax as a basis for educational finance? Should control of the curricula be transferred from the central Department to local boards and to teacher groups? Mr. Lloyd's conclusions are that changes must be made.

Frank MacKinnon's *The Politics of Education* is a vigorous plea that the curricula should be placed under the control of the teachers. In many respects restating the criticisms levelled at our public education systems by Miss Neatby in *So Little for the Mind*, MacKinnon regards the present role of government in Canadian education as unfortunate in the extreme. He goes beyond Miss Neatby to advocate an entirely new system, one which in effect would create independent school boards for each school in the country, the curricula of each school being determined by the

teachers in faculty council under the chairmanship (*primus inter pares*) of the principal. Had Dr. MacKinnon proposed, as the line of his argument in the early chapters suggests, that the solution lay in the replacement of the present Departments of Education by Crown Corporations (at the provincial level) on the model of the C.B.C. or the C.N.R., thus retaining parliamentary control but reducing the danger of political interference, his suggestions would be more seriously entertained. As it is, his proposal is so radical as to encourage glib dismissal of the whole book. This is unfortunate, for many of his criticisms of the present arrangements are valid and many of his suggestions deserve the closest study. It is a book which everyone should read, and no one with more attention than the classroom teachers, who all too often lack MacKinnon's firm faith in the dignity and importance of their calling.

So far our references to the books in French have been of a general nature. We must now refer to them individually. *Les Insolences du Frère Untel* is the outgrowth of a letter addressed to *Le Devoir* and published in that newspaper on November 3, 1959. It concerned the linguistic habits of the students in Frère Untel's classes—their tendency to speak, to write, and to think *le joual* (cf. *cheval*), a term coined by Andre Laurendeau of *Le Devoir* to describe a vulgarized (and anglicized) French. This letter provoked a rash of others. A second letter from Frère Untel appeared on April 30, 1960, this time on *La Grande-Peur Québécoisée*—the fear of authority, particularly in the form of clerical officialdom. *Les Insolences*, which was published in October, is an expansion of these letters and incorporates excerpts from other letters which have appeared in *Le Devoir* in the course of a debate which still continues. Specifically, it is concerned with three related topics: the French language, education in Quebec, and French-Canadian culture. In its own way quite as critical of existing arrangements as MacKinnon's book, its general acceptance is in large measure the result of Frère Untel's capacity to indicate in one and the same sentence his complete devotion to the Church and his belief that religious authority is responsible for many of the weaknesses which characterize French-Canadian language, education, and culture. Present practices reflect a departure from the true spirit of the Church; reform is merely a return to the living tradition.

In general terms, Gérard Filion's conclusions are very similar to Frère Untel's, and this is of particular interest since he is neither a teacher nor a cleric and since he is writing about a different type of school. (He is,

however, the editor of *Le Devoir.*) He, too, is entirely devoted to the Church and to the tradition of French Canada, but his experiences as a school trustee have convinced him of the necessity for radical change in the whole structure of Quebec education. Like Frère Untel's, his tone is tolerant and his *confidences* frank.

L'Université dit non aux Jésuites is a reply to a pamphlet presenting the case for the establishment of a Jesuit university in Montreal (*Mémoire concernant la création de l'Université Sainte-Marie*, Direction générale des études pour les collèges de la Compagnie de Jésus au Canada français, pp. 30) and a plea to the Quebec Legislature not to grant such a charter, at least until the matter has been studied by the proposed Royal Commission on Education. Seven professors at l'Université de Montréal are primarily responsible for the formal presentation of the professors' case, but the general position has the support of 184 professors at l'Université de Montréal and 168 at l'Université Laval. In the professors' view, the charter should not be granted for two reasons, one pragmatic and one philosophic. French Canada is having difficulty enough in staffing two large universities (L'Université de Sherbrooke is never mentioned), and it is folly to weaken both by creating a third. Secondly—and philosophically—they are opposed to a university which would be under clerical control.

Among the professors at l'Université de Montréal who have not subscribed to the above views is Pierre Angers, S.J., the author of *Problèmes de culture au Canada Français*. This is a philosophic discourse analysing the conflict between the traditional humanist view of man and the materialistic and mechanistic propensities of twentieth-century society, and offering suggestions for the revitalization of that tradition. As is so often the case, the analysis of the problem is more convincing than the proposed solution: the chapter entitled "Suggestions pédagogiques" is disappointing. Angers is convinced that the most compelling need in French Canada today is for a greatly expanded programme of research in the social sciences, a view which is also supported by many of the contributors to *Canadian Dualism: Studies of French-English Relations*, edited by Mason Wade, a book reviewed elsewhere in this issue (pp. 453, 507) which sheds much light on the educational problems of Quebec.

Finally, we come to H. N. Frye's *By Liberal Things*. Since this is probably the 9,789th inaugural address on the idea of a university or on the nature of liberal education, one would have thought that it could

have been dismissed in a sentence. Surely everything has been said on these subjects and surely there is no new way to say them. But, as Frye points out, "the basis of knowledge is the particular experience." The idea of a university is not an abstract conception but a course of action, and the nature of liberal education is something that cannot be proved but only experienced. Frye's text is also the comment on his lecture: "But the liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand." (ROBIN S. HARRIS)

A Bibliography of Higher Education in Canada; Bibliographie de l'enseignement supérieur au Canada, compiled by Robin S. Harris and Arthur Tremblay (University of Toronto and Les Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. xxvi, 158, $6.50) is intended to be "the first of a series of studies about higher education in Canada." To tidy up the field by discovering what had already been written, before any new studies were completed, was an admirable idea, and this volume will form an invaluable supplement to the series. Much thought has clearly been given to the arrangement of the book, which brings together references on education in general, on individual institutions, on the different disciplines, and on those essential people, the professor and the student. Within each section, titles are arranged chronologically, thus making it possible to turn quickly to either the first or the most recent references on any topic. The book will be particularly useful because it covers periodical literature, and thus constitutes an index to many files that are not indexed elsewhere. (W. KAYE LAMB)

SOCIAL STUDIES

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL / *Alexander Brady*

By happy coincidence a group of books in the current year treat the historical phases of Canada's party leadership and political ideas. Three of them cast fresh light on former Prime Ministers: Dale C. Thomson, *Alexander Mackenzie: Clear Grit* (Macmillan of Canada, pp. xii, 436, illus., $6.75); Roger Graham, *Arthur Meighen*, I: *The Door of Opportunity* (Clarke, Irwin, pp. x, 341, illus., $7.50); and J. W. Pickersgill, *The Mackenzie King Record*, I: *1939–1944* (University of Toronto, pp. xvi,

723, illus., $11.50). It is a truism that political exigencies push a variety of men into leadership. Yet Mackenzie, Meighen, and King, although different in many traits, had some features in common: all were ambitious, self-made, and endowed with unusual energy. Mackenzie, as the electorate was frequently reminded, began his career as a Scottish stone mason; Meighen came from an Ontario farm, and began legal practice in Manitoba with no advantages beyond his own ability and industry. King was the son of a lawyer who had never achieved much material success. The first two books tell how Mackenzie and Meighen climbed what a British politician once called the greasy pole to the prime ministership. Each depicts some interesting aspects of the tough game of Canadian politics, wherein the struggle for power is seldom softened by compassionate sentiments or brotherly love.

Alexander Mackenzie is straight political biography, concerned with the personal struggle for public recognition, electoral campaigns, parliamentary debates, individual rivalries, the alignment of special interests, and the rise and fall of ministries. The author has ranged widely in manuscript collections, and provides the first scholarly life of the Grit leader. Although adhering closely to the details of Mackenzie's career, he sheds some revealing light on the régime of Sir John Macdonald and on the characteristic manœuvres and sometimes low political practices of the sixties and seventies. As in the neighbouring United States, politics was then hopelessly entangled with patronage. To reward party friends out of the public purse was the accepted procedure. On resigning in 1873 Sir John Macdonald characteristically announced the appointment of some of his ministers to permanent offices under the Crown, and his successor soon discovered that one hundred minor appointments had been made in the last week of Tory rule. "I have a horde of spies," wrote Mackenzie, "round me in the office who will carry to late ministers all they can see or hear." Such political debauchery shocked his conscientious soul, and he tried to cope with it as best he could.

Mr. Thomson paints a sympathetic portrait of Mackenzie both as a human being and a public figure, although one may doubt whether he succeeds in raising much his stature as a statesman. Here we see the Grit leader as a sterling character, modest, honest, frugal, dedicated to duty, and devoted to everything that might further probity in national life. But, unfortunately, we also perceive his somewhat limited imagination. The facts cited by the author confirm rather than refute Lord Dufferin's

comment: "Mackenzie is a small man, without creative genius, or any real initiative, or power of forecast. When the elements of a problem are laid before him, he has good sense and judgment sufficient to reach a right conclusion, but that is all."

In *Arthur Meighen* Roger Graham deals in a scholarly manner with a leader of no less integrity than Mackenzie, but with a more distinguished mind. He has had access to the papers and information that the Meighen family provided, has read widely in the published and unpublished documents, has used his sources with skill, and has produced a book that is written with verve. In places he might wisely have been more rigorous in compression and eliminated some traces of repetition. It is also unfortunate that he did not aim at a single volume rather than two, for Meighen's life hardly lends itself to the kind of division to which it is here subjected. The year 1920 is not a happy breaking-point. Nevertheless this is an excellent book. It glows with the sustained enthusiasm of its author, and does justice to a politician of brilliant intellect.

What does Meighen's career illustrate about politics in the first quarter of the century? There is space to note only one salient facet of the subject; namely, the intimate nexus between the regional and other major interests and the parties. The successful leadership of a Canadian party requires less a grasp of political ideas than a mastery of the arts of group diplomacy. The interest groupings of the country are anxious to influence national policy, and assign their support for the politicians accordingly. From Confederation and even earlier the Conservatives were supported by the financial and commercial magnates of Montreal, because the policy of Macdonald and his associates was calculated to create a transcontinental economy wherein the ambitious Montrealers would have a chance to play a conspicuous part. They championed what in the United States were Hamiltonian principles, and made the Conservative party pre-eminently the vehicle of such principles. Their triumph in the Reciprocity election of 1911 gave deep satisfaction in the board rooms of Montreal. But between 1911–1920 the government of Sir Robert Borden was compelled by circumstances to pursue a railway policy that annoyed the large corporations of St. James Street. During the long Liberal régime two additional transcontinental lines, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific, were supported by the Laurier Government to provide services that supplemented and sometimes competed with those of the Canadian Pacific. By 1914 these companies were in a desperate

financial plight, which seemed to worsen in the subsequent years. The Borden Government had to deal with them by measures that ultimately resulted in nationalization. Meighen, although never a minister of railways, more than anyone evidently shaped the government's policy, and hence antagonized those business interests, especially the Canadian Pacific Railway, which opposed it. By 1920, on succeeding Borden as Prime Minister, he and his party laboured under the handicap of having alienated the financiers of Montreal and their influential journals, the *Gazette* and the *Montreal Star*. They had also alienated the mass of the French electors because of the odious conscription act. Thus in 1921 they had to fight in Quebec a formidable combination of French votes and English finance. At the same time the agrarian west was in revolt, and for the duration of Meighen's leadership victories for Conservatives in the western provinces were difficult to win. In this way Meighen was frustrated. How far his own rigid logic and inflexible mind contributed to the result is not conclusively demonstrated by his biographer in the present study.

Mackenzie King, with a remarkable sense of politics as the art of the possible, became leader of the Liberal party at an opportune time to exploit these notable shifts in political alignments. *The Mackenzie King Record* by J. W. Pickersgill does not, however, treat the early stages of his career. It is confined to the critical years, 1939–1944, and draws mainly from one copious well of information, King's diary. Actually it is often no more than edited selections of the diary, and hence is King's private commentary on events. As such it is a remarkably rich but biased historical source, and quite unlike the other books that we have mentioned in their scholarly attempt to appraise the achievements of two politicians. To it historians in the future will always be indebted, but they will also never cease trying to determine its worth. A diary is a means for hiding as well as disclosing motives.

The Mackenzie King Record offers much interesting information on many facets of King and not least of all his relations to parliamentary institutions. Politicians usually reflect the level of public opinion, but some occasionally try to rise above it. King was not among them. He carefully watched the drift of opinion, and was acute in sensing it. Hence he was disposed to delay a cabinet decision until convinced that the public would support it. "He believed," remarks Mr. Pickersgill, "that nothing was so likely to set back a good cause as premature action." This view

governed his management of the parliamentary party. He took the caucus seriously, although he did not permit it to determine policy. He encouraged its private members to voice grievances and even to criticize ministers, and sometimes used their comments to get departmental attitudes and procedures changed. His own speeches before caucus were among the most effective that he delivered.

Hardly less characteristic was King's anxiety to seek always a common denominator among the different and conflicting elements of opinion in the country. He prided himself on the arts of conciliation in diminishing differences, reducing warfare, and emphasizing attitudes held in common. He had his own positive views on the most appropriate action to take, and promptly implemented them whenever he was satisfied that they would not be seriously opposed in the electorate. But he candidly confessed that for him the secret of leadership consisted as much in preventing things from being done as in doing them. A leader who viewed public problems with such calculated caution was unlikely to embark on daring ventures, and in both domestic and foreign policy King rarely did. His boldest decisions were those in the years of war covered by the narrative of the present book. He unhesitantly brought Canada into the struggle, and his major concern was to preserve national unity in its prosecution.

King carried caution into every sphere of policy, and notably, as this book records, in the relations of Canada with Britain and the Commonwealth. He strongly believed in the Commonwealth, but even more strongly in the necessity for Canada's complete freedom in action, and shrank from measures that might seem in the slightest degree to impair that freedom. Binding external commitments of any kind were to him shackles on national autonomy. At intervals he suspected an underhand British conspiracy against Canada's full self-government and viewed himself as a special and vigilant guardian of his country's liberty. He remarked in his diary after Lord Halifax's famous speech of January, 1944, on the future of the Commonwealth: "I saw that again it has fallen to my lot to have to make the most difficult of all fights. This perpetual struggle to save the Empire despite all that the Tories' policies will do—by fighting the Tories, save the British Empire from its dismemberment." There is much else of a self-righteous kind in his private reflections.

The chief work on Canadian political ideas is Frank H. Underhill's *In Search of Canadian Liberalism* (Macmillan of Canada, pp. xiv, 282, $5.00). It contains twenty-two articles written and published during the

last thirty years and dealing directly or indirectly with some aspect of Canadian liberalism. Although not intended as a unified and comprehensive treatise, it provides the most provocative preface to the theme that has yet appeared. It is the product of a mind learned, reflective, humane, endowed with a distinct talent for clear and witty expression, but not always consistent. It says little about political philosophy in the strict sense. "The lonely walks of uninterested theorists," as Coleridge put it, have had no overt influence on Canadian politics. The book falls into three sections: five essays treat special aspects of liberalism in the nineteenth century; the next ten deal with issues and people in the 1930's and 1940's, and the remaining seven are occasioned by events or situations in the fifties.

The main purpose of Frank Underhill's historical essays is to illustrate that the party system and political power are firmly rooted in economic interests. His interpretation is economic in the manner of the contemporary Americans, Charles Beard and Vernon Louis Parrington, and tinged also with the sanguine views of F. J. Turner on the virtues of a frontier society. For him the main drive for political liberalism in nineteenth-century Canada came from the *Globe*'s "intelligent yeomanry" of the Ontario countryside, who championed political liberty in order to protect their economic lot from the machinations of urban corporations, traders, and capitalists. The Clear Grits are his cherished heroes in the pre-Confederation era, because they fought for the essential elements of nineteenth-century liberalism, a free church in a free state, free franchises, representation by population, and opportunity for the common man to obtain generous recognition in the arrangements of government and society. His sympathy with agrarians is carried into the essays on politics in the thirties, forties, and fifties of the present century, but much else also appears. The socialist note emerges, although the reconciliation of socialism and liberalism is never clearly or explicitly made, and in the later essays there is even a candid admission that it is extremely difficult to make. Excessive socialism in the form of state regimentation strangles liberty. "Socialist panegyrics," he wrote in 1947, "about the mystic beauties of Planning are apt to be just as silly, and sometimes just as dishonest, as the hymns to Free Enterprise which are intoned by their opponents." In him the liberal readily vanquishes the socialist.

Despite his frequent protest that the academic man should be committed to political beliefs and not reside in an ivory tower, Frank Underhill

himself hardly forges a final reliable allegiance to any established party. One suspects that by temperament he is incapable of a binding commitment. Like the fine old Tory, Dean Greystock, in Trollope's novel he enjoys the politics of the side to which he belongs without too strong a belief in them. He finds callousness and narrowness in every party. His one enduring political faith is in the liberalism of the journal which he has always avidly read, the *Manchester Guardian*. By nature and nurture a non-conforming critic, he cherishes liberty for the good reason that it permits him to remain a critic. He confesses that he could never belong to the Establishment, and we can readily agree. He glories in the freedom to raise embarrassing questions in an embarrassing way about every political faith. Especially, of course, he is eager to challenge the position and prejudices of the comfortable, the complacent, and the powerful. It is characteristic that as a student at Oxford he was swept off his feet by the iconoclastic wit and high spirits of Bernard Shaw. The Shavian influence fortunately endures. For Canadians who know him and read him Frank Underhill is an invaluable intellectual gad-fly.

More than once in his essays he refers to the movement associated with William Lyon Mackenzie and Papineau as the Canadian version of Jacksonian democracy. He does not further discuss the doughty grandfather of Mackenzie King. Margaret Fairley, however, in *The Selected Writings of William Lyon Mackenzie, 1824–1837* (Oxford, pp. 383, illus., $6.50) reprints and edits some of Mackenzie's writings and not merely those confined narrowly to politics, for he was a perceptive observer of many other aspects of the Canadian scene. As a reformer he was deeply interested in projects of popular instruction. Not least revealing in the present book is his "Catechism of Education" and notes thereon, which illustrate how greatly his mind was nourished on the writings and ideas of those who inspired the contemporary movement of British radicalism. Before entering on what he called "the bold, dangerous but delightful course" to open revolt, he advocated little that would not have won the approval of Radicals at Westminster. The categories and assumptions of utilitarianism are manifest throughout. He believed that the business of government is "to increase to the utmost the pleasures, and diminish to the utmost the pains, which men derive from one another; it is an agent employed in forming the character of man." This volume of extracts is a welcome addition to Canadian political literature.

A central fact in the country's life is the co-existence of two cultures,

and their mutual relations is the theme of a fat volume of scholarly essays*: *Canadian Dualism: Studies of French-English Relations; La Dualité canadienne: Essais sur les relations entre Canadiens français et Canadiens anglais*, edited by Mason Wade (University of Toronto and Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. xxvi, 426, $8.50). Twenty chapters, some in French and some in English, by twenty different authors, are difficult to discuss with brevity, and comments perforce must be general. The mere appearance of a volume which represents the collaboration of French and English scholars is itself a milepost. A generation ago such a venture would have been impossible, and certainly was never attempted. Representatives of the two peoples can now more freely and critically discuss within one forum their ways of life. A bilingual intellectual élite is emerging, and the present book testifies to its capacity for solid and candid analysis. For each topic two authors, one French and one English, were selected in order to illustrate the similarities and differences in attitude and opinion, and to the author in each case was left the choice of language. Not least revealing is the treatment of religion, from which in the past prolific misunderstandings and intense rivalries arose. The essays of Watson Kirkconnell and Father Régis may help to destroy ancient misconceptions, although one has the uneasy sense that this type of book will not reach those whose prejudices and misconceptions are most tenacious. The chapters on demography, like other such studies in recent years, should help to demolish the myth of a conspiring cultural group determined to swamp the other through a calculated high birth rate. Both groups now respond to the powerful forces of an urban and industrial society, which tend to homogenize their ways of living. Politics and the labour movement, which reflect the new industrial forces, are here examined with judicious appreciation. Four chapters describe the French Canadians who are not resident in Quebec. Increasingly they are an important factor in other provinces, where often they exhibit an outlook somewhat different from that of their compatriots in the St. Lawrence valley, especially in being less apprehensive of the snares and seductions of English society.

Eighty-five years ago Pierre Chauveau remarked: "English and French, we climb by a double flight of stairs toward the destinies reserved for us on this continent, without knowing each other, without meeting each other, and without seeing each other, except on the landing of politics.

*See also p. 507.

In social and literary terms, we are far more foreign to each other than the English and French of Europe." One simple conclusion derived from the present volume is that Chauveau's image is less relevant now than when he wrote. Since 1945 especially, profound changes have occurred in what formerly had appeared to be incompatible and rigid patterns of life unlikely to alter. To these changes Mason Wade and his colleagues provide a useful guide.

A minor supplement to *Canadian Dualism* is a brief brochure by Pierre Laporte, *The True Face of Duplessis* (Harvest House, pp. 142, $1.50 paper, $3.50 cloth). The author, a veteran member of the Quebec press gallery, presents his impressions of the singular man with a quick brain and iron will who dominated the politics of Quebec for almost a generation. Duplessis was thrown up and sustained by peculiar circumstances in French-Canadian society, and he manipulated representative institutions according to his own code of political ethics. Pierre Laporte's account is mainly on the easy level of anecdote, chatty and casual in style, and little concerned to explore deeply the forces that might explain why a Duplessis régime ever existed or survived so long.

The range and quality of political collaboration between the French and the English help to determine Canada's foreign policy. This fact among others is recognized in Fred Alexander's *Canadians and Foreign Policy: The Record of an Independent Investigation* (University of Toronto, pp. vi, 160, $3.95). Here we have the impressions and reflections of the Professor of Modern History in the University of Western Australia, who in late 1958 spent four months in Canada on a fellowship of the Canada Council. He travelled gradually from British Columbia to New Brunswick, and studied largely through the medium of interview and question the attitudes and outlook of a representative cross-section of the public on foreign affairs. The author would be the first to admit that this type of investigation, through patient and reflective listening, cannot adequately unfold all the influences on policy. It is likely to emphasize unduly what is contemporary and sometimes transient. The events of the day impose themselves too blatantly and distort perspective. Thus in 1958 Professor Alexander found Canadians disturbingly anxious about certain difficulties in their relations with the neighbouring republic, and to these matters he gives an emphasis that seems ill-proportioned to other aspects of the subject. Nevertheless, there is an evident value in having a visitor listen to our talk and reflect on our irritations, and we are seldom

likely to have one with more sympathy and understanding than Fred Alexander.

A provocative tract for the times is *Peacemaker or Powder-Monkey: Canada's Role in a Revolutionary World*, by James M. Minifie (McClelland & Stewart, pp. viii, 174, $3.50). Written by a distinguished Canadian journalist in Washington it pleads a case, and its wide sale suggests that it fits in with a current public anxiety. The gist of the argument is that since 1940 Canada has become too deeply involved in an alliance with the United States which now seriously hampers the useful part that she might otherwise play in the affairs of a world, wherein an increased number of nations distrust the aggressive policies of the American republic. In brief, Canada is tainted by an intimate association with the United States. At home her freedom to make independent decisions is restricted, while abroad her intentions are suspected as those of an American satellite. Freed from the present excessive dependence on her neighbour, she could exert more influence among the uncommitted nations that are suspicious of American imperialism, act as a genuine peacemaker rather than a powder-monkey, and reinvigorate the sense of nationhood among her own people.

In this argument Minifie has some facts on his side. That American policy-makers have sometimes used their vast power unwisely and perhaps arrogantly is hardly deniable. That in certain phases of policy Canada is inhibited by her close ties with the United States is a fact. That, along with other states, she should herself directly exercise as much influence as possible for peace, is common sense. Whether, however, she can best assert her weight in the way prescribed by Minifie is another matter. He believes that she can be influential only by declaring neutrality, dissolving NORAD, and withdrawing from NATO. Neutrality, he thinks, should not mean isolation. Canada must work for peace by using persuasion in the Commonwealth, the United Nations, and other groups of states. But the author hardly begins to show convincingly how in these relations her influence will actually be enhanced by neutrality, whereas on the decisions of the Anglo-American and NATO Powers it would be drastically diminished. His assumption that the United States would come to welcome Canada's neutrality is naïve. Canada alone does not command enough material power to be significant as an independent, and to assume otherwise is wishful thinking. Whenever in the last quarter of a century she has played an important role in international affairs, it

has usually been due to her close ties with the United States and Britain. She could not then have played the same role as a neutral, nor could she now. However, such is the question that James Minifie poses, and it arouses special interest at a time when the sentiments of Canadian nationalism are conspicuously quickened.

A few general histories of Canada appeared in the year. Intended for popular consumption and cast on conventional lines, without evident research in documents, is *From Sea to Sea: The Road to Nationhood, 1850–1910*, by W. G. Hardy (Doubleday, pp. 528, maps, $6.00). This is volume four in the Canadian History Series, edited by Thomas B. Costain. Written in easy prose by a practised novelist, it is readable, but in the unfortunate fashion of popular history it submits the complicated process of a country's evolution to a gross simplification. We are told that "two towering giants" were principally responsible for making Canada a nation, John A. Macdonald and Wilfrid Laurier. Those who like their history reduced to such simple terms will doubtless welcome Mr. Hardy's volume. *The Founding of Canada: Beginnings to 1815*, by Stanley B. Ryerson (Progress Books, pp. xii, 340, illus., maps, $3.00 paper, $5.00 cloth) is intended as the first of two volumes to provide a Marxist interpretation of Canadian history. Beginning with an account of the physical structure of the country and its native peoples, it simply follows the lines familiar enough in most histories of the period, and its conclusions agree with its premise. It rests on wide reading of monographs and published documents. A broader survey from the early colonization of the St. Lawrence valley to 1950 is the late J. Bartlet Brebner's *Canada: A Modern History* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan [Ambassador Books], pp. xviii, 543, xviii, $10.00). It appears in the University of Michigan series on the History of the Modern World, and was published posthumously, with a brief concluding chapter on the period after 1950 by Donald C. Masters. Bartlet Brebner was a Canadian with an unusually rich intellectual endowment. His many writings on the history of his native country display a keen grasp of the interplay between economic, political, and geographic factors. His classic *North Atlantic Triangle* gave to the story of Canada a three-dimensional solidity, and in this, the final work of his career, we have the same skilful tracing of interrelations, the same mature assessment, and the same admirable powers of compression.

A small miscellany of the current books deal with figures not of major national importance, but representing certain influential sectors of

Canadian life. Such is *Sir Casimir Stanislaus Gzowski* by Ludwik Kos-Rabcewicz-Zubkowski and William Edward Greening (Burns & MacEachern, pp. vi, 213, $4.75). Gzowski was Polish by birth, trained in military engineering in Russia, and exiled for association with the patriotic movement of 1830. From the early forties he practised engineering in Canada for half a century, first with the public service and later as an independent contractor. One of the founders of the Engineering Institute of Canada, under whose auspices the present book appears, he was engaged in important construction projects of his time, including the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto to Detroit and the International Bridge at Fort Erie. This book is a plain factual account of his career. Two short works record the careers and memoirs of public officials: *Public Servant: The Memoirs of Sir Joseph Pope*, edited by Maurice Pope (Oxford, pp. 312, illus., $4.50) and *A Canadian Errant: Twenty-five Years in the Foreign Service*, by James P. Manion, edited by Guy Sylvestre (Ryerson, pp. x, 196, illus., $5.00). Sir Joseph Pope was a public servant in Ottawa from 1878 to 1925. From 1882 to 1891 he was private secretary to Sir John Macdonald, and published his chief's official biography. Later as Under-Secretary of State, he was placed in charge of the Department of External Affairs. In close relations with the political leaders in Ottawa for half a century, Sir Joseph was admirably situated to observe how decisions were made and how the federal government operated. Discretion, however, even in the ablest official, tends to become an ingrained habit from which liberation is difficult. If Sir Joseph had numerous secrets to disclose, he kept most of them to himself. His memoirs certainly contain some interesting facts, but they also have much chaff. One would gladly sacrifice pleasantries about the people he met at this or that conference for a candid and revealing appraisal of how policies were shaped at the top level in Ottawa. *A Canadian Errant* consists of the reminiscences of James P. Manion, a trade commissioner overseas from 1932–1952 (except for three years of war with the Canadian army), and subsequently an Assistant Director of the Trade Commissioner Service in Ottawa. His many extracts from letters often contain engaging information on events and situations abroad, as notably in Japan during the early thirties, Paris before the war, and Rome in the late forties.

The Ante-Room: Early Stages in a Literary Career, by Lovat Dickson (Macmillan of Canada, pp. viii, 270, $4.25) is the first instalment of an autobiography, written with distinction, and planned with delicate

design. It tells of a child's upbringing as the son of a somewhat unsuccessful mining engineer, residing successively in Australia, Rhodesia, Britain, and finally migrating to Canada, where the growing youth, with many initial discouragements, begins to prepare for his career. The best part of this readable volume is an engaging portrait of Professor E. K. Broadus of Alberta, a singular character, and by all accounts a remarkable teacher of English literature, who knew how to enlist the aid of savage irony in stimulating students. A work not of biography but with an obvious affinity to it is the *Speeches of Angus L. Macdonald*, with a biographical note by the Honourable T. A. Crerar and a Foreword by the Honourable J. L. Ilsley (Longmans, Green, pp. xxviii, 227, $5.50). Speeches by politicians when printed long after delivery seldom retain much vitality. These retain more than most. They are simple, eloquent, reflect a sense of appropriate diction for each occasion, and avoid that bane of political oratory, the dreary cliché. Ranging widely in subject matter, they contain no original ideas, but their publication is a fitting memorial to a distinguished Premier of Nova Scotia and an able Minister of National Defence for Naval Services during World War II.

A reflection of the wider interest of Canadians in the world outside is the increasing number of books that they devote to it. Canadian journalists hurry to troubled or interesting areas on the globe, publish their reports in the press, and occasionally enclose them between hard covers. In the present year three of their books are: *The Tragedy of Apartheid* by Norman Phillips (Longmans, Green, pp. vi, 217, illus., $4.50); *Not Tomorrow—Now: The Middle East and Africa Today*, by A. C. Forrest (Ryerson, pp. xiv, 207, $4.50); and *A Journey to Samarkand*, by Larry Henderson (Longmans, Green, pp. xxvi, 158, illus., $4.25). All three are competent pieces of journalism, with its intrinsic merits and deficiencies. They exhibit speed in taking in a scene or a situation, and in summarizing its salient features. The impressions that they convey seldom penetrate much below the surface or show an acute sense of perspective. But that would be expecting too much from works executed rapidly. Norman Phillips, for example, flew promptly to South Africa on news of the Sharpeville riots, and his book results from four exciting weeks spent there, including a brief imprisonment by the South African police. He conveys a feeling of the electric atmosphere of crisis and conflict. Yet under the circumstances one can hardly expect that his assessment of policies in the Union will be dispassionate and balanced, or that he will calmly see them in a proper historical setting. He is primarily

reporting what he currently saw, heard, and sensed on the spot, and his report embodied in the present book is evidence, although it is not all the relevant evidence that a social scientist would demand.

Academic scholars also increasingly find beyond Canada themes for their research. In the current year Professor R. Cranford Pratt joined with non-Canadian authors in contributing to two volumes published in Britain on developments in East Africa. With Colin Leys of Oxford he edited *A New Deal in Central Africa* (William Heinemann, pp. xiv, 226, illus., $5.00). This consists of eighteen chapters, of which the editors themselves contribute eleven and share another with a third author. The main body of this book is a careful analysis of the history, economics, and politics of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. It examines the forces which produced it and the results which followed it. The complex issues of achieving a partnership between different races are dispassionately scrutinized, and the general conclusion is reached that East African nationalism developed with embarrassing rapidity when the Africans were put under the rule of a federation controlled by white settlers. Under direct British colonial authority an easier and more gradual political transition would have been possible, and only a major change in the system of government can repair the damage already done. The second volume consists of two distinct studies by D. Anthony Low and R. Cranford Pratt, *Buganda and British Overrule, 1900–1955* (Oxford, for East African Institute of Social Research, pp. xiv, 373, maps, $6.25). The first discusses the agreement negotiated by Sir Harry Johnston with the native kingdom of Buganda in 1900 and the second examines the effects of this agreement in the subsequent half century. A particularly interesting part of Cranford Pratt's study is the relation of indirect rule to the development of national political institutions and the phenomenon of nationalism itself. The emphasis on indirect rule tended to delay the evolution of national political thought until World War II accelerated the speed of change and confronted the imperial authority with issues of great complexity.

Another Canadian scholar, W. J. Stankiewicz, goes even further afield than twentieth-century Africa in *Politics and Religion in Seventeenth-Century France* (University of Toronto, pp. xii, 269, $6.00). Seventeenth-century France may seem remote, but its complicated problems of religion and politics have a counterpart in some of the conflicting loyalties of the present age. The starting-point in Dr. Stankiewicz's study is the Edict of Nantes, which gave to the Huguenots a legal status and a concrete

measure of toleration. But the toleration thus achieved did not derive from the ruling ideas of the age. The theologians of both Catholicism and Protestantism rejected the idea of tolerance as alien to their systems of thought; they were concerned solely with the paramount validity of their own faith. Tolerance was accepted, not as an invaluable principle, but only as a consequence of political circumstances and expediency, and in turn this fact spelt its doom. In the Edict the Huguenots won merely specific rights in specific localities and received specific strongholds as a guarantee of their rights. But with the developing absolutism of the French monarchy these rights suffered erosion. The work of Richelieu undermined them, and their foundations were sapped long before the Revocation of the Edict in 1685. Dr. Stankiewicz traces this history and also examines the course taken by Huguenot doctrine. Not until after the Revocation and the dispersion did the Huguenots themselves accept toleration as a philosophical principle. The theme of this book is important not merely in the history of France, but of western Europe, for, as John Locke showed, religious freedom lies close to the root of political and social freedom.

LOCAL AND REGIONAL / *Ramsay Cook*

As usual, this section ranges over books of very uneven value. Biography and memoirs are the largest entry, but books on exploration and the north are close competitors in quantity and easy winners in quality. There are one or two useful studies in local history and also in business development. The remaining entries in this ever-growing section move rapidly from mediocre to poor. In his plea for the development of Canadian cultural nationalism, Lorne Pierce emphasizes the need for more intellectual activity and respect for idea in this country. "As a people we are still too uninterested in ideas," he writes, "and as a consequence are too imitative of stronger cultures, too respectful of the lords of opinion and of style abroad. We are, as a result, often derivative and commonplace." This remark, and the rest of *A Canadian Nation*, (Ryerson, pp. x, 42, $2.00) are worth considering. At the same time, it is fair to suggest that some of the volumes in this section would have been less commonplace if they had paid some attention to the standards of excellence set by writers of local and regional books whether here or abroad.

Of the volumes of biography and memoirs, none is of exceptional

interest, though one or two throw some interesting light on the varied activities of Canadians. The memoirs of two Toronto medical men head the list. Dr. Gordon Murray in his *Medicine in the Making* (Ryerson, pp. xx, 235, $5.50) describes a brilliant career as practising physician, professor, and above all as research scientist with an enviable record of successes and honours. The book should be of considerable interest to medical men, though the general public may find it rather narrowly professional. This is disappointing since Dr. Murray has had a varied career. For example, it would have been interesting to have learned the impressions of a young medical man serving in the army during the Great War. The Canadian Army Medical Corps came under sharp criticism in those years from Dr. Herbert Bruce among others, and it would have been useful to have had Dr. Murray's views. *A Doctor's Memoirs* (Macmillan of Canada, pp. xii, 183, $4.25) is a rather more chatty book in which Dr. I. A. Willinsky (a cousin of Sir Roy Welensky, of Central African notoriety) describes a successful and important professional career. Probably its most interesting feature is the illustration it gives of anti-semitism in Toronto medical circles. Graduating near the top of his class in 1908, the third Jewish doctor to graduate in Toronto, Willinsky found that it was impossible for him to gain entry into a Toronto hospital. It was not until 1929 that the Toronto General accepted one Jewish interne a year, and this practice was later followed by other hospitals. After some overseas post-graduate work, Dr. Willinsky returned to Toronto where he found a demand for his services as a ghost surgeon—that is, doing surgery which patients thought was being performed by more eminent practitioners of the oath of Hippocrates. The young doctor found this distasteful, but suggests it was inevitable in a period of transition from small nursing home to large hospital. By 1918 Dr. Willinsky was making his mark in the Toronto medical world, and no doubt his useful career has helped other Jewish students gain full acceptance in this profession.

Neither of the doctors' autobiographies is likely to command wide public interest. The same is true of *Remember, Nurse*, by Donalda McKillop Copeland, as told to Eugenie M. Myles (Ryerson, pp. vi, 250, illus., $4.50) in which the author describes her life as a public health nurse in the Eastern Arctic. The book was actually prepared by Miss Myles, who has written two previous human interest stories of the Canadian north. The material is potentially interesting and one is certainly impressed by

the useful work done by public servants in the barren north, but the writing is too often prosaic and cliché-ridden. Two other volumes of personal memoirs by women are Evelyn M. Richardson's *My Other Islands* (Ryerson, pp. x, 213, $4.50) and Margaret Sharcott's *A Place of Many Winds* (British Book Service, pp. iv, 326, illus., $5.00). Mrs. Richardson, the wife of a Maritimes lighthouse keeper, writes of her youth spent on Emerald Island off Nova Scotia. Though its slow-moving pace may reflect a way of life, it may also reflect a lack of much to say, for the author has already revealed the inner secrets of a lighthouse in an earlier volume which the publisher has raised to the level of a "Canadian classic." Mrs. Sharcott has also led a life of isolation, travelling with her fisherman husband off the Pacific coast. Similarly, this is her second book. One interesting feature of the work is that it is published in Britain, the publisher feeling that it should have a wide readership throughout the Commonwealth. For those interested in unusual Canadian ménages, this is a book worth reading. The final autobiographical work is James McRae's *call me tomorrow* (Ryerson, pp. viii, 240, $5.00). Coming from the pen of a successful journalist, it is a disappointing book. While it gives some glimpses of life in Northern Ontario mining centres, it is not well written, and its attempts to be racy are not much above the pulp magazine level.

Thomas B. Costain, who has for years straddled, or perhaps blurred, the line between history and historical fiction, has produced an interesting study of the role played by Alexander Graham Bell in the invention of the telephone. In *Chord of Steel: The Story of the Invention of the Telephone* (Doubleday, pp. 238, $3.95) Costain offers a somewhat anecdotal account of part of Bell's life in an effort to show that Bell actually conceived the essential ideas for his invention while sojourning in Brantford. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book for those unfamiliar with Bell's career will be the letters to his parents written during his long absences in Boston. Another biography is C. A. M. Edward's *Taylor Statten* (Ryerson, pp. xiv, 161, illus., $5.00). Statten was the founder of the well-known boys' resort, Camp Amek, and also a leader in the Y.M.C.A. and other aspects of boys' work in this century. Edward's biography shows the enormous energy that Statten threw into his work. Moreover, it illuminates the impact of a somewhat superficial science and psychology on fundamentalist, puritan religion. Moving from a rather narrow religion of social negatives, Statten finally embraced a mixture of muscular

Christianity and Indian lore. "The Camp religion became the 'Amek spirit'. . . . But at Amek this spirit was greatly intensified and became centred on the personality of the Chief himself." The Chief, of course, was Statten. Such a remark has uncomfortable implications and, while the author is an admirer of Statten, one feels that he is not always sure of what to make of his subject.

Exploration, especially of the Canadian north, has provided material for several new books, including two of the most rewarding in this section. The first is W. Kaye Lamb's edition of *The Letters and Journals of Simon Fraser, 1806–1808* (Macmillan of Canada, pp. viii, 292, maps, $5.00). Though Fraser was undoubtedly one of our leading explorers he has never had a biography and, as Dr. Lamb notes, "the versions of his writings that have been published are without exception inaccurate." The present book goes a long way to remedy this situation. The edition of the Journals for the 1806 and 1808 trips is augmented by a selection of letters written during Fraser's stay at New Caledonia in 1806–07, and miscellaneous letters chosen mainly to illustrate the explorer's family history and later life. In addition the sixty-page introduction, written according to scholarly canons, will certainly serve to fill the biographical gap for some time. One peculiar feature of this volume is the editor's decision to print the 1808 journal first, followed by the earlier 1806 account. Surely a chronological treatment would have given a more accurate perspective. The volume is a valuable addition to Macmillan's "Pioneer Series."

Another explorer who has received less than his due in Canadian annals is the Norwegian, Otto Sverdrup. T. C. Fairley has succeeded in filling this gap in *Sverdrup's Arctic Adventures* (Longmans, Green, pp. xii, 305, illus., $6.00). The book includes a carefully edited version of the explorer's *New Land*, which is a journal of Sverdrup's four perilous years in the Arctic, and also a brief, but extremely useful, biography written by Fairley. Many readers will find the editor's account of how Canada eventually gained control of the lands originally claimed for Norway the most fascinating part of the book. Neither Canada nor Norway showed any great interest in the ice-bound discoveries until some twenty years after Sverdrup's great geographical and scientific expedition. The Canadian government approached the subject very cautiously until it appeared that the United States might lay claim to the area in 1925. Despite Sverdrup's constant pressures, the Norwegian foreign office did

very little to press his country's claims. Finally, in the late twenties, Canada's claims were secured, and in 1930, a few months before his death, Sverdrup received $67,000 from the Canadian government in recognition of his work. Canadian interest in the area was kept up largely through the work of another explorer, Captain Joseph Bernier, who but for Fairley might be forgotten. This is an exceptionally good book, important not only for Arctic history, but also for its examination of a relatively unknown episode in Canadian diplomacy. Fairley has a real feeling for his subject, and with this volume he emerges as an important writer on Arctic affairs.

A further volume of northern exploration is that edited by Farley Mowat, *Ordeal By Ice* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. 364, $6.00). This book is composed of a selection of accounts written by various Arctic travellers from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Its unifying theme is the search for the Northwest Passage and the sections are linked together by Mowat's lively comment. Each account has its own flavour, but together they illustrate the efforts of Europeans to survive in the severe Arctic climate. Not until 1860 did "when in the Arctic, do as the Eskimos" become fully accepted practice. Finally, mention must be made of an entirely different type of Northern exploration. The advent of the aeroplane has revolutionized northern journeying, though it has not removed all its hazards. Guy Blanchet in *Search in the North* (Macmillan of Canada, pp. 197, $3.50) describes the first efforts to use aircraft in the search for northern mineral wealth. This was in 1928. The search for minerals was transformed into a search for a party of men who had lost their way while visiting the expedition's base on Hudson Bay. A large part of the volume is devoted to describing the hazardous search and eventual rescue of the lost men. Without detracting from the courage of Blanchet's search by air, it does seem true that the innovations in modern travel and communications have greatly altered the character of northern adventuring and decreased its risks. This is Farley Mowat's point when he quotes the remark of the commander of the nuclear powered submarine *Nautilus* as that vessel passed under the ice: "In the background I could hear the strains of Pat Boone's 'Love Letters in the Sand,' one of a hundred records on our juke box." Such are the wonders of modern technology.

After the explorers come the missionaries. In *Cross in the Wilderness* (Vancouver: Mitchell Press, pp. xxiv, 255, illus., $4.95) Kay Cronin provides an interesting study of the missionary activities of the Oblate Fathers

in British Columbia. The Mission began its work in Oregon in the early nineteenth century and by the 1850's had extended its interests into the western territories of the Hudson Bay Company. Though the book is not a complete history (as the author admits), it does highlight many incidents in the Order's history and revives the memory of a score of extraordinary people. There is Father Pandossy who played the French horn and had "a fine voice and does not despise the cup that cheers and occasionally inebriates," according to a contemporary. Later there was Father Coccola whose persistent pleas to Sir Wilfrid Laurier saved his Indian charges from the loss of their fishing rights when the large canneries moved into British Columbia. Altogether this is an interesting story well told.

A rather unusual volume dealing with the impact of white civilization on Indian life is Jessie L. Beattie's *The Split in the Sky* (Ryerson, pp. xiv, 214, $4.95). The book is a fictional autobiography of a member of the Six Nations Confederacy of Grand River. Having left the reservation and gained an education, the young Indian returns and through his eyes we are introduced to the revival of the Long House religion and the growth of Indian nationalism. This subject is one of great interest as Edmund Wilson has recently shown. For this reader, however, Miss Beattie has spoiled her story by making it a melodramatic novel complete with an Indian Joan of Arc and a tragic love affair. Perhaps the book will serve to stimulate interest in this neglected subject.

The step from exploration and the aborigines to the exploitation of natural resources is a logical one. Three books of unequal value attempt to investigate this area of Canadian life. The best is William Kilbourn's *The Elements Combined* (Clarke, Irwin, pp. xxii, 334, illus., $6.50) which is a well written account of the development of the Steel Company of Canada. The first part of the book explores the operations of various steel companies before 1910 when the merger resulting in Stelco took place. This is one of the first books to deal with the history of business mergers in Canada before the Great War; while the importance of big business has long been recognized, little has been done to assess its effect on Canadian life. Kilbourn's account is sympathetic to the Company, as is to be expected from an official historian. Nevertheless, he provides information which could lead to more critical conclusions. One wonders whether it was evidence in the Stelco files that led the author to remark that Mackenzie King "was never lacking in sympathy for North American

big business." To this reviewer the least satisfactory section of the book is that which deals with the 1946 strike. Perhaps it is true that "a strike is a crude and costly way to settle an industrial and social problem," but when power is so unequally divided between employer and worker, the right to appeal to collective action is a necessity. Nor did this reader find the homily on love and justice (p. 206) any very concrete solution to the problems of industry and humanity. Nevertheless, these differences of opinion do not deny that the book is a major contribution to our industrial history. The attraction of the book is greatly enhanced by the superb wood engravings produced by the author's sister, Rosemary Kilbourn.

Another industrial giant is discussed by John F. Thompson and Norman Beasley in *For the Years to Come: A Story of International Nickel of Canada* (Longmans, Green, pp. x, 374, $5.75). This account of the International Nickel Company of Canada, of which J. F. Thompson was chairman until his recent retirement, is the story first of competition, and then of the merger of a number of firms concerned with the exploitation of Canada's vast nickel resources. This book, while it is not as satisfactory as the history of Stelco, does provide some useful information not only about the techniques of nickel production, but also about the relations of business and politics. The book's main weakness is its failure to probe very deeply into questions such as that of the Company's early interlocking relationship with U.S. Steel and other giants of American business and finance, and the resulting effect on the Canadian economy. Moreover, it is a strangely narrow conception of business development which fails to mention the thousands of men who were employed by the Company. Nowhere in the book is that bad boy of Canadian unionism, the United Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, discussed.

Merrill Denison has described a very different kind of monopoly in *The People's Power: The History of Ontario Hydro* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. viii, 295, illus., $7.50). This is a history of Ontario Hydro told in an informal manner that is sometimes lively, and sometimes annoying. While nationalized industry is usually connected with socialism and radicalism, Ontario Hydro is, of course, an illustration of businessmen's socialism. No one would connect the names of Adam Beck, James Whitney, or W. K. McNaught with radicalism; yet these and a score of others were the very men who campaigned hardest for government ownership and development of Ontario's electric power resources. Of

course, these businessmen had wide popular support from communities where people feared that private control would result in exorbitant power rates. The most exciting part of the story is the fight between the private and public power advocates, but the later developments of Hydro, including the St. Lawrence Seaway, are also related satisfactorily. Not the least interesting feature of the book is the generous selection of photographs illustrating the development of Ontario's public power industry.

S. A. Pain's *Three Miles of Gold* (Ryerson, pp. x, 109, map, $3.50) is an attempt to describe an area—Kirkland Lake—of industrial and natural resources development. The book is too brief and anecdotal to attract any wide interest, but it does make a worthwhile attempt to place the development of gold mining in its wider social context. It is a story which is many times duplicated in Canadian life. From it emerge some interesting tales and hints of others, such as the complex relation of business, finance, and journalism, in such partnerships as that between mining magnate William Wright and speculator-journalist George McCullough. Ken Liddell's *Alberta Revisited* (Ryerson, pp. xiv, 234, illus., $4.00) is a social sketch of a province. It is heavily larded with human interest stories, but until a full-scale history of the province is written, a good deal can be learned from this book. Though the writer's decision to divide the province into five sections helps the freely running narrative, it tends to obscure somewhat the sectional conflicts within the province. The nearly complete absence of politics from the book is a weakness. A reading of Lewis Thomas's *Liberal Party in Alberta* (which does not appear in the bibliography) would have helped to fill this gap.

Three other volumes of local interest, each with its own peculiar fascination, deserve mention here. Jeremy Cockloft's *Cursory Observations Made in Quebec Province of Lower Canada in the Year 1811* (Oxford, pp. xiv, 42, $3.00) has been edited for modern publication by William Toye and put out in attractive dress. It is anything but an unbiased account of Quebec City in the early nineteenth century, and the author exhibits all of an Englishman's worst prejudices about foreigners. In his preface, the editor is very cautious in explaining the purpose of the pamphlet. One possibility is suggested in Cockloft's remarks about the uselessness of the colony, which, he suggests, would be best sold to the Americans, for this would relieve Britain of its wasteful responsibility and contribute to the troubles of the New Republic. It is just possible that this is an anti-

imperialist tract of the kind more usual in the mid-Victorian period. This is only a guess, but surely there must be some such explanation for this calculated denigration of Britain's French possession. *Klondike Cattle Drive* (Mitchell Press, pp. xxvi, 58, maps, illus., $3.95), edited by Gordon Elliott, preserves the good-humoured journal of Norman Lee, who attempted to drive a herd of 200 cattle from Chilcotin country in British Columbia into the Yukon in 1898 for sale to hungry gold rushers. The ambitious attempt failed, and eventually Lee found himself back in Vancouver "with a roll of blankets, a dog and one dollar." In this he was perhaps luckier than many who followed the trail to the Yukon in '98. The last item for the collector of local lore is one which this reviewer found most attractive. It is a collection of *Songs of Old Manitoba* (Ryerson, pp. x, 93, $4.00). I know of no canon by which to judge such a volume, except to say that the songs, especially those of the Métis writer, Pierre Falcon, are not only delightful in themselves, but make an important contribution to the history of the Red River Colony.

Perhaps the publications of the Ontario Series of the Champlain Society belong in the local history class, but the professional touch of the editorial work puts them on a somewhat different level. The latest volume is *The Windsor Border Region: Canada's Southern Frontier* (Toronto: Champlain Society, pp. cxxx, 364, maps; available from University of Toronto Press, $5.00), edited by Professor E. J. Lajeunesse, C.S.B. The area, as Premier Frost points out, is the only part of Ontario that has a history that stretches back beyond the British Conquest. The intention of the volume is to bring together the most important available documents illustrating the development of this area from the arrival of the French explorers, through the Conquest, to the establishment of the first towns at the end of the eighteenth century. Some of the documents are printed for the first time, while the rest are collected from widely scattered printed sources. In addition, Professor Lajeunesse has written a very full introduction which puts the documents in their proper setting. This is another impressive addition to the Champlain Society series which will one day prove invaluable in the writing of a complete history of the province.

When the history of Ontario is written a fairly important place will have to be given to the Rebellion of 1837–38. A new addition to the books on this difficult subject is Fred Landon's *An Exile From Canada to Van Diemen's Land* (Longmans, Green, pp. xiv, 321, $5.00). This is a biography of Elijah Woodman, an American immigrant to the London

district, who was sentenced to transportation to Van Diemen's Land for his part in the border raids which followed the defeat of the Rebellion. Up to the point of Woodman's transportation, the author is almost completely without material from which to compose his life, so that the volume adds little to our knowledge of Upper Canadian life in the crucial years of discontent. This is disappointing, for the time for a new look at the Rebellion has arrived. The latter part of the book is devoted to Woodman's exile and eventual pardon in July 1845. By this time his health was completely broken and when he finally found passage home in 1847, it was too late. He died on the voyage. Professor Landon has recounted the story of a valiant spirit who, being caught up in the troubles of his times, ended life tragically. It is an interesting and worthwhile book, but it does leave one wishing that the author had put more of his extensive knowledge of Western Ontario into it.

Almost every year sees at least one new and expensive volume claiming to interpret Canada. This year's version is *Maclean's Canada: Portrait of a Country* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. viii, 248, illus., $8.50) edited by Leslie F. Hannon. It is made up of a series of articles selected from the pages of *Maclean's Magazine* and some of them are very good indeed—Blair Fraser on J. S. Woodsworth, W. O. Mitchell's episode in the life of "Jake and the Kid," and Ralph Allen's "Land of Eternal Change." These are all articles about Western Canada, but the rest of the country is also well served. One wonders why the editor did not include a sample of the useful muckraking journalism of Sidney Katz which has frequently appeared in *Maclean's*. Though the articles are interesting and worth collecting, the best portrait of the country comes from the excellent selection of pictures included in the volume. The colour plates of Canadian art are well done and the selections representative. The photographs, especially the black and white, of various aspects of Canadian life are lively and revealing. My favourite is the pig farmer. There is only one criticism: surely the well-moustached terror of the Canadian army is not a sergeant-major, but a full major. In all, the book is a handsome portrait of Canada.

MILITARY HISTORY / *Richard A. Preston*

Colonel C. P. Stacey, former Canadian Army Historian and now in the Department of History at Toronto, has followed up last year's volume on

the Quebec campaign (which was reviewed in the *Quarterly*) by two more volumes of equal significance. The first is volume III of the *Official History of the Canadian Army in the Second World War* and is entitled *The Victory Campaign: The Operations in North-West Europe, 1944–1945* (Ottawa: Queen's Printer, pp. xiv, 770, maps, sketches, illus., $4.00). It is difficult for many of us to realise that fifteen years have passed since the events which this book records. That interval has meant that much of this campaign is already known, at least in general outline. But here for the first time, backed by references to documents which unofficial historians will probably not see for another generation, is the full story of the Canadian military effort in France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

The passage of time has enabled Colonel Stacey to make much greater use of sources from both allied and enemy archives than when he produced the single volume *The Canadian Army, 1939–1945* in 1948. As the new book covers the most important part of what is by far the greatest military effort that Canada has yet undertaken, it must rate very highly in Canadian military historiography. In it Colonel Stacey tells the story of the development of an army which entered Normandy as highly-trained amateur soldiers and ended the war as professional veterans. He also reveals the existence of a most unusual relationship between Canadian and allied troops, especially the British. For the first time in history Canadian generals were permitted to command formations that included large percentages of British troops. At the same time there was a natural desire on the part of Canadians to retain the integrity and autonomy of Canadian formations under Canadian command. Much more will probably be told about the ramifications of this paradox in the fourth volume of the series on which Colonel Stacey is now engaged, a policy volume which will not be restricted to the army. These lessons in allied co-operation are important since it would seem probable that Canadians will always serve in alliances.

Another book, *Records of the Nile Voyageurs, 1884–1885: The Canadian Voyageur Contingent in the Gordon Relief Expedition* (Toronto: Champlain Society, pp. x, 285, xvi, free to members), edited by C. P. Stacey, the dean of Canadian military historians, deals with the first and smallest of Canadian military ventures overseas, the Sudan expedition of 1885. At the request of General Wolseley, who had seen their worth in the Red River Campaign, Canadian boatmen were hired to aid in the transportation of the British force up the Nile to relieve Chinese Gordon. Colonel

Stacey has collected and edited the pertinent documents for this Champlain Society volume and has written a most valuable introduction. Along with his articles on the same subject in the recent issues of the *Canadian Historical Review* he has thus provided what will probably always remain the definitive account of an interesting venture.

From a military point of view there are several noteworthy aspects of his revelations. First, the Canadian boatmen were not really *voyageurs* in the old sense since that type was extinct in the West; but they did include many recruits from the backwoods, especially lumbermen. Secondly, although many Canadian militia officers volunteered for the expedition and received temporary British commissions from the War Office to command the *Voyageurs*, the latter were not actually soldiers. Thirdly, the Voyageur Contingent was strictly an Imperial project and Canada contributed nothing except permission to recruit her sons. Thus, this first Canadian military venture overseas was, strictly speaking, neither Canadian, nor military. Nevertheless, it is an important and interesting chapter in the development of Canadian participation in world affairs.

A third milestone for war letters in Canada in 1960 is the appearance of a second edition of Dr. G. F. G. Stanley's *Canada's Soldiers: The Military History of an Unmilitary People* (Macmillan of Canada, pp. xiv, 449, $7.50) which was first published in 1954. The reputation of this volume as the standard one-volume military history of Canada is now firmly established and its easy style and graceful narrative has made it a popular acquisition for general readers of history as well as for military specialists. The new edition somewhat improves the balance between the earlier and later periods by expanding the portions dealing with World War II and after. Although as far as space goes it still does not do full justice to the Canadian military effort of recent years as compared with that of the French régime and the early nineteenth century, the magnitude of Canada's efforts in the three great wars of this century is revealed graphically, and movingly. This edition has emended some errors but a few still remain to be put right in the inevitable third printing: p. 14: Simcoe's plan for County lieutenants *was* carried into effect—and operated for about 15 years; p. 181: the *St. Lawrence* ended her career off St. Helen's, not Alwington; p. 181: the dockyard on Point Frederick was revived soon after its closure in 1836–7 and was to have over a decade of further busy existence; p. 190: the Kingston Martello Towers were not completed and armed until 1851; p. 187: there were eighteen miles of

artificial waterway, not six, on the Rideau "canal"; p. 278: the Imperial Conference of 1897 did not "establish" anything more than a vague proposal for closer co-operation between the War Office and the Canadian Department of Militia and had little immediate practical result.

The year 1960 has seen the production of three full-size regimental histories contributing to the expansion of that extremely important class of books.* Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Barnard's *The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada: One Hundred Years of Canada* (Don Mills: Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., pp. xvi, 398, maps, $5.00) is the story of a volunteer unit organized originally in Toronto at the time of the Fenian raids under the Militia Act of 1855, and re-organized as a regular regiment for NATO service shortly before its centenary. In addition to a brilliant military career, the Queen's Own has shared in some of the dramatic side incidents of Canadian military history. In 1910, as a demonstration of Empire solidarity, its Colonel, Sir Henry M. Pellatt, took the regiment to England at his own expense to participate in manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. The murder of Queen's Own men by Germans in Normandy led to the trial of Kurt Meyer. And Nasser's Anglophobia vetoed Queen's Own participation in the U.N.E.F. at the time of the Suez raid. On this later episode the regimental historian is remarkably restrained and brief. There are some valuable appendices but one inaccuracy should be noted. The Canadian government adopted the Lee-Enfield in 1895 and the Ross in 1902, not in 1902 and 1910 respectively, as stated on p. 355.

The second regimental history, by R. W. Queen-Hughes, *Whatever Men Dare: A History of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada, 1935–1960* (Winnipeg: Privately printed, pp. xii, 247), is virtually a continuation of J. D. Sinclair's silver anniversary volume, *The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada*, which appeared in 1935. The Camerons were as closely related to Winnipeg as the Queen's Own to Toronto and once again the peculiar virtues of city affiliations for the Canadian militia, and the resultant contribution to military morale, are fully illustrated. This volume is, however, slighter than the other and leans more heavily on the official history. Written in the remarkably short time of six months, it gives an intimate narrative of the history of the regiment, and tells those regimental anecdotes that always stud regimental histories but are inevitably excluded from works of wider scope. These

*George F. G. Stanley's *In the Face of Danger: The History of the Lake Superior Regiment* (Port Arthur: Lake Superior Scottish Regiment, pp. 337, maps, illus.) will be reviewed in "Letters in Canada, 1961."

form a valuable part of the repertoire of military writing and contribute to one of the important functions of regimental histories, the recording of tradition as a morale building factor. As a serious historical work this volume is rather spoiled by its short journalistic paragraphs. But its author, who served with another Winnipeg outfit, the Winnipeg Grenadiers, and his collaborators are to be congratulated for their successful capturing of that spirit which has contributed to the world-wide reputation of Canada's "unmilitary" fighting men.

LIVRES EN FRANÇAIS

LA POÉSIE / *Guy Sylvestre*

Il n'est pas sans intérêt de noter ici que, lors du Congrès annuel de la Société des écrivains canadiens tenu en mai à la Maison Montmorency, eut lieu un important colloque sur "notre littérature, image de notre milieu." Chargé d'y parler de notre poésie de ce point de vue, Clément Lockquell y soutenait avec raison que, moins que tout autre genre littéraire, la poésie est l'image d'un milieu donné et, au terme de son bref exposé, il affirmait ne trouver dans la poésie récente "rien de spécifiquement canadien-français" (*Revue Dominicaine*, LXVI, 2, juillet-août, 1960). Cela est sans doute vrai—et il est heureux que notre littérature ait dépassé le régionalisme—mais, en lisant les poèmes les plus récents de quelques-uns de nos meilleurs jeunes poètes, on sent néanmoins qu'après avoir éprouvé, souvent jusqu'à l'angoisse, le sentiment d'une solitude essentielle et s'être révolté contre un monde ennemi, ou du moins étranger, ils semblent en voie de découvrir des liens avec l'univers et de dépasser leur mouvement de refus pour atteindre à une communion. C'est l'impression qu'on a, par exemple, en lisant les derniers poèmes d'Anne Hébert en regard de ceux du *Tombeau des Rois*, ou ceux de Paul-Marie Lapointe en les comparant au *Vierge incendié*, ou encore ceux de Jean-Guy Pilon qui marquent un mûrissement par rapport à ceux des *Cloîtres de l'Eté*. Il y a chez l'une et chez les autres, non pas certes un retour à ce qu'on a appelé le régionalisme, mais les prémisses d'une réconciliation avec la vie, ce qui présuppose une acceptation (si mitigée soit-elle) du milieu.

Cette réconciliation, on le verra, ne semble pas en voie de s'accomplir en vertu des mêmes réalités chez l'une et chez les autres; mais il me semble hautement significatif qu'un mouvement analogue vers la vie et vers l'avenir puisse être observé simultanément dans des œuvres poétiques qui, d'autre part, restent hautement personnelles et fort différentes les unes des autres. Il y a peut-être là l'indice du commencement de la fin de la période de solitude et de révolte qui débuta avec Saint-Denys-Garneau (1937) et dont on ne saurait prédire la fin. Que "la fille maigre" célèbre "la naissance du pain"; que le mage de Mithra découvre la présence presque charnelle des arbres du pays; et que Pilon termine son recueil par un OUI, il y a là plus qu'une simple coïncidence sans doute; du moins faut-il espérer que ce sont les premiers signes d'une victoire sur soi-même comme sur le monde.

Il ne faudrait pas croire sur la foi de quelques textes récents qu'une telle victoire soit complète et générale, et que la poésie canadienne-française soit en passe de devenir un vibrant alleluia collectif. Rien ne serait plus contraire à la vérité. Il y a toujours ces vaincus, incapables de dominer la parole et, par elle, la réalité (et ils seront toujours les plus nombreux); il y a encore ceux qui poursuivent leur marche dans la nuit et dont la voix est une plainte, un cri ou un hurlement (et ils seront toujours plusieurs). Certains de ces derniers semblent toutefois avoir découvert les premières lueurs du jour et trembler à l'approche du matin. Midi n'est pas encore le roi de nos étés cependant, et c'est avec crainte et tremblement encore que quelques-uns marchent vers le lever du jour. L'univers dans lequel nous vivons, les menaces qui pèsent sur nous, et nos propres contradictions ne nous permettent sans doute pas de nous abandonner complètement à la joie de la possession du monde: nous restons des êtres déchirés, ou du moins divisés contre eux-mêmes. Seuls les meilleurs parviennent à s'exprimer avec bonheur dans des œuvres réussies; les autres forment ce contexte humain et littéraire grâce auquel il est possible de mieux saisir le sens et la portée des œuvres réelles, et de mieux apprécier leur beauté.

Je ne crois pas devoir faire une place ici à *Arc-en-ciel* de Jean-Raymond Boudou, Français en séjour au Canada, dont le livre imprimé en France est distribué par Beauchemin. D'autre part, je n'ai pu prendre connaissance ni de *Toua* de Rodrigue Gignac (Québec: Editions de l'Hôte); ni de *Zénith amer* de Raymond Laberge (Québec: Editions de l'Arc); ni d'*Oasis*, nouveau recueil de l'Union des jeunes écrivains (Montréal:

Editions Nocturne). Quant au *Oxford Book of Canadian Verse*, qui, pour la première fois fait une place aux poètes canadiens de langue française depuis Gérin-Lajoie jusqu'à Jean-Guy Pilon, il en sera question ailleurs (*vide* p. 401). C'est pour le Canada français un événement notable, puisqu'il rendra la meilleure partie de sa poésie accessible à des lecteurs dans toutes les parties du monde.

Plusieurs plaquettes ou volumes de vers parus en 1960 ne méritent qu'une mention très brève. C'est le cas, entre autres, de *Tragédie à Springhill* de Michel Aubier (Montréal: Editions Beauchemin, pp. 74, $2.00), long poème de circonstance écrit à l'occasion de la tragédie survenue dans une mine de charbon de cette ville de Nouvelle-Ecosse; de *Rhapsodie auburn* de Gemma Tremblay (Beauchemin, pp. 60, $2.00) qui force son talent pour trouver des mots qui font choc et dont toutes les pages sentent l'artifice; de *Corail de soi-même* de Pierre Labrecque (Beauchemin, pp. 60, $1.80) où s'accumulent les mots abstraits sans parvenir à la clarté:

> La forme substantialise la conscience de l'action,
> d'une disposition de hasards fonctionnels. . .

ce à quoi je ne saurais avoir aucune objection puisqu'il semble que cela plaise à l'auteur. Georges Dor a publié une troisième petite plaquette, *Portes closes* (Montréal: Editions de l'Aube, pp. 40, $1.25) où il reprend le thème du mensonge de cette vie et de l'insatisfaction qu'il éprouve devant toutes choses, mais sans réussir à rendre sa voix poignante; les *Fragments* de Léon Petit (Editions de l'Aube, pp. 39, $1.00) sont encore plus noirs—rien ne va plus—mais ils restent trop près de la prose; *Ombre et lumière* de Madeleine Leblanc (Hull: Editions de Brume, pp. 63, $1.00) chante l'amour, ses joies et ses déceptions, mais sans dépasser les lieux communs; *L'Etrange Saison* d'Alma de Chantal (Beauchemin, pp. 58, $1.50) dit simplement le regret de voir que tout passe et que ce monde dur ne ressemble pas aux rêves des enfants; *Fantaisie poétique* de Jacqueline Bergeron (Beauchemin, pp. 62, $1.75) échappe parfois à la platitude grâce à une pointe d'humour tendre qui rappelle un peu celui d'Alphonse Piché. Aucun de ces recueils de vers—je le dis à regret—n'apporte rien à notre patrimoine poétique.

Quelques autres recueils, sans ajouter beaucoup à la moisson, méritent cependant de retenir un moment notre attention. Paul Morin, un des meilleurs poètes de sa génération (il est né en 1889), a publié un troisième volume de poésie, *Géronte et son miroir* (Montréal: Cercle du Livre de

France, pp. 167, $2.00), après près de quarante ans de silence. En effet, il n'avait rien publié depuis *Le Paon d'émail* (1912) et *Poèmes de cendre et d'or* (1922). Ces pages nouvelles n'ajoutent malheureusement pas à la célébrité du poète; elles ne sont presque toutes que des exercices de virtuosité sur des thèmes anciens, et cette soi-disant poésie qui n'est qu'un jeu ne s'élève guère au-dessus de ce que Verlaine appelait l'éloquence. C'est un spectacle attristant que celui de cet homme vieilli et malade, qui a tout vu, tout connu et tout eu, et qui a tout perdu, sauf hélas! la mémoire; et qui, désenchanté, cherche encore dans de vains amusements littéraires les succédanés des joies d'autrefois. Il lui arrive encore de réussir un sonnet parfait comme "Perdrix," ou des pièces belles comme "Chère, je pense encore" ou "Musique de noms," et toutes sont empreintes d'une profonde nostalgie; mais ce sont des exceptions dans un volume où malheureusement de trop nombreux vers rocambolesques côtoient de trop rares alexandrins parfaits, comme

> Dans le poudroîment d'une grêle de nacre . . .
> De Locmariaquer et de Romorantin . . .
> Trouve dans de beaux vers son linceul éternel . . . .

On pourrait citer maints autres vers d'une égale réussite qui nous rappellent que Paul Morin fut longtemps le plus prestigieux artisan du vers au Canada français et, à ses meilleurs moments, un de nos premiers poètes. C'est la voix d'un autre âge que nous réentendons ici, une voix que nous n'entendons plus que rarement car les poètes de cette époque qui survivent ne publient guère; et cette voix a un accent et un nombre tout à fait différents de ceux qui caractérisent le ton de notre temps.

Il est vrai qu'une jeune poétesse comme Suzanne Paradis réussit assez souvent à faire sur des sentiments anciens des vers nouveaux. Cette jeune femme a du souffle, le sens du rythme, et elle réussit souvent à développer ses thèmes et à les entrecroiser avec un art assez savant de la composition. Ce sont là des dons devenus rares en cette époque de laconisme—il n'est pas désagréable de s'abandonner parfois à cette rhétorique—et qui permettent à Suzanne Paradis de réussir des pages heureuses et faciles où elle reprend le thème éternel de l'amour, auquel elle associe la nature dont elle a un vif sentiment. *A temps, le bonheur* (Beaumont: chez l'auteur, pp. 116, $2.00), qui marque un progrès sur son premier recueil, *Les Enfants continuels* (1959), est plein de promesses qui deviendront réalités si l'auteur réussit à donner une plus grande densité à des compositions qui ne

manquent pas d'allure mais qui sont parfois un peu trop relâchées. Suzanne Paradis pourrait bien être la continuatrice de Simone Routier et de Jeannine Bélanger qui, avant elle, ont su rajeunir quelque peu cet éternel romantisme féminin qui ne semble pas près de s'éteindre, et dont Sylvain Garneau serait le pôle masculin, s'il ne nous avait pas été ravi si tôt.

C'est à d'autres familles qu'appartiennent cependant la plupart des jeunes poètes d'aujourd'hui. Un poète comme Gérald Godin dédie son premier recueil *Chansons très naïves* (Trois-Rivières: Editions du Bien Public, pp. 51, $1.50) "à personne"—et cela est assez significatif. Il est très difficile de saisir ce qu'il veut nous communiquer, mais l'atmosphère générale du recueil en est une de nihilisme, de refus du monde. Ce refus peut atteindre chez Yves Préfontaine jusqu'au blasphème; dans *L'Antre du poème* (Bien Public, pp. 87, $2.00), recueil d'intuitions et de réflexions sur la naissance obscure du poème, le poète cherche à faire voir comment chez lui (et il prétend peut-être qu'il doit en être ainsi chez tous) la parole poétique est l'expression d'une prise de conscience toujours douloureuse de cette plaie qu'est la vie, et que l'homme doit aggraver sans répit pour la faire saigner davantage et atteindre ainsi à une lucidité toujours croissante. Cela doit paraître fort compliqué à un poète aussi élémentaire que Gilles Constantineau qui publie de *Simples poèmes et ballades* (Montréal: Editions de l'Hexagone, non paginé, $1.00) dont le sens m'échappe et qui sont inférieurs à la plupart des autres plaquettes de cette collection des *Matinaux* dont ils font partie.

La démarche poétique de Cécile Cloutier est nouvelle chez nous: ses brèves pages de *Mains de sable* (Arc, non paginé, $2.00) sont des efforts pour

> Fixer toute fragilité
> A la permanence
> D'une tige de roc,

c'est-à-dire pour définir les choses en les immobilisant. Son opération consiste à arrêter le film de la vie pour en fixer une image choisie sur l'écran. Comme Ponge, comme Robbe-Grillet, elle élit les réalités les plus simples, les choses les plus humbles pour les donner à voir tout en pratiquant la plus grande économie de mots. Regardez *le mannequin*

> Dans un théâtre de verre
> Fidèle à son geste de plâtre
> Il joue le pas
> D'une robe
> Arrêtée.

Quelques mots suffisent encore à peindre toute une ville

Fixée par tes arbres
Comptée par tes maisons
Epelée par tes rues
Accepte encore
Le geste d'un pont

Une telle poésie eût plu à Parménide—quel contraste avec le flux auquel s'abandonne Suzanne Paradis—car elle n'est rien d'autre qu'un effort pour définir l'être même des choses dans leur vérité la plus immédiate. Si l'auteur rêve de "mains de sable," c'est précisément dans l'espoir d'y pouvoir retenir cette eau de la vie qui ne cesse de s'écouler entre nos doigts impuissants à la retenir.

Si la poésie de Cécile Cloutier est étrangère à toute préoccupation sociale, les derniers poèmes de Jacques Godbout réunis dans *C'est la chaude loi des hommes* (Montréal: Editions de l'Hexagone, pp. 67, $2.00) sont tout entiers dominés, au contraire, par la peur de cette fin du monde que pourrait provoquer une nouvelle guerre "propre bien lavée stérilisante même." Le poète voudrait bien pouvoir tourner le dos à ce monde de son temps et il éprouve à l'égard de tous les hommes une tendresse qui est d'autant plus grande qu'il les sent comme lui menacés. On admire ici la générosité du cœur et de l'esprit d'un homme qui rappelle Eluard par son inspiration, mais c'est le lieu de rappeler la formule de Gide et de dire qu'on ne fait pas de la bonne littérature avec de bons sentiments. Ces pages ne chantent pas; elles manquent d'unité de mouvement et de composition; un essai aurait mieux livré le message de l'auteur.

Les Belles au bois dormant (Hexagone, pp. 55, $1.50), le troisième recueil de poèmes de Pierre Trottier, ne me paraît pas d'une qualité égale à celle de ses deux premiers. Il y avait dès son *Combat contre Tristan* (1951) une rhétorique nouvelle, un art de l'amplification et du développement, assez rares chez les poètes de sa génération; ces qualités se retrouvent dans son nouveau recueil, mais elles y sont poussées parfois jusqu'au point d'en devenir des défauts. Il y a dans tous ces poèmes inspirés par la mort une trop évidente part de "littérature," et il n'est peut-être pas de thème qui souffre aussi mal la "fabrication." Je ne puis m'empêcher d'admirer ici encore l'art du poète, qui est grand—Pierre Trottier est maître de son instrument—mais j'en suis d'autant plus agacé que le sentiment de la mort y est constamment l'objet d'un jeu verbal qui tue l'émotion. On pense par moments au plus mauvais Aragon, au prestidigitateur qui a

épuisé tous les trucs; heureusement, l'un et l'autre sont néanmoins poètes et ils ne parviennent pas, malgré leurs efforts trop conscients, à étouffer cette poésie qu'on retrouve dans leurs meilleures pages. "En guise de testament" et "Le soldat inconnu" sont deux réussites, mais l'auteur s'est donné beaucoup de mal pour tenter de nous dire, en variant le ton et la forme, une seule et même chose:

> Chaque jour que je vis je le prends à la mort
> Chaque poème écrit je le tire d'un mort . . . .

C'est à la vie, au contraire, que Jean-Guy Pilon rend un hommage simple, humble et ému dans *La Mouette et le large* (Hexagone, pp. 70, $2.00), et cet hommage est la manifestation d'une victoire et d'une maturation. Je ne dirais pas qu'il y a progrès dans l'écriture—l'auteur n'atteint que trop rarement à cette rigueur, à cette unité, à cette homogénéité qui s'imposent dans des pièces aussi brèves que les siennes—mais il y a dans l'expérience humaine qui est ici exprimée un approfondissement de la conscience et un enracinement dans la réalité vécue. La mouette et le large, ce sont respectivement la femme et l'appel des lointains, et ce que ce recueil vient nous dire, c'est que la voix de la première est plus forte que celles qui invitent au voyage. Dans un des plus beaux poèmes du recueil, "On ne choisit pas ses armes," le poète assagi nous dit: "Je n'ai pas le goût des révoltes inutiles" et aussi "Je suis homme déchiré de ce pays," et cependant, malgré cette multiple déchirure et la tentation de fuir vers les ailleurs, il veut rester fidèle à ce qu'il est

> Mais je reste parce que mon sang est d'ici
> Mais j'attends parce que je sais
> Que le jour succède au sommeil
> Mais j'espère parce que c'est ma seule vie.

Le poète évoque encore l'image de femmes, de villes, de lieux qui de par le monde ont été des moments de bonheur—et il le fait dans un rare grand mouvement unissant la nature à l'amour, dans une pièce comme "Navacelles"—mais la fidélité est la plus forte et, à la dernière page du livre, célébrant toujours ses *noces*, le poète affirme

> Par-dessus les jours et les nausées
> Les océans et les faiblesses
> Les capitales et l'ennui
> J'affirme l'opiniâtreté de mon sang
> Et je ne sais plus qu'un mot

Pour saluer ma maison
Et les vies qu'elle protège
Seules raisons de ma propre vie
OUI.

C'est une voix toute proche de celle de Paul Eluard qu'on entend ici, une poésie simple et directe, intime et chaude, humaine; il est agréable d'entendre quelqu'un dire oui quand tant d'autres ne cessent de dire non.

Dans cette réconciliation avec la vie, l'amour joue un rôle central chez Pilon, et il en est de même chez Paul-Marie Lapointe qui, douze ans après *Le Vierge incendié*, publie un mince recueil *Choix de poèmes: Arbres* (Hexagone, non paginé, $1.00). Ces pages, beaucoup plus accessibles que les premières, nous disent trois choses: la misère des hommes, la puissance créatrice de la nature et la valeur de salut de l'amour humain. Le poète sait que les hommes souffrent:

rien
ni fleuve ni musique ni bête
rien ne me consolera jamais de la misère
du sang versé par les hommes
de la tristesse des enfants
de la faiblesse des mères

mais son recueil se termine néanmoins sur une note d'espoir d'un accent prophétique:

hommes je vous le prédis
les fleurs seront promises
les arbres paumes innombrables ouvertes à la caresse
les oiseaux nicheront dans les yeux des filles
Les chansons
et tout sera changé
comme on l'avait espéré dans la solitude de nos amours.

Eros tient une place importante dans l'inspiration du poète—*le message de ton corps la création du monde*—mais le poème le plus impressionnant du recueil est sans doute le premier, et le plus long, "Arbres," qui a une valeur polyphonique rare et qui est un effort pour *nommer* un à un tous ces arbres qui sont la forêt, et pour évoquer les usages qu'on en fait. Le ton de sympathie du poète—il parle des arbres comme de frères—lui a permis de réussir ici un des poèmes les plus émouvants que la nature ait inspirés ici.

Il n'est pas sans intérêt de noter que, conscients de la menace qui pèse sur le monde et de la misère qui le défigure, plusieurs poètes de la jeune

génération cherchent un refuge dans l'amour humain et dans le sentiment de la nature; et qu'ils y trouvent, en plus de raisons d'espérer, une assiette et un équilibre nouveaux.

C'est en elle-même, d'autre part, qu'une Anne Hébert semble, elle, avoir trouvé son point d'appui—il est vrai qu'elle s'était surtout débattue jusqu'ici contre des monstres intimes—et toute la partie récente des *Poèmes* (Paris: Editions du Seuil, pp. 110, 7,50 n.f.) est en même temps qu'une rupture avec un passé encore récent, un dépassement et un accomplissement. On retrouve dans les *Poèmes* toutes les pièces du *Tombeau des Rois*, et cela souligne encore davantage le chemin parcouru récemment par le poète. Cette poésie ascétique, laconique

> Je suis une fille maigre
> Et j'ai de beaux os

était celle d'une femme repliée sur elle-même, solitaire, presque emmurée, hantée par la maladie et la mort; et puis, elle est devenue, huit ans plus tard, la parole d'une femme réconciliée, qui s'épanouit et qui, délivrée d'elle-même, a découvert la réalité des choses, l'épaisseur du monde, et enfin une chaleur humaine. Somme toute, l'évolution d'Anne Hébert va dans le même sens que celle de Jean-Guy Pilon et de Paul-Marie Lapointe, mais l'expérience est ici plus profonde et son expression plus éclatante, plus rayonnante.

Dans un texte qui précède ses nouveaux poèmes, "Poésie, solitude rompue," l'auteur affirme que la poésie est comme la chair et le sang du poète, qu'elle "n'est pas le repos du septième jour. Elle agit au cœur des six premiers jours du monde, dans le tumulte de la terre et de l'eau confondus, dans l'effort de la vie qui cherche sa nourriture et son nom." Et elle termine: "Je crois à la solitude rompue comme du pain par la poésie." C'est bien l'impression qu'on a en lisant ses derniers poèmes. L'auteur de "La Chambre fermée" chante maintenant "Je suis la terre et l'eau"; on reconnaît certes la voix du poète, on y retrouve les mêmes images, et ce ton altier et noble qui lui est propre; mais on sent tout de suite que l'auteur est maintenant entré en communion avec le monde et qu'il a choisi d'être du côté de la vie et non de la mort, de la réalité et non du rêve. Combien révélatrice est à ce sujet la dernière strophe du dernier poème:

> Incarnation, nos dieux tremblent avec nous! La terre se
> fond à nouveau, voici l'image habitable comme une ville

> et l'honneur du poète lui faisant face, sans aucune magie:
> dure passion.

C'est là la clef de son art actuel; la magie est rejetée, la poésie est devenue habitable et le poète éprouve devant les choses une passion forte et, il faut bien reprendre son propre mot: *dure*. Il y a, en effet, quelque chose de dur dans cette poésie—nulle trace de sentimentalité ne s'y trouve—de cette dureté qu'on découvre chez certains prophètes de l'Ancien Testament et chez un Rimbaud, et qui atteint à des proportions étonnantes dans un poème virulent comme *Ève*. Il y a sans doute, par moments, des accents presque tendres, comme dans le très beau "Naissance du Pain," mais c'est une tendresse virile, sans fadeur: il y a chez Anne Hébert une démarche qui fait penser au vol souverain de l'aigle dont elle a la puissance et l'élévation. La réalité est d'ailleurs devenue sa proie et, avec l'autorité assurée de celle qui a enfin dominé toutes choses, la poétesse affirme

> Dans un pays tranquille nous avons reçu la passion
> du monde, épée nue sur nos deux mains posée . . . .

Il y a aussi une grande force et une grande passion chez Rina Lasnier, mais son dernier volume, s'il nous en donne encore la preuve, souffre malheureusement de n'avoir aucune unité ni d'inspiration, ni de ton. Il y a dans *Mémoire sans jours* (Montréal: Editions de l'Atelier, pp. 138, $2.00) des pages qui semblent n'être que des exercices—poèmes anglais, petit bestiaire familier, poèmes haïtiens—et qui ne semblent pas être dans la ligne de son génie; il y aussi quelques pièces mieux venues, comme la suite des "Yeux" ou le violent "Christ aux outrages" qui rappelle Rouault; et surtout il y a un des sommets de son œuvre, un de ses poèmes les plus forts et les plus bouleversants, cette extraordinaire "Malemer," qui est l'évocation de la nuit profonde et agitée où s'enfonce le poète et dont il sortira, toute l'amertume bue, la perle à la main. Il y a là comme un effort pour épuiser tout le mal et toute la nuit qui enveloppent la condition humaine, dans l'espoir d'étreindre la joie et de découvrir la lumière au bout de l'expérience. Cette sorte de descente aux enfers est une plongée passionnée:

> Je descendrai jusque sous la malemer où la nuit jouxte la
> nuit—jusqu'au creuset où la mer forme elle-même son malheur;

et plus loin:

> que je sois en toi ce nageur rituel et couché—comme un
> secret aux plis des étoffes sourdes;

et c'est là que la poétesse découvre

> toute la race du sang devenue plancton de mots—et la
> plus haute mémoire devenue cécité vague.

Deux femmes—Anne Hébert et Rina Lasnier—sont aujourd'hui aux tout premiers rangs de la poésie canadienne-française et il se trouve que leur voix a une force, une assurance, une virilité plus grandes que celle de presque tous leurs confrères de l'autre sexe. Mais on trouve dans le dernier recueil de Gilles Hénault, *Voyage au pays de mémoire* (Montréal: Editions Erta, pp. 36, $15.00) une autre voix devenue forte et haute et qui, elle aussi, aspire à ne dire de choses qu'essentielles. Ces poèmes en prose, dont toutes les intentions ne sont pas évidentes, sont des développements lyriques reposant sur des intuitions graves. Le poète en a assez de cette poésie qui "cherche à bercer l'âme," alors qu'elle "devrait pétrir les choses," être "le cri nu de l'homme qui affirme son existence singulière et grégaire." Il proclame la puissance du cri qui est plus révélateur, plus vrai que les fabrications poétiques:

> Geysers de paroles bouillantes surgis aux
> frontières des scléroses, rendez au verbe
> impavide l'originel pouvoir de corroder,
> d'éroder, de décortiquer la réalité,
> au lieu de la recouvrir d'une limoneuse
> apparence.

C'était bien là l'ambition de la poétesse de la "Malemer," et on retrouve ici, avec une même force, un même acharnement, le désir d'atteindre à une dure réalité essentielle au delà des trompeuses apparences. Hénault rêve d'une parole nue, de mots qui seraient comme des balles et "des cris purs qui transpercent"; il veut "faire tomber les masques de barbarie," c'est-à-dire les illusoires raffinements de nos civilisations, dans l'espoir d'atteindre à une réalité première, à une vérité essentielle en réduisant la vie humaine au niveau du végétal et de l'animal plus intimement liés aux puissances cosmiques, aux forces telluriques. Comme poète obligé au discours, il se sent dans un état d'infériorité par rapport à la bête qui se dit toute par un seul cri, et même met en branle toute l'espèce:

> Un seul cri,
> grogner, chuinter, miauler, bêler,
> aboyer, hennir, glapir, siffler, rugir
> un seul cri

suffit à l'animal, un seul cri viscéral,
une seule expression de tout son être, un
seul cri qu'il module selon les méandres
de son instinct, les frissons de son poil,
l'intensité de sa rage, les fêlures de ses
images biologiques, le tremblement de
sa peur,
un seul cri
et son peuple dresse l'oreille, les ailes
s'affolent, les échines se cabrent, les galops
battent le tambour des plaines, les courses
font flèche de tout bois, les paniques
moutonnent vers les précipices,
un seul cri
et c'est l'appel au combat des mâles agglo-
mérés par l'aimant du rut, c'est l'orientation
vers les sources qui luisent déjà
aux naseaux des chefs de files, c'est l'ache-
minement millénaire vers le cimetière
où l'éléphant lance le barrissement final.

On aura reconnu ici la qualité de l'image et le nombre de la parole qui ne sont pas sans rappeler la belle et riche prose de Breton. Il y a d'ailleurs ici un dépassement du surréalisme, où s'était arrêté un moment Hénault, et une évocation nouvelle de ce monde que nous habitons (souvent si mal) tel qu'il est entrevu dans ce rêve que le poète bâtit à même les trésors de la mémoire. Rarement chez nous a-t-on écrit une prose plus belle, plus poétique, pour évoquer cet univers en proie à "la peur nucléaire" mais dont la folie des hommes n'a pas encore pu détruire les poignantes beautés que le poète se plaît à contempler dans le miroir d'un regard de femme. Comme chez Pilon et chez Lapointe, il y a ici une tendresse qui vient de la femme, où le poète trouve son salut, et qui est son dernier refuge contre un monde qui le menace de toutes parts. Mais l'expérience de l'amour est évoquée chez Hénault au niveau des forces obscures qui travaillent le monde, le perpétuent et le changent. Ces textes sont illustrés de six eaux-fortes originales de Marcelle Ferron.

ROMAN ET THÉÂTRE / *Roger Duhamel*

"Pourquoi l'amour n'est-il jamais, quand on y regarde bien, que le problème second, le problème parent pauvre de nos romans? Il n'y a pas à dire, l'amour n'est pas aimé dans nos lettres. Il est mal-portant, chétif, il a les dents courtes et se décrépit vite." Ainsi s'exprimait Claire Martin, en mai dernier, devant ses confères de la Société des Ecrivains canadiens.

Si ce diagnostic est juste, on doit reconnaître que l'auteur de *Doux-Amer* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 192, $2.25) s'applique tout naturellement à combler la lacune qu'elle déplore. Faisant suite au recueil d'excellentes nouvelles parues sous le titre de *Avec ou sans amour*, ce roman ne se préoccupe que des rapports sentimentaux entre un homme et une femme qui ont placé l'amour au centre de leur vie.

Un éditeur d'une quarantaine d'années fait la connaissance d'une jeune femme qui est de quelques années sa cadette. Elle a écrit un roman avec toute la fougue de son tempérament, avec aussi toute la gaucherie de l'inexpérience. Le narrateur s'emploie à lui apprendre son métier. Elle obtient un succès honorable, en même temps qu'il s'assure une liaison qui durera quelque dix ans.

Cette existence quiète offre peu de prise à l'inattendu, jusqu'au jour où Gabrielle, au cours d'une réception mondaine, s'éprend passionnément d'un journaliste. Le soir même, elle devient sa maîtresse et l'épouse un mois plus tard. L'éditeur traverse une crise aiguë de jalousie, mais sa veulerie d'amant éconduit l'amène à devenir l'ami et le confident du couple. Ce jeune mari est volontiers coureur et se détache rapidement de sa proie mûrissante. Un accident d'automobile arrive à point nommé pour dégager l'atmosphère. Gabrielle retrouvera son patient amoureux et la vie reprendra comme si rien n'était advenu dans l'intervalle. Du moins devons-nous le supposer.

Ainsi décortiquée, l'anecdote apparaît très mince. L'intérêt de ce roman n'est pas là. Il réside dans les deux principaux personnages dont les attitudes et les états d'âme sont analysés avec une subtilité peu commune. Claire Martin connaît à fond les ressorts secrets qui font mouvoir les êtres et déterminent leur comportement. Rien ne lui échappe des pensées les plus contradictoires et souvent les plus illogiques qui s'agitent dans le cerveau des hommes et des femmes astreints aux dures exigences d'une passion dominatrice.

Le héros est moins attachant que sa partenaire. C'est un homme raffiné, lucide, à qui n'ont pas manqué les bonnes fortunes. Je ressens plus d'affection pour Gabrielle, qui s'est efforcée de sortir de la médiocrité de son milieu par l'expression littéraire. C'est une femme de combat, elle appartient à la race des victorieuses. Il est touchant de constater l'espèce de désarroi qui s'empare d'elle et qui l'entraîne à des imprudences, dès qu'elle commence à redouter que le fléau de l'âge ne l'ait marquée. C'est en s'étourdissant qu'elle espère se rassurer. Je veux aussi signaler le passage trop épisodique à mon gré de Corinne, femme-fleur fragile qu'il y aurait

eu avantage à exploiter plus avant et a insérer plus étroitement dans la trame du récit.

Des esprits engagés reprocheront sans doute à Claire Martin de ne pas se faire l'écho de nos inquiétudes contemporaines. Il est vrai que ses personnages vivent hors du monde, en ce sens qu'ils ne nous apportent aucun témoignage sur leur milieu social, sur les conditions économiques dans lesquelles ils se débattent, sur leurs réactions aux grands problèmes de notre temps. Pour ma part, il ne me déplaît nullement qu'un Pierre Gélinas, par exemple, ait recours au roman pour exprimer un certain moment de la crise de conscience syndicaliste. En revanche, il ne m'apparaît pas indispensable qu'un romancier doive viser au document de portée sociologique.

Sans doute, *Doux-Amer* aurait-il pu être écrit il y a un siècle, mais il est également vrai qu'il pourrait l'être aussi au siècle prochain. C'est dire qu'il existe des sujets permanents, aussi longtemps qu'on ne nous aura pas démontré que la désintégration de l'atome a modifié substantiellement les relations amoureuses. Un sujet éternel n'est pas périmé. Ce qui compte, c'est de réussir à le renouveler, à la chaleur d'une sensibilité propre à notre époque. Chez Claire Martin, nous regrettons l'absence d'une vision poétique de l'humanité : le lyrisme n'est pas son fort. Elle compense ce défaut par des notations psychologiques d'une remarquable justesse. Ce qui ajoute à notre plaisir, elle écrit une langue aérée, d'une correction aisée et nullement recherchée. Son roman a de la qualité, même s'il nous arrive de déplorer que l'intelligence y ait plus de part que le cœur.

Yves Thériault n'a pas fini de nous étonner. Il n'est nul besoin ici de souligner sa production abondante et variée, ses enthousiasmes inattendus, ses humeurs, ses colères, sa verve. Tout cela est bien connu et contribue à définir une personnalité d'une richesse certaine. Les choses se passent cependant comme si, au milieu d'une activité bruyante et parfois brouillonne, l'écrivain éprouvait la nécessité irrésistible de prendre du recul et de se consacrer à une œuvre moins actuelle, où il puisse s'adonner librement à son penchant pour le rêve et la poésie.

Il me paraît assez remarquable que Thériault, quand il s'évade ainsi du quotidien, recherche le dépaysement total. Ses personnages, il les choisit très éloignés de toutes les conventions reçues, de tous les conformismes bourgeois. On se souvient de ses héroïnes paysannes, très prés de la nature, étroitement dépendantes des instincts élémentaires qui s'agitent en elles. Plus récemment, il s'appliquait, dans *Agaguk*, à mettre à jour la psychologie

primitive et le comportement de nos lointains concitoyens des solitudes arctiques, de ces Esquimauds dont nous savons à vrai dire peu de choses. Il n'y a pas là qu'un souci d'exotisme artificiel, destiné à séduire des lecteurs curieux d'inédit. Il y a aussi un élan vers les forces vives, fondamentales, de l'être humain, avant que la civilisation ne l'ait enduit d'un vernis qui brouille les traits profonds de sa personnalité véritable.

Le Montagnais *Ashini* (Montréal: Editions Fides, pp. 210, $2.50) est l'un des derniers de sa race—j'entends de ceux qui n'ont pas abdiqué leur être propre au service ou sous la protection condescendante des Blancs. De savants ethnologues auront peut-être beau jeu à relever certaines inexactitudes; je les abandonne à ces occupations. Il me suffit d'entendre le cantique émouvant qui marque l'adieu lucide et douloureux d'un groupement humain. Il m'indiffère également de savoir quelle proportion de sang indien coule dans les veines de Thériault. Ce qui compte, c'est qu'il a, grâce à son imagination d'artiste, inventé un beau sujet et qu'il a su ne pas le trahir.

Je ne suis pas tout à fait d'accord pour voir dans *Ashini* un roman. C'est beaucoup plus une épopée lyrique traitée avec toute l'ampleur d'écriture que requiert le genre. En somme, il ne se passe d'événement que dans le cerveau enfiévré du héros; il est la victime consentante d'un rêve noble et c'est ce qui nous le rend fraternel. Il compte, au cours des millénaires de notre présence terrestre, tant de devanciers qui ont comme lui ressenti des sentiments aussi forts de libération et de communauté. Il s'inscrit dans la liste des vaincus anonymes dont le cortège nous convainc davantage de la dignité de l'espèce.

Nous lisons la confession d'un Montagnais perdu dans sa solitude intérieure aussi bien que dans celle de ses forêts familières. Il vient d'enterrer sa femme, il évoque ses fils morts dans des accidents, sa fille qui s'est enfuie vers les villages des Blancs. Il erre dans les bois, tout entier à sa méditation. C'est alors que naît en lui le désir de retrouver l'héritage ancestral. Quelle honte de constater que les siens sont nombreux à se satisfaire d'une existence rapetissée dans l'ombre des vainqueurs, parqués dans des réserves qui sont la triste démonstration de leur déchéance! Il ne sera pas dit que lui, Ashini, accepte sans mot dire la loi d'autrui. A quoi riment en effet ces traités anciens qui entérinent le fait brutal de l'usurpation?

Et il poursuit sa chimère, avec l'obstination vigilante d'une manie exclusive. Il sollicite, en vain, la venue, à la frontière des deux royaumes,

du grand chef blanc, pour exiger de lui qu'il remette à ses frères une partie du patrimoine. Rien ne lui interdit de penser qu'il puisse traiter de puissance à puissance. Aucune ambition personnelle ne le pousse, il n'obéit qu'à un élan de fierté collective qu'il souhaiterait voir davantage partagé. Hélas, tous ses efforts sont inutiles et l'histoire rebrousse rarement chemin, même s'il lui arrive de consacrer avec sérénité des injustices criantes. La folle aventure intérieure d'Ashini s'achève à l'épuisement de son sang.

On aura aisément compris que nous sommes ici dans le domaine de la fantaisie d'où tout réalisme est exclu. Thériault s'était lancé un défi qu'il a victorieusement relevé. Un courant d'indignation hautaine circule dans tous les propos du Montagnais; avec des phrases simples, avec des images empruntées à son expérience immédiate, il fustige une civilisation qu'il juge abusive, parce que négatrice des forces obscures de la nature qui ont la promesse de l'éternité. Spontanément, le romancier-poète retrouve l'incantation verbale qu'on peut imaginer au fils des bois:

> Je me souviens de l'écorce.
>
> C'était au temps où les échos ne répondaient qu'en notre langue. Le temps des foulées franches où les hommes réfléchissaient autour du feu.
>
> Le temps où les femmes avaient des gestes lents et quand la courbe de leurs bras s'accordait à la courbe des grands saules penchés.
>
> Il n'y avait point d'odeur de diesel dans les sentes.
>
> Et le seul bruit du ciel était le grondement lourd du tonnerre à l'horizon, aux soirs chauds d'été.

Est-il opportun de noter que la langue de Thériault a acquis une souplesse et une retenue qu'elle n'avait pas encore atteintes? Trois de ses personnages ont désormais leurs lettres de naturalisation dans notre littérature: Aaron, Agaguk, Ashini. Comme tel autre, il a du goût pour la première lettre de l'alphabet. . . .

Pendant que la Comédie canadienne assurait la reprise de *Brutus*, Paul Toupin publiait un petit ouvrage intime qui ne devrait pas passer inaperçu, même si, par sa nature, il ne s'adresse pas à un vaste public. *Souvenirs pour demain* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 101, $1.50) nous apportent le témoignage d'un écrivain véritable qui ne se hausse pas du col, mais sait exploiter jusqu'à la limite les ressources de son registre. Je n'apprends rien aux connaisseurs en affirmant que Toupin est à l'heure actuelle l'un des quatre ou cinq littérateurs canadiens-français qui soient davantage maîtres de leur langue. Je ne sais de plus bel éloge à lui adresser.

Un premier chapitre évoque l'enfance de l'auteur. On y voit passer

discrètement le visage d'une grand-mère bien-aimée. Ce sont ensuite les années de collège, qui ont sans doute laissé leur marque, mais pas du tout dans le sens prévu par les enseignants: "Je déçus donc mes maîtres. Ils me déçurent davantage. Je les avais crus parfaits et ils ne l'étaient pas. Ils avaient même d'humaines imperfections. Avec un peu de sagesse, j'aurais pu corriger mes défauts par leurs qualités. Mais non! S'ils s'emportaient, je m'emportais." Les voies de la formation humaine ou plus exactement humaniste sont multiples; ce que le collège ne lui a pas donné, les voyages à l'étranger l'ont procuré à Toupin. Pour qui le connaît et l'apprécie, le portrait qu'il trace de lui-même apparaît criant de vérité : "Un naturel peu liant, une certaine méfiance, un dédain réel, aucun mépris toutefois, beaucoup de fierté, pas d'arrogance, trop de timidité, une teinte de snobisme, une émotivité bridée, ceci ou cela me valut la réputation d'être à part."

Je n'insisterai pas sur le récit d'un amour étrange, n'ayant guère qualité pour me prononcer sur un genre d'affection qui me demeure étranger; comment toutefois ne pas admirer, d'un strict point de vue littéraire, l'adresse suprême et la pudeur prudente avec lesquelles l'écrivain se joue des embûches de son sujet! Je communie davantage à cet admirable chapitre consacré à la mort du père. Il arrive ici que l'émotion le dispute à l'ironie. Toupin a suivi de près les étapes qui ont marqué la maladie implacable de son père, il lit chaque jour sur son visage les signes annonciateurs de sa fin prochaine, il cherche affectueusement à percer le mystère d'un être. Aucune faute de goût, une dignité dans le ton qui n'est jamais impassibilité, mais plutôt frémissement retenu. Le livre s'achève sur ce paragraphe très dense, d'un rythme assourdi, où transparaît une amertume désabusée en face du mystère de l'existence:

> Sa vie ne fut pas plus un conte de fée que moi qui en parle je ne suis prince charmant. Pour savoir s'il fut plus heureux que malheureux, il me faudra attendre d'avoir l'âge qu'il avait quand il est mort. Alors, je saurai s'il eut regret de quitter la vie. Je sais pourtant qu'il m'a devancé dans un univers de souffrance que j'aurai peut-être à traverser, tout comme je sais qu'il a exploré un inconnu où j'irai sûrement le rejoindre. C'est à quoi je songe devant sa pierre tombale. Il ne faut pas beaucoup d'imagination, il me suffit simplement de vieillir de quelque dix ans pour que mon nom s'inscrive sous le sien. Ainsi, ensemble sur une même pierre, ensemble dans la poussière du temps . . . .

Souvenirs pour demain, un petit livre? Non pas, un grand livre.

Je n'ai conservé qu'un souvenir assez confus du premier roman d'Adrien Thério où il se glissait des maladresses de composition qui ne doivent pas

scandaliser outre mesure dans une œuvre de début. Par la suite, j'avais pris plaisir à sa biographie honnête et sérieusement documentée de Jules Fournier, mais mon jugement était peut-être d'avance faussé par l'admiration que je porte à ce journaliste d'une génération aujourd'hui à peu près complètement disparue. J'ai donc ouvert *La Soif et le mirage* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 222, $2.50), sans aucun préjugé, ni favorable, ni défavorable.

Voilà un roman qui, sans atteindre au chef-d'œuvre, ce mot trop commodément galvaudé, tend à la maturité, aussi bien dans l'allure générale du récit que dans l'analyse psychologique des deux ou trois personnages principaux. Il est évident que l'auteur maîtrise désormais sa matière et qu'il se meut dans la création romanesque avec une aisance qu'il ne connaissait pas autrefois. Il a acquis un métier solide, sans beaucoup d'éclat, qui lui permet de mener à bien son entreprise. La meilleure preuve, c'est que son livre se lit d'affilée et maintient notre curiosité en éveil jusqu'à la fin.

Je soupçonne Thério d'avoir puisé dans sa propre expérience de professeur de français dans une institution anglo-saxonne; ce n'est pas un reproche puisqu'au fond on n'écrit jamais que de soi et qu'il a su, par une habile transposition, situer une histoire fictive dans une atmosphère qu'il connaît bien. Le narrateur, célibataire, prend pension chez Miss Morgan, une demoiselle d'un âge certain, qui après certaines réticences lui témoigne de la bonté et se montre même empressée à son égard. Au collège, il s'intéresse attentivement aux problèmes personnels de l'un de ses élèves, Bill Lane, qui traverse les difficultés propres à son âge. De fil en aiguille, ce garçon invite son professeur à la demeure de ses parents où il fait la connaissance de sa sœur, Mary, une jeune fille passablement superficielle, et une idylle, d'abord légère, s'ébauche entre les deux jeunes gens.

Le personnage le mieux étudié, le plus fouillé, c'est sans contredit Miss Morgan. Malgré ses phrases parfois cinglantes et ses attitudes brusques ou inattendues, elle souffre d'une frustration sexuelle. Elle cristallise, pour employer le terme de Stendhal, sur ce jeune professeur à sa portée. On devine qu'il se livre en elle de terribles combats. Elle ne reculera devant aucune bassesse pour se l'attacher, contre tout bon sens, jusqu'à avertir Mary des lettres qu'il reçoit, afin de mettre un terme à leurs fréquentations. Cette Miss Morgan est saisie en pleine pâte humaine; nous la reconnaissons à mille traits. N'aurait-il mis à jour que ce caractère, Thério aurait acquis ses lettres de noblesse de romancier.

Quant au déroulement de l'histoire, je n'y attache qu'une importance secondaire. Elle demeure plausible de bout en bout. A l'avenir, nous ne devrons attendre d'Adrien Thério que des œuvres de qualité; il nous décevrait s'il ne se maintenait pas au niveau auquel il a accédé.

Visage de fièvre (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 217, $2.50) est le premier roman de Viviane da Silva. Il affiche les défauts et les promesses d'un début. Il se déroule dans les milieux du théâtre à Montréal, comme le *Mathieu* de Françoise Loranger, mais avec moins de force et plus d'hésitation dans la progression. A vrai dire, après cent pages, l'auteur n'ajoute plus grand' chose. C'est néanmoins un livre révélateur d'un état d'esprit propre à un certain secteur de la jeune génération. L'héroïne, Claudie, est une jeune fille mal-aimée dans son foyer et qui recherche l'évasion à tout prix; auprès d'un jeune peintre qui a retrouvé à son contact goût à la vie, auprès d'un directeur de théâtre qui devient le Pygmalion de cette petite Galatée. De toutes ces expériences, dont aucune n'est poussée à bout, Claudie sort brisée, plus désaxée qu'auparavant, incapable de faire l'unité de son être. L'âge y pourvoira? Peut-être. Malgré de multiples invraisemblances, ce roman possède sûrement une valeur documentaire. Viviane da Silva—un pseudonyme très recherché je suppose!—connaît bien le milieu qu'elle décrit. Je lui sais gré surtout d'avoir esquissé, par des touches légères et comme en filigrane, sans qu'il prenne une part directe à l'action, la figure de Louis, le frère de Claudie. Cette éclaircie un peu mystérieuse qui dépasse le tran-tran de l'anecdote révèle des dons certains. Comme on écrit toujours en pareilles circonstances, nous l'attendons à l'épreuve du second livre.

S'il arrive que des Français éprouvent des difficultés à s'adapter au Canada, ce ne fut sûrement pas le cas de Robert Hollier, qui ne tarda pas à se situer au centre d'un réseau d'amitiés que lui valaient sa camaraderie et son entregent. Ses fréquentes apparitions à notre télévision avaient mis en lumière son esprit primesautier et ses réparties délibérément loufoques. Ce garçon respire la joie de vivre. On m'aurait néanmoins fort étonné si l'on m'eût dit qu'il avait l'étoffe d'un romancier. La démonstration est désormais sympathique.

Le titre, *Bétail* (Beauchemin, pp. 259, $2.75), est cruellement bien choisi, puisqu'il évoque ces troupes qui, après l'effondrement de la métropole, maintinrent l'honneur français dans les sables africains, se battant parce qu'elles voulaient se battre à tout prix et parce qu'elles savaient qu'il fallait se battre, même dans des conditions d'une indescrip-

tible anarchie. Hollier a sûrement participé à ces engagements, sans quoi il n'en pourrait parler avec autant de familiarité communicative. Il a le sens de l'humain, il excelle à camper des personnages. Les quelques soldats qu'il dégage de l'anonymat possèdent tous une personnalité très accusée. Ils ont chacun leur tempérament, leurs réactions, leur conception de la vie. Rien d'artificiel ni d'apprêté dans l'existence dangereuse de ces hommes jeunes frôlant la mort plusieurs fois par jour. On leur sait tout particulièrement gré de ne pas céder aux sirènes de l'héroïsme littéraire ni aux écueils du pittoresque cinématographique.

S'il ne s'agissait que d'un récit de guerre, on inclinerait à demander grâce; nous en avons lu tout notre saoul et il faudrait désormais un Tolstoï pour adapter *Guerre et Paix* au conflit des années quarante. L'auteur a eu la sagesse de nous intéresser surtout au drame personnel de trois de ses protagonistes. Au cours de brèves permissions en zone relativement pacifique, Delzons et Blaizot tombent amoureux de la même jeune fille, Syl. Le premier nous est sympathique par l'allure allègre et désintéressée qu'il sait donner à sa vie, tandis que le second appartient au type possessif, envieux et même sournois. C'est toutefois ce dernier qui sera la victime, et quand il finira par épouser Syl, il y aura déjà longtemps que les fruits auront passé la promesse des fleurs. Notons en clair que la tendre enfant aura offert à satiété les prémices de sa fougue amoureuse à Delzons qui s'en éloignera délibérément, sans qu'on puisse deviner chez lui de très vifs regrets.

Il y a quelque cynisme dans l'attitude de Delzons; comme une volonté de détachement. A l'exemple de beaucoup de nos contemporains, il maintient une barrière entre l'amour et le désir, entre l'exercice physique et le sentiment. Une liaison banale, serions-nous portés à penser? "Une liaison n'est jamais banale que pour les autres." Entendons qu'elle ne pouvait être durable entre deux êtres venus de très loin échouer à Montréal, deux êtres déjà passablement bousculés par l'existence.

Pour ajouter à notre intérêt, Hollier fait se rencontrer ses personnages au Canada où leur destin se dénouera. C'est l'occasion de confronter les mœurs ou plus précisément les réactions différentes des Canadiens français et des Français de fraîche importation. Un nommé Gélinas est chargé de nous représenter. Il n'est ni meilleur ni pire que la moyenne d'entre nous, il possède une gouaille entraînante et un langage fort incorrect; j'ose espérer que l'auteur ne voit pas en nous que des Gélinas! On ne s'ennuie pas un seul instant à la lecture de *Bétail;* c'est un compli-

ment qui en vaut d'autres. Ce récit se transformerait aisément en un scénario de film; parions que Robert Hollier, qui est tout le contraire d'un imbécile, y a déjà songé!

Gérard Bessette éprouve sûrement un malin plaisir à dérouter ses lecteurs. On avait peine à retrouver le poète classique et un peu conventionnel dans l'auteur de *La Bagarre*. Et voici qu'il publie *Le Libraire* (Paris, Julliard [Montréal: Cercle du Livre de France], pp. 173, $2.00) dans un tout autre registre. Je m'empresse d'ajouter que cette remarque n'a rien de péjoratif; je me réjouis de ce qu'un écrivain de sa qualité s'applique aussi judicieusement à se renouveler, aussi bien dans les thèmes qu'il exploite que dans les modes d'expression auxquels il a recours.

Bessette s'est accordé une certaine facilité en utilisant la forme du journal; il devient plus facile d'escamoter les scènes compliquées et de les confier, édulcorées et réduites à l'essentiel, au diariste hebdomadaire que s'est voulu le narrateur. Cette simplicité des moyens mis en œuvre ne supprime pas toutes les embûches. Il importe avant tout d'éviter la monotonie au cours de notations souvent mesquines et qui toutes cependant collaborent, quand elles sont bien choisies comme c'est ici le cas, à une impression d'ensemble. A cet égard, le roman constitue sans nul doute une réussite sur le mode mineur, le seul auquel devait aspirer l'auteur dans cette entreprise.

Il ne se passe pas grand'chose à St-Joachim, petite ville imaginaire et très plausible dans le voisinage de Montréal, le jour où y échoue Hervé Jodoin, ancient intellectuel décavé ayant réussi à éteindre en lui toute flamme d'idéal. Autrefois professeur de collège, un ami lui a trouvé un modeste emploi de commis de librairie. Il s'acquitte passivement de ses fonctions sous les ordres de son patron, Léon Chicoine, type accompli de Tartuffe. Le scandale éclate quand Jodoin vend à un collégien en mal d'émancipation cet *Essai sur les mœurs*, d'une lecture au reste fort ennuyeuse, où Voltaire explique le progrès de la civilisation sans tenir compte d'aucun élément providentiel. Des scènes loufoques se succèdent et finalement le commis perd son emploi et se venge par une escroquerie peu élégante.

Il n'y aurait rien là pour capter notre curiosité, si Bessette n'excellait dans des notations brèves et justes, le plus souvent piquantes. La passion tout unilatérale de la logeuse pour son pensionnaire se prête à d'amusantes cocasseries. Sous l'uniformité du ton se dissimule un penchant satirique très aigu, voire une révolte sourde. Je n'entretiens qu'un grief qui n'a

peut-être pas un fondement sérieux. Il me gêne un peu de voir paraître à l'enseigne d'une maison française un livre qui nous dessert si évidemment auprès des lecteurs étrangers, en les ancrant davantage dans les préjugés qu'ils entretiennent à notre égard. On continuera de répéter que nous n'avons pas dépassé le niveau de Delly et de Magali! Je veux bien que l'aventure du *Libraire* puisse se produire de nos jours, mais ce n'est qu'un cas d'exception. Ayons garde de généraliser abusivement. La vérité, c'est que nous avons la liberté de tout lire ce qui nous plaît, pour notre salut intellectuel ou pour notre perte spirituelle. C'est le risque de la grâce.

On ne reprochera pas à Maurice Gagnon une certaine paresse particulière à beaucoup d'écrivains canadiens. Les romans s'accumulent régulièrement, année après année. Sauf le premier, qui demeure son meilleur, ils nous réservent peu de surprises bouleversantes, mais ils accusent la probité de l'auteur, qui n'abandonne rien à l'improvisation et qui réussit toujours à recréer un milieu. C'est encore ce qui arrive cette fois où il nous introduit dans l'atmosphère d'une clinique, avec *Entre tes mains* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 230, $2.50), ouvrage rebaptisé pour l'édition française *Les Chirurgiennes*, titre qui m'agrée beaucoup moins que le premier.

Avec le même souci de documentation précise qu'il mettait à nous initier à la vie maritime, Gagnon nous fait aujourd'hui pénétrer l'univers clos des hôpitaux. Nous partageons les angoisses, les espoirs et aussi les rivalités des médecins qui poursuivent leurs combats humains jusque dans la salle d'opération. Mais les hommes sont ici relégués au second plan. Deux femmes dominent la situation. La première, Simone MacDonald, a derrière elle une carrière exceptionnellement brillante et professionnellement comblée. Veuve depuis très longtemps, elle s'est tout entière donnée à ses travaux et son prestige est considérable.

Un jour, une jeune Française, Yvette Tallard, chirurgienne remarquable, demande à être agréée à la clinique. Son autorité et sa compétence ne tardent pas à faire merveille et aussi à éveiller des jalousies. Des liens très forts se nouent entre ces deux femmes qui s'admirent réciproquement et séparées néanmoins par le fleuve immense d'au moins une génération. Elles finissent par habiter ensemble et un court instant j'ai craint que nous n'assistions à une nouvelle "parade des impies." Il n'en est rien heureusement. Les rapports qui s'établissent entre elles ressemblent davantage à ceux qui existent entre mère et fille. Simone MacDonald, qui se sait dangereusement menacée, renonce au suicide parce qu'elle comprend que

son amie a encore besoin d'elle, et Yvette Tallard refuse, du moins pour l'instant, un amour qui s'offre à elle, par fidélité à sa vocation de chirurgienne.

Sans être sensationnelle, l'intrigue s'éloigne de la banalité courante. Les positions sont sans doute excessives, mais elles demeurent acceptables. *Entre tes mains* nous fait vivre l'existence fiévreuse de ces êtres qui luttent quotidiennement contre la mort et nous partageons avec eux l'euphorie de leurs victoires éphémères. Le climat général est sain, parce qu'il y règne constamment un désir d'action rayonnante où le désintéressement l'emporte toujours sur les ambitions personnelles.

Le roman historique est un genre littéraire qui compte ses défenseurs et a à son crédit d'incontestables réussites. Il est permis de soutenir qu'il s'établit généralement sur un malentendu, laissant toujours les lecteurs dans une zone de doute, puisqu'ils ne savent jamais de science sûre la ligne de démarcation entre l'histoire et la fiction. Les jeunes surtout affectionnent ces récits qui satisfont leurs plus secrètes tendances: des héros prestigieux cueillis aux pages de leurs manuels scolaires dépassent ce qu'ils ont accompli dans la réalité de leur existence terrestre.

Genre artificiel, bien sûr, mais dans tout art, il y a de l'artifice, dans une mesure plus ou moins grande, et qu'il importe de ne pas exagérer. Archiviste de profession, Robert de Roquebrune a toujours cherché dans le passé du Canada français un argument et un soutien à ses livres. Qui n'a lu, à quinze ans et non sans une naïve émotion, *Les Habits rouges*, devenu un classique dans sa catégorie, où une intrigue amoureuse pure et désarmante tissait ses fils sur le fonds épique de la rébellion des Patriotes! Il n'est pas déplaisant de jeter une poussière d'or sur les vieux textes en grisaille d'autrefois.

Le plus beau livre de Robert de Roquebrune s'intitule *Testament de mon enfance*. L'auteur y dépeint le mode de vie d'une certaine société canadienne-française, aujourd'hui abolie, au tournant du siècle. Ce qui se passait au manoir maintenant incendié de l'Assomption rappelle l'histoire de la plupart de nos seigneuries, qui furent à l'origine de nos villages contemporains. L'auteur idéalisait sans doute ses enfances provinciales, mais il le faisait avec une délicatesse de touche qui lui assurait tous les suffrages. Ces souvenirs mi-vécus et mi-rêvés comptent parmi les bonnes pages de notre prose.

J'ai donc ouvert avec un préjugé tout à fait favorable *La Seigneuresse* (Fides, pp. 270, $2.50). C'est un long roman qui se déroule en Nouvelle-

France, sous le règne de Louis XV, pendant que Hocquart exerce les fonctions d'intendant de la colonie. Je dois confesser une réaction curieuse. Après la lecture de deux ou trois chapitres, je me suis interrogé, me demandant si par hasard le romancier n'avait pas voulu écrire une œuvre simple et charmante destinée à une collection pour adolescents. Il ne semble pas que telle ait été son intention. Il s'ensuit forcément quelque perplexité. Par quelle étrange aberration Robert de Roquebrune a-t-il été poussé à publier en 1960 un livre qui eût enchanté il y a un siècle les lecteurs de Philippe-Aubert de Gaspé? Je ne parviens pas à le comprendre.

On ne nous fait grâce d'aucun poncif. Nous apprenons l'histoire de Louise de Normanville par un innocent subterfuge qui a beaucoup servi en littérature. Un vieil oncle raconte à son neveu les souvenirs de cette aventure, s'aidant de vieux documents, comme la correspondance et le journal des principaux protagonistes. Ces êtres sont tout d'une pièce, comme dans un western; comment parvenir à croire à leur réalité? Le romancier vomit les tièdes, ne retenant que les bons et les méchants, catalogués tels dès le départ. Nous prévoyons toujours leurs réactions et leurs gestes, ils ne nous ménagent aucune surprise. Comme il se doit, les bons sentiments l'emportent toujours et les traîtres reçoivent le juste châtiment de leurs félonies. Nous sommes en Arcadie nord-américaine!

Jeune et riche héritière d'un domaine situé sur les rives du Richelieu, Louise de Normanville se rend chez une parente en France et fait la connaissance de la société brillante de la cour. Elle a physiquement beaucoup d'attraits, qui ne font que rehausser les vertus de l'esprit et du cœur dont elle est confortablement pourvue. Elle tombe amoureuse de deux prétendants avantageux et titrés, le marquis de Fortisson et lord Gordon. Qui donc l'emportera? Un duel, décidé par la jeune fille intrépide, doit déterminer le dénouement. La guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu, mais une ruse de Fortisson lui permettra d'écarter son rival et d'épouser sa belle. Ils rentrent au Canada, échangeant pendant la traversée leurs souvenirs et pétunant de conserve. Louise est fort portée sur le tabac!

La seigneurie de Normanville tire le plus clair de ses revenus de la traite des pelleteries avec les Indiens. Fortisson s'initie rapidement à ses nouvelles fonctions de seigneur. Il y est en quelque sorte aidé par un douteux personnage, Anselme Racicot, qui agit comme une espèce d'intendant. Ce Racicot est le cousin germain de Louise, il l'aime sans aucun doute, il aurait voulu l'épouser ne serait-ce que pour unir leurs fortunes, il ne lui pardonne pas son mariage, il a juré de se venger. Naguère,

il lui est arrivé d'embrasser brutalement sa cousine dans une allée du parc et la jeune femme en a ressenti un certain trouble.

Je n'aurai garde d'oublier Pakouita, un jeune Huron qui fut le compagnon de jeux et de courses de Louise et qui lui a voué un culte d'une fidélité à toute épreuve. Il ne démasquera ses batteries, si je puis m'exprimer ainsi, qu'à la dernière minute, et Fortisson devra l'abattre au cours d'un engagement contre les Anglais. Ajoutons que cette attaque est l'œuvre d'Anselme Racicot, qui a vendu des plans à l'ennemi et qui paiera de sa vie sa forfaiture. Dans ce roman, on ne badine pas avec l'amour, non plus qu'avec la mort.

Tous ces incidents et beaucoup d'autres s'assortissent de considérations et d'observations sur les conditions d'existence en Nouvelle-France. L'historien est plus érudit que le romancier n'est subtil. Et vous pensez que lord Gordon a été oublié? Détrompez-vous. Pendant toutes ces années, il mène des combats inutiles au service de son souverain, le prétendant Stuart. Il s'engage ensuite pour le Canada et participe, dans l'armée de Wolfe, à la bataille des Plaines d'Abraham. Conservant pieusement dans son cœur l'image inaltérée de Louise, il tombe face à face avec Fortisson. Ce dernier meurt et Gordon survit. Il reverra Louise, mais épousera sa fille. Que voulez-vous, elle était le portrait de sa mère! Tout est bien qui finit bien.

Je le regrette plus que je ne saurais le dire: j'attendais davantage de Robert de Roquebrune, ce Canadien de Paris dont j'apprécie la culture, la distinction et la finesse. Je m'étonne qu'il ait consacré autant de soins à un récit qui ne les mérite pas. Il est néanmoins possible que *La Seigneuresse* attache plus étroitement les jeunes lecteurs au beau passé de la Nouvelle-France. L'auteur aura ainsi fait œuvre utile et louable.

J'ai relu d'affilée trois romans récents dont j'avais d'abord pris connaissance sous la forme ingrate du manuscrit. A la vérité, mon impression première n'a guère varié. Ces récits, tous parus à l'enseigne du Cercle du Livre de France, n'offrent aucune qualité saisissante ni aucun défaut choquant. Ils sont convenablement rédigés et s'éloignent de toute originalité d'inspiration ou d'expression, comme d'une maladie honteuse. Ils ne déparent ni n'enrichissent nos lettres. Peu de mois se seront écoulés et personne n'y pensera plus. Ils auront gagné la vaste nécropole des titres oubliés et des personnages anonymes.

Dans *La Corde au cou* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 233, $2.50), Claude Jasmin témoigne toutefois d'une certaine griffe. Il a le sens de la

narration alerte, se libérant prestement des servitudes de la vraisemblance. Nous faisons la connaissance de son triste héros, au moment où il vient de noyer sa maîtresse au fond d'une piscine, lors d'une tapageuse surboum dans les Laurentides. La fuite s'impose dans le plus bref délai possible. L'homme traqué passe d'un village à l'autre, jusqu'au moment où il fait escale dans une étrange famille de paysans. Le père Achille est un rusé bonhomme, qui joue aussi aisément à l'entremetteur qu'au garde-chiourme improvisé.

Quant à sa fille Alice, le fugitif l'aperçoit le lendemain de son arrivée: "Elle n'avait gardé que le bas d'un pyjama usé, et ses seins, trop gros pour un corps malingre, étaient posés sur le tas de linge qu'elle tenait dans ses bras. Pourquoi venir chercher son linge dans cet accoutrement?" La question se pose, cette tenue est vraiment insolite! D'autres péripéties surviendront, qui contribueront à resserrer l'étau autour du coupable. Il aboutit finalement chez le père Ubald, le protecteur de son enfance d'orphelin. Ce pourrait être le havre de salut au tournant d'une existence dévoyée. Qu'on se détrompe vite: il faut l'abattre, lui aussi. Et comme oraison funèbre: "Ce sera ta dernière belle phrase, mon écœurant, mon très cher père adoptif, ta dernière phrase simple, toujours avec ta bonne voix paisible sur un beau ton calme." Le héros n'a aucune complaisance pour lui-même. Réfugié au grenier d'où il voit la voiture de police venue le cueillir, il se fait cette dernière réflexion, qui est peut-être une justification: "Tirons n'importe où puisqu'il s'agit de se faire tuer .... Ne faisons pas de manières, j'ai été si mal élevé ... mais c'est consolant de savoir que j'achève d'être mal élevé!"

D'une intrigue banale, Claude Jasmin a su tirer un récit qui se lit de bout en bout. Les propos qu'il prête à Alice révèlent un tempérament de romancier. Il possède aussi certaines intuitions sur le sens de la culpabilité qui seule confère une résonance humaine.

Rien de tel à redouter avec Anne-Marie, qui a écrit *La Nuit si longue* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 217, $2.50) avec la même sérénité qu'elle avait rédigé *L'Aube de la joie*. Il y a néanmoins un progrès marqué qu'il serait injuste de ne pas souligner. Nous plongeons encore dans le milieu protégé de la bourgeoisie professionnelle, mais le drame intime de Monique est tout de même d'un retentissement autre que les petits affolements de la jeune maman, épouse d'un médecin très pris.

Comme beaucoup de jeunes filles, Monique est en réaction très vive contre son entourage immédiat. Son père est un médecin estimé qui convoite les décorations et rêve de devenir doyen de la Faculté; la mère est ce

qu'on est convenu d'appeler une bonne personne, qui vit de snobisme et de papotages mondains. On comprend que l'adolescente, qui a plus de nerf et de lucidité, enrage de tourner en rond dans cette cage du conformisme. Elle s'en échappe par les moyens classiques: elle cesse d'aller à la messe, elle s'abandonne à des cha cha cha effrénés, il lui arrive de boire un verre de trop, bref elle fronde de son mieux, sans toutefois dépasser la mesure permise aux petites filles révoltées.

Brusque retournement. Il s'accomplit par la rencontre du bon jeune homme, viril et sérieux, qui entend bien la tirer de l'abîme en l'attirant à lui. La maladie et la mort de la maman-papillon ajouteront aussi à cette transformation. N'en doutons pas, Monique deviendra bientôt une épouse et une mère exemplaire. Parents qui me lisez, pourquoi vous inquiéter? Il suffit d'une symphonie trop belle, d'une excursion dans l'air salubre des Laurentides et d'une revue de l'abbé Pierre pour que votre jeune fille retrouve comme par enchantement la pureté que vous lui souhaitez et qu'elle n'a jamais vraiment perdue. La vie est si simple, au fond! Aucun doute, Anne-Marie écrit joliment, elle pense sainement et il lui arrive de voir juste. Je voudrais dans son encrier un peu moins de miel et un peu plus de vinaigre.

Que dire de *Maryse* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 171, $2.00) de Dielle Doran? Que c'est un petit roman gentil, qui devra beaucoup servir à l'auteur juvénile pour l'avoir débarrassée de ses songes d'adolescente au bord de l'âge adulte. Si toutes les écolières écrivaient ainsi, il y aurait de l'espoir. En toute justice pour Dielle Doran, il faut tenir compte de ses heureuses dispositions, sans porter aucun jugement qui serait forcément prématuré.

LES ÉTUDES SOCIALES / *Jean-Charles Bonenfant*

L'ancien archiviste du Canada, Gustave Lanctôt, a commencé la publication d'une *Histoire du Canada* (Beauchemin, pp. 406, $4.75) dont le tome I porte en sous-titre *Des Origines au régime royal*. L'auteur rappelle l'ère des premières découvertes et souligne le fait que les plus lointains découvreurs de l'Amérique furent des Irlandais qui, six siècles avant Colomb et deux siècles avant Eirik le Rouge, atteignirent les rives nord du Cap-Breton. Il raconte avec la plus grande objectivité et une abondante documentation les débuts de la Nouvelle-France. Il s'arrête à 1663 qui, selon lui, ferme la première période de l'histoire canadienne, la période héroïque, et il fait alors une vaste rétrospective pour apprécier les résultats

acquis en moins d'un demi-siècle de colonisation et décrire en même temps la vie et les mœurs des premiers habitants de la Nouvelle-France. Le livre de Lanctôt a le grand mérite de tenir compte de tous les aspects de l'histoire en faisant la synthèse des évènements politiques et militaires aussi bien que de la vie religieuse et sociale.

Marcel Trudel, directeur de l'Institut d'Histoire de l'Université Laval, a écrit *L'Esclavage au Canada français* (Québec: Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. xxvi, 433, $7.50), livre qui semble bien être, comme le souhaitait son auteur, une histoire exhaustive de cette institution. L'historien a dressé un inventaire méthodique des sauvages et des nègres qui ont été gardés en servitude depuis l'apparition des premiers esclaves du dix-septième siècle jusqu'à la disparition des derniers au dix-neuvième. Il en a dénombré près de 4,000 en 125 ans. L'ouvrage n'est toutefois pas un catalogue et l'auteur étudie en douze chapitres les divers problèmes qu'ont posés les esclaves, comme leur situation juridique, les châtiments qu'on leur faisait subir, leur participation aux sacrements de l'Eglise catholique, leurs mariages.

Presque chaque année, Robert Rumilly ajoute un tome à l'*Histoire de la province de Québec* qu'il a commencé à publier en 1942. Avec le tome XXXII (Fides, pp. 262, $2.50), qui porte en sous-titre *La Dépression*, il a atteint les années 1929, 30 et 31. Sur le ton de la chronique, il montre comment dans le Québec la concentration industrielle s'accentue; il fait revivre les hommes Alexandre Taschereau, J.-L. Perron, Adélard Godbout, Camilien Houde. Jetant un coup d'œil sur ce qui se passe à Ottawa et ne peut manquer d'avoir des répercussions à Québec, il rappelle les divers épisodes de l'enquête sur la Beauharnois. Comme les tomes précédents, le tome XXXII de l'*Histoire de la province de Québec* est d'une lecture passionnante mais il est dépouillé, volontairement sans doute de tout appareil scientifique, notes ou références.

C'est presque entièrement à l'histoire qu'est consacré le vingt-cinquième numéro des *Cahiers des Dix* (Montréal: Editions des Dix, pp. 310, $3.75). Parmi les études, signalons celle de Jacques Rousseau sur "Les premiers hommes," travail sur les indiens qui fait suite à deux autres travaux que le même auteur a déjà publiés sur le sujet dans les *Cahiers des Dix* en 1958 et en 1959, et un travail d'Antoine Roy qui, sous le titre de *Bois et pierre*, nous dit ce que fut l'art de construire dans les premiers temps de la colonie française. Le vingt-cinquième *Cahier des Dix* contient une liste, qui sera très utile, des articles qui ont paru dans les vingt-cinq premiers *Cahiers* de 1936 à 1960.

Le journal d'un bourgeois de Québec (Québec: l'Action Catholique, pp. 362, $4.50) est l'œuvre d'un érudit, Emile Castonguay, décédé en 1956. Gérant d'un quotidien québecois, Emile Castonguay occupait ses loisirs à feuilleter les vieux journaux, les almanachs d'autrefois et il connaissait admirablement la vie de nos ancêtres surtout dans la première partie du dix-neuvième siècle. C'est ce qui lui a permis en faisant la somme de ses lectures et de ses notes d'imaginer avec finesse et précision le journal intime d'un bourgeois vivant à Québec au cours des années 1825 et 1826 et de reconstituer ainsi d'une façon très agréable l'atmosphère politique, religieuse, littéraire et sociale de l'époque.

Dans une brochure dont le sujet et l'auteur font l'importance, le célèbre historien canadien-français, le chanoine Lionel Groulx, a posé la question *Dollard, est-il un mythe*? (Fides, pp. 60, $0.75). En l'année du troisième centenaire du combat du Long-Sault, il a ainsi repris avec érudition et un mélange de sérénité et de passion ses arguments en faveur de l'authenticité d'un important événement historique des débuts de la colonie française.

Des Cavernes à César, de Lyse Nantais et Madeleine Lemieux, avec en sous-titre *Petite histoire de l'antiquité* (Québec: Garneau, pp. 88, $2.75) peut à première vue sembler être uniquement un livre pour les enfants. Les adultes y trouveront toutefois intérêt et y liront, illustré par d'amusants dessins, un récit simple et imagé des siècles de l'antiquité.

La maison Mame de France a lancé, au cours de 1960, une collection baptisée sous le nom de *Figures canadiennes*. Quatre volumes ont été publiés: le premier par Roger Viau sur le *Cavelier de la Salle* (pp. 183, $1.50), le deuxième sur *Laurier*, par Raymond Tanghe (pp. 192, $1.50), le troisième sur *Maisonneuve* par Pierre Benoit (pp. 189, $1.50) et le quatrième sur *Les Bâtisseurs* par Serge Fleury (pp. 194, $1.50). Ces biographies n'ont aucune prétention scientifique, mais elles font connaître d'une façon agréable, à l'étranger surtout, les principaux personnages de l'histoire du Canada. Maurice L. Hébert a traduit en français *Kateri Tekakwitha* (Québec: Editions du Pélican, pp. 222, $2.00) d'Evelyn Brown. La biographie a été écrite avec beaucoup de dévotion et le traducteur, qui était un excellent écrivain canadien-français, a su tout en restant fidèle au texte primitif y donner une valeur nouvelle dans la langue de traduction.

Sous le même titre de *Confidences*, Mgr Olivier Maurault, P.S.S., (Fides, pp. 165, $2.50) et Jean-Charles Magnan (Fides, pp. 205, illus., $2.50) ont tous les deux rappelé des souvenirs. Ancien recteur de l'Univer-

sité de Montréal, le premier tout en esquissant une autobiographie et en racontant de nombreux voyages nous fait revivre plus d'un demi-siècle de l'histoire de Montréal. Jean-Charles Magnan a été un pionnier de l'enseignement agricole dans le Québec. Avec beaucoup de verve, il raconte une vie très active pendant laquelle il a été le témoin de l'évolution de l'agriculture et du développement de l'administration qu'influençaient parfois les luttes politiques. Un vieux journaliste, Oswald Mayrand, qui a pratiqué consciencieusement son métier pendant près de soixante ans, a rappelé des souvenirs variés sous le titre de *L'Apostolat du journalisme* (Fides, pp. 257, $3.50). En réalité, c'est un recueil un peu décousu d'articles, de textes de conférences, de portraits qu'on parcourt toutefois avec intérêt.

C'est une autobiographie beaucoup plus détaillée que nous apportent les *Mémoires* en trois tomes de T.-D. Bouchard, *Ma vie privée* (Beauchemin, pp. 170, $3.00), *Gravissant la colline* (pp. 224, $3.00), *Quarante ans dans la tourmente politico-religieuse* (pp. 254, $3.00). L'auteur, qui est aujourd'hui membre du Sénat canadien, a joué un rôle important dans la vie politique du Québec comme maire de Saint-Hyacinthe et comme ministre provincial. Libéral radical, très franc d'expression, il a été en butte à bien des attaques. Dans le premier tome, l'auteur raconte son enfance et décrit le milieu social populaire dans lequel il a grandi à St-Hyacinthe. Dans le second, il nous dit comment de la politique municipale il est passé à la politique fédérale et dans le troisième, il rappelle avec une passion qui n'est pas éteinte les polémiques violentes auxquelles il a été mêlé il y a surtout près d'un quart de siècle.

Dans un livre très vivant intitulé *Trois pouces en coup de vent* (Québec: Institut Littéraire, pp. 331, $3.50), l'abbé Ambroise Lafortune a fait le récit d'un voyage en Europe dont le premier but était d'assister à un jamboree scout tenu en France, mais qui conduisit naguère trois jeunes gens, dont l'auteur, à travers la France, la Belgique, la Suisse, l'Italie, et l'Espagne. Ce fut un voyage mené presque toujours sur le pouce, d'où le titre du livre, et apportant ainsi aux voyageurs des contacts humains qu'évoque bien le récit.

Deux des meilleurs écrivains canadiens-français ont, à l'approche de l'âge mur, donné avec beaucoup de talent des souvenirs stylisés. Le premier, Paul Toupin, s'est vu d'ailleurs décerner le prix du Gouverneur-général du Canada pour *Souvenirs pour demain** (Cercle du Livre de

*See also p. 488.

France, pp. 100, $1.50). Le recueil n'a que trois chapitres intitulés "Enfance malheureuse," "Métamorphose" et "Requiem," mais le texte en est dense et exprimé dans une langue à la fois harmonieuse et précise. Le récit que l'auteur fait de la mort du père offre quelques pages d'une rare beauté qui peuvent figurer parmi les plus belles de la littérature canadienne-française. Sous le titre de *Voyages au pays de l'enfance* (Beauchemin, pp. 218, $1.75), André Laurendeau parle admirablement des enfants qui l'environnent. Il décrit leurs réactions, raconte leurs bons mots, le tout avec une douce philosophie et une nostalgie discrète de sa propre enfance. Rina Lasnier est avant tout poète, mais dans *Miroirs* (Editions de l'Atelier, pp. 127, $2.00) elle a utilisé la prose pour méditer et décrire les objets qui l'entourent comme "Le Saule," "La Poupée morte," "La Neige." C'est une prose qui a un caractère poétique et qui traduit une grande délicatesse de sentiment.

L'Académie canadienne-française a offert au public en 1960 deux publications. La première est une sorte d'album intitulé *L'Académie canadienne-francaise* (L'Academie, pp. 84) et préparé par son fondateur Victor Barbeau. On y trouve les biographies avec photographies des membres de l'Académie et tous les renseignements concernant l'institution. La seconde constitue le volume V des Cahiers de l'Académie canadienne-française et est consacré à la *Linguistique* (L'Académie, pp. 158, $3.00). Une dizaine de collaborateurs ont étudié les divers aspects des multiples problèmes de la linguistique au Canada de langue française.

Le R. P. Pierre Angers, S.J., a transformé en un livre intitulé *Problèmes de culture au Canada francais** (Beauchemin, pp. 117, $1.50) un rapport présenté devant la Commission du programme créée par la faculté des Arts de l'Université Laval. Le livre contient des aperçus fort intéressants sur la rencontre qui, à notre époque, semble opposer la technique et la culture et dont il faut opérer la synthèse. On y trouve des suggestions pédagogiques et surtout une analyse perspicace du milieu culturel canadien-français.

Le professeur Paul Wyczynski, de l'Université d'Ottawa, a publié *Emile Nelligan: Sources et originalité de son œuvre*, (Ottawa, Editions de l'Université d'Ottawa, pp. 349, $4.50), une des études les plus élaborées et les plus scientifiques qui aient jamais été consacrées à un écrivain canadien. L'auteur a suivi pas à pas, ligne à ligne, le poète qui au début du siècle sombra dans la folie après avoir écrit quelques beaux poèmes.

*See also under "Education," pp. 440, 445.

Il a recoupé les textes, trouvé leur origine et formulé des hypothèses avec une érudition qui épuise le sujet. Il est aussi abondamment question de Nelligan dans l'essai de Gérard Bessette intitulé *Les Images en poésie canadienne-française* (Beauchemin, pp. 282, $2.50). L'auteur a dépassé son titre pour se livrer parfois à la véritable critique littéraire et porter sur des poètes canadiens des jugements assez sévères mais en général bien motivés.

Le R. P. Hébert, S.J., a étudié à fond les Témoins de Jéhovah. C'est ce qui lui a permis de publier sur la question un ouvrage intitulé *Les Témoins de Jéhovah* qui est en deux éditions, une édition complète (Montreal: Editions Bellarmin, pp. 341, $5.00) avec des documents et une édition populaire moins considérable (Bellarmin, pp. 228, $2.00). L'étude du R. P. Hébert n'est évidemment pas dépouillée de toute préoccupation apologétique, mais l'auteur a analysé méthodiquement une abondante documentation; il donne de nombreuses références à des documents variés et il observe une belle objectivité. Son ouvrage est un des plus complets qui existent sur le sujet en langue française.

Dans *Le Sociologue canadien: Léon Gérin 1863-1951* (Bellarmin, pp. 153, $2.00), Hervé Carrier, S.J., a fait revivre une figure remarquable et malheureusement insuffisamment connue du Canada français. Après avoir raconté rapidement la vie et présenté l'œuvre de celui qui, le premier, examina scientifiquement son milieu à l'aide des méthodes de la sociologie moderne qu'il avait étudiée en France, l'auteur analyse longuement à la fois avec esprit critique et admiration les procédés de Gérin pour conclure en disant son "estime pour l'un des chercheurs les plus honnêtes qu'il nous ait été donné de fréquenter."

Le deuxième des Cahiers de l'Institut d'histoire de l'Université Laval a été préparé par Claude Galarneau et consacré à *Edmond de Nevers: Essayiste* (Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. 94, $2.00). C'est une excellente étude avec textes choisis et commentés d'un essayiste canadien-français peu connu qui vécut de 1862 à 1906, le plus longtemps en dehors de son pays. L'auteur analyse en particulier avec beaucoup de finesse et d'objectivité le principal ouvrage d'Edmond de Nevers, *L'Avenir du peuple canadien-français* dans lequel sont énoncés pour la première fois les principes de base du nationalisme canadien-français.

Les publications à prix populaires des Editions de l'Homme se sont multipliées au cours de 1960. Parmi les principales, signalons *Le Chrétien et les élections*, un recueil de textes et de documents commentés par les abbés Gérard Dion et Louis O'Neill (Editions de l'Homme, pp. 126,

$1.00), *Les Confidences d'un commissaire d'écoles** (Editions de l'Homme, pp. 122, $1.00) de Gérard Filion, et surtout *Les Insolences du Frère Untel** (Editions de l'Homme, pp. 158, $1.00). Ce dernier ouvrage sans l'anonymat duquel s'est caché fort peu de temps son auteur le Frère Jérôme, mariste, a connu un succès de librairie extraordinaire avec un tirage dépassant les cent mille exemplaires. C'est une dénonciation joyeuse de certaines faiblesses intellectuelles chez les Canadiens français en même temps qu'un recueil de conseils fort judicieux adressés par un religieux à ses collègues. Sous le titre *Mon P'tit Frère* (Institut Littéraire, pp. 158, $1.00) Paul Michaud a prétendu fournir "une insolente réponse aux insolences du Frère Untel," mais en réalité il n'a fait qu'exprimer ses propres ressentiments personnels contre la société dans laquelle il a grandi.

Dans *La Dualité culturelle au Canada: Hier-aujourd'hui-demain* (Montréal: Editions Albert Levesque, pp. 255, $2.50) Albert Levesque aborde beaucoup de problèmes, cite de nombreux auteurs et formule des idées parfois assez originales. Il suggère en particulier qu'il y ait pour le Canada, "un Conseil canadien de l'Instruction publique, formé des représentants des chefs de famille et divisé en deux comités, l'un de langue anglaise et l'autre de langue française, qui auront le pouvoir exclusif de réglementer et de régir l'enseignement dans les limites et pour la population du Canada." On peut douter du réalisme d'une telle proposition!

La science politique n'est guère développée au Canada de langue française et elle s'exprime plutôt comme un prolongement de l'histoire et du droit constitutionnel. Aussi, c'est à la fois une étude historique et une analyse des faits qu'ont présentées Jean Hamelin, Jacques Letarte et Marcel Hamelin, dans *Les Elections provinciales dans le Québec* (Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. 230, $4.00). Les auteurs ont tiré de leurs études d'intéressantes conclusions qu'ils ne donnent toutefois pas comme définitives. Signalons en particulier l'importance du jeu des abstentions dans l'explication des fluctuations des partis à mesure que l'on remonte vers le passé alors qu'il semble bien que plus récemment, les tiers partis et le jeu du bloc nationaliste aient minimisé considérablement le rôle des abstentions dans les fluctuations des partis.

Dans *Libre examen de la démocratie* (Beauchemin, pp. 147, $1.50), Victor Barbeau a repris des cours et des conférences qu'il avait donnés autrefois sur des sujets variés qu'il a tenté de grouper un une synthèse. L'ouvrage a une certaine unité malgré la variété des aperçus qu'indiquent

*See also under "Education," pp. 439, 444.

les titres de quelques chapitres: "Le rationalisme politique," "La révolte des masses," "Le romantisme réformiste," "Individualisme ou associationnisme?" Dans un dernier chapitre intitulé "Aux dimensions de l'homme," l'auteur fait le point pour conclure que le monde qui naît trouvera pour chacun la liberté et les moyens de réaliser sa vocation en s'inspirant des principes et des lois des encycliques des papes. Signalons que l'auteur qui est au Canada un maître de la langue française a su étudier en une langue élégante et précise les problèmes les plus ardus et les plus abstraits.

La trente-septième semaine sociale du Canada (section française), tenue à Trois-Rivières en 1960, avait pour thème "Syndicalisme et organisation professionnelle." *Le compte rendu des cours carrefours et conférences* (Bellarmin, pp. 242, $3.50) contient d'intéressantes études parmi lesquelles on remarque la déclaration d'ouverture par le R. P. Richard Arès, S.J., et la conférence de Claude Ryan intitulée "Responsabilités des catholiques dans la transformation du régime économique et social."

Parmi les livres de droit qui ont été publiés en français au Canada en 1960, quelques-uns offrent plus qu'un intérêt technique et méritent d'être signalés dans cette chronique. C'est tout d'abord la thèse du professeur Louis Marceau, de l'Université Laval, qui a pour titre *De l'admissibilité des contrats entre époux dans le droit privé de la province de Québec* (Montréal: Wilson & Lafleur, pp. 237, $8.00). L'auteur fait d'abondants rapprochements entre le droit de la province de Québec et la doctrine aussi bien que la jurisprudence françaises. Il formule des jugements critiques et personnels. Un des meilleurs ouvrages de droit récemment publiés au Canada est celui du professeur André Morel, de l'Université de Montréal, intitulé *Les limites de la liberté testamentaire dans le droit civil de la province de Québec* (Paris: Librairie Générale de Droit et de Jurisprudence, pp. 176). Cette étude, qui a été couronnée par la Faculté de droit de Paris et qui a valu à son auteur, en 1960, le premier prix du gouvernement de la province du Québec, fait l'histoire de la liberté de tester qui, à l'intérieur du droit français du Québec, est d'origine anglaise. L'auteur analyse ensuite, pour formuler des critiques et des recommandations, la situation actuelle en la matière tant dans le domaine de la doctrine que dans celui de la jurisprudence. Le professeur Louis Baudouin, de l'Université McGill, a publié un traité sur les *Assurances terrestres* (Montréal: Editions Scientifiques, sans pag. continue, $19.50) divisé en cinq livres qui portent les sous-titres suivants: principes généraux du contrat d'assurance;

assurance-incendie; assurances de personnes; assurances de responsabilité; agents et courtiers. Le texte est bien présenté avec des tables analytiques, des index alphabétiques et des tables de jurisprudence qui permettent une consultation facile et rapide.

Léo Pelland, un avocat de Québec, qui a consacré toute sa vie à la pratique et à l'enseignement du droit aussi bien qu'à l'étude et à la diffusion de la philosophie thomiste, a pour ainsi dire fait la synthèse de toute sa vie en publiant *Introduction aux sciences juridiques* (Bellarmin, pp. 603, $15.00). L'auteur n'a pas caché l'orientation presque dogmatique de son livre qu'il qualifie lui-même de "synthèse catholique." L'ouvrage est divisé en deux parties, la première comprenant un exposé théorique de la loi et du droit et la seconde étant l'étude de la loi et du droit à l'intérieur des diverses sociétés. Dans le domaine des principes, l'auteur suit aveuglément la doctrine thomiste mais sur les institutions telles qu'elles existent dans notre société, il formule des opinions personnelles. C'est ainsi qu'il affirme que "décréter la gratuité scolaire (livres, enseignement, etc.,) pour tous (lui) parait être une mesure dangereuse" (p. 412); que "le Parlement fédéral aurait dû mettre hors la loi le parti communiste et ses déguisements à travers tout le Canada" (p. 437), que la suppression des substitutions dans notre droit serait à souhaiter (p. 467); que l'institution du jury en matière civile est "surannée" (p. 557).

Deux ouvrages publiés en 1960 ont pu être analysés dans d'autres chroniques de *Letters in Canada* parce qu'ils possèdent des titres anglais et français et parce que certains de leurs chapitres ont été écrits en anglais. Nous voulons signaler ici l'aspect français de ces ouvrages. C'est tout d'abord *Aux sources du présent; The Roots of the Present*, des études présentées à la section I de la Société royale du Canada, sous la direction de Léon Lortie et d'Adrien Plouffe (University of Toronto, pp. x, 111, $4.00). Les principaux auteurs de cette analyse de la vie du Québec de 1910 à 1935 sont Louis-Philippe Audet, qui a écrit sur l'enseignement dans le Québec, Guy Sylvestre, qui a dit ce qu'a été la littérature de 1910 à 1935, Gustave Lanctôt, qui a parlé de l'histoire, Jean Béraud, qui a raconté ses souvenirs de théâtre, Léon Lortie, qui a parlé de l'enseignement de la science, Mgr Arthur Maheux, qui a étudié les problèmes d'entente entre les deux races et Jean-Charles Bonenfant qui a analysé les grands courants de la vie politique du Québec de 1910 à 1935.

Canadian Dualism: Studies of French-English Relations; La Dualité canadienne: Essais sur les relations entre Canadiens français et Canadiens

*anglais**, University of Toronto and Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. xxvi, 426, $8.50) est une collection d'essais sur les relations entre Canadiens français et Canadiens anglais réalisée par Mason Wade en collaboration avec un comité du Conseil en Sciences sociales du Canada sous la direction du professeur Jean-Charles Falardeau, de l'Université Laval. Dans l'avant-propos de l'ouvrage, le professeur Falardeau raconte la genèse de cet ouvrage imaginé il y a plus de quinze ans "à un moment où quelques Canadiens de bonne volonté, enthousiasmés par le dynamisme de la vie académique et la maturité croissante de notre pays, conçurent un vaste plan de recherche sur la dualité culturelle dans le Canada contemporain." La réussite n'a peut-être pas été aussi grande que le souhaitaient les artisans du début, mais on est tout de même en présence d'un ouvrage remarquable. Parmi les chapitres écrits en français, il faut signaler celui du professeur Falardeau intitulé "Les Canadiens français et leur idéologie," dans lequel l'auteur tient suffisamment compte des explications historiques et esquisse en même temps une vision des "valeurs et attitudes nouvelles." Les autres collaborateurs canadiens-français, qui ont écrit leurs articles en français, sont le R. P. Louis-M. Régis, O.P., Louis Baudouin, Albert Faucher, Gérard Pelletier et le R. P. René Baudry.

PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES / *Watson Kirkconnell*

The chief poetic event of 1960 has been the appearance of a superb collection of Czech lyric verse by "Pavel Javor" (Prof. Jiri Skvor) of the University of Montreal. The sixty-six poems in *Smoke from Ithaca* have been selected by their author himself from five earlier volumes published between 1951 and 1958, and represent the effect of exile in this catastrophic age upon a sensitive and imaginative spirit. This has been the fate of tens of millions in our time, but the depths of the experience have rarely been plumbed with so steady a hand. The title-poem of his anthology may be rendered in English thus:

SMOKE FROM ITHACA

The fatherland makes itself heard, for the wind there is blowing.
Not yet have you drunk all the cup or drained love to the lees.
At evening it makes itself heard; the earth's rancour outgoing
Breathes bitter mistrust of the hemlock and poisons the breeze.

*See also p. 453.

Sure, somewhere in yonder blue distance our homeland is hidden,
And each day you bury it deeper, a mite at a time.
It sleeps beyond oceans afar, veiled in tear-drops unbidden.
Eternity walls us about and our words feebly chime.

Shall we clasp to our hearts those we loved in youth's happy devising?
Alas, our old homeland grows foreign and from us is riven,
Though somewhere in yonder blue distance our home's smoke is rising.
You pray with a suppliant voice and no answer is given.

You call with wild heart but a glacial blizzard blows coldly
And buries forever all things that you loved in the past.
In vain the heart pleads, and in vain utters blasphemies boldly.
Hot tears of despair from my eyes gush in silence at last.

The fateful, inevitable attrition of human relationships by time and separation is indicated in another poem:

FAR FROM YOU

A young breeze trips across the grass,
The river flows without return.
Our hearts in pangs of love, alas,
Feel far-off throes that wound and burn.

You await me in the house alone;
Your dog still watches on the stair.
The gulf of distance makes me moan,
And longing that I cannot bear.

The same sun gives your mouth its kiss,
The same wind soothes your lips with dew,
The same moon peers at you with bliss,
But I am now no longer I
And you, perhaps, no longer you.

Time and the river flow for ever;
Time and the river wait for no man;
Time, yes, and love, flow thus for me—
Kisses and young fidelity
And longing for a far-off woman.

At the opposite pole from this melodious despair stands the truculent pacifism of Stanislaw Michalski in *Black Fever*, a strident sequel to his earlier Polish volumes, *Verses of Disdain* and *Judicial Murder*. The heart of his theme may be found in these prefatory verses:

PREFACE

I apprehend the insanity of today's world;
Such insanity I can explain:
Mass production of atomic weapons.

> Mass production of biological weapons,
> Mass production of chemical weapons,
> Mass production of the most terrible weapons of all,
> Ideological weapons—psychological weapons! . . .

Mr. Michalski does not approve of the world of 1960.

The Ukrainian community has given us six volumes of poetry. A new voice is that of "Oleksandra Chernenko" (Mrs. J. E. Jendyk) of Edmonton, whose *Man: A Poem in 18 Cantos* was published in Philadelphia, with prefatory verses from Goethe and T. Os'machka. Its theme wavers between philosophy and sentimentality, as this opening stanza may indicate:

> The sun breathes fragrance! Even so it breathes
> Across the fruitful vineyards of the day,
> And life in wanton rhythm intoxicates
> The soul of every land with potent sway.

The only vehicle throughout the entire volume is a loosely rhymed quatrain, but the style is thoughtful and warmly touched with feeling. Very different in mood is a long historical poem by Dr. M. I. Mandryka on the career of the Ukrainian hetman Mazepa (1644–1709), one of the ablest and most distinguished leaders of the Cossacks. The last main section of the poem deals with the fatal battle of Poltava. A scholarly preface by Jaroslav Rudnyckyj comments on the treatment of the theme by Pushkin and by Mandryka. A second volume in the *Collected Works* of the Metropolitan Ilarion, of Winnipeg, is sub-titled *Our Wounds Are Old: Dramatic Poems*. Here are five full-length verse dramas, most of them five acts in length: "Innocent Blood: The much-afflicted Cholm District"; "The Resurgence of the Ukraine"; "In a Foreign Land: The Holy Death of St. Demetrius Tuptalo"; "For the Ukraine: A Ukrainian-Russian Drama"; and "In Suffering's Embrace: A Dramatical-Philosophical Poem." The sheer extent of the work is imposing but it appears to be work of a scholar much more than that of an active playwright. Essentially in the field of scholarship are two volumes edited by Dr. Jaroslav B. Rudnyckyj of the University of Manitoba—the one a centennial edition of the *Kobzar* (collected poems) of Taras Shevchenko (1814–1861), the Burns of the Ukraine, and the other a copious collection of *Ukrainian-Canadian Foklore*, with the texts, mostly verse, in a literal English translation. This is basic scholarship of a high order. Of a more popular nature is a little volume of Christmas Carols, printed, with two-part music, by the Very Rev. Wolodymyr Sluzar, of Winnipeg.

Special mention should be made of a jubilee volume, *Ukrainian Flowers in Canada*, which marks forty years of publication by Honoré Ewach, of Winnipeg, with a slender anthology of selections from his poetry and his prose, especially the former. Coming to Canada as a boy of fourteen, Mr. Ewach graduated in Arts from the University of Saskatchewan in 1929 and has spent more than half his life as an associate editor of the *Ukrainian Voice*. Completely bilingual, he has used his Ukrainian mother-tongue as the major vehicle for his literary work. In the almost untranslatable title of the brochure, Mr. Ewach's selections are called "Ukrainian Forget-me-nots in Canada," a fitting term for the nostalgia of his style. His quatrain-motto on page one reads:

> Who loves sincerely our Ukraine
> My dearest friend I vow.
> God bless the weapons of his tilth—
> His rifle and his plough!

Admirably suited for Ukrainian classes in schools is a substantial *Ukrainian Reader* that has been edited by Honoré Ewach and Paul Yuzyk. Here is a wide range of prose and verse, supplemented by a glossary, notes and appendices on the history of Ukrainian literature in Europe and in Canada.

The year's crop of Icelandic poetry has been very sparse, comprising only scattered poems in periodicals. Mention might be made of octogenarian Guttormur J. Guttormsson's sarcastic verses on "Flying Saucers or . . ." in the *Annual* of the Icelandic National League. The same scholarly periodical contains two centenary articles—one on Thorsteinn Erlingsson (1858–1914) by Dr. Richard Beck and one on Einar Hjörleifsson Kvaran (1859–1938) by Professor Stefan Einarsson—as well as an erudite Icelandic essay on "Jatvardur the Good" (that is, Edward the Confessor) by the mediaevalist, Professor Tryggvi J. Oleson. A cognate essay in German by a Magyar-Canadian mediaevalist, Dr. Josef Szövérffy, of the University of Alberta, deals with eschatology in the hymns of the Middle Ages, especially in Latin, although some material in Middle High German and Middle English is also analysed. Professor Szövérffy shows the complexity of much of this hymnody, whose full interpretation calls for a knowledge of legends, apocrypha, homiletic and exegetical literature and even the graphic arts of the time.

The year has seen two *Festschrift* volumes in honour of Professor William J. Rose, PH.D., F.R.S.C., on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. The first of these tributes to an eminent Canadian scholar in the

Polish field is volume IV of *Canadian Slavonic Papers*. The other is *The Polish Past in Canada*, issued by the Polish Research Institute of Canada.

In keeping with its purpose, the former volume begins with a definitive bibliography of Dr. Rose's writings, including 6 books, 9 pamphlets, 286 articles, 6 prefaces, and 13 translations, all personally checked by Dr. Victor Turek of the University of Toronto Library. To students of literature, the high point of the symposium will be Leonid I. Strakhovsky's "The Silver Age of Russian Poetry: Symbolism and Acmeism," studded as it is with excellent English versions of such poets as Balmont, Viacheslav Ivanov, Sologub, Blok, Bely, Gumilyov, Akhmatova, Gorodetsky, Mandelstam, and Georgiy Ivanov. Special praise among those who remained in the U.S.S.R. is given to Mandelstam: "Together with Gumilyov and Akhmatova, he (Mandelstam) forms the immortal trinity on the poetical Olympus of Russia's literary renaissance of the twentieth century." Nor has he given up all hope that some day Russia and its literature will emerge into freedom: "The Silver Age of Russian poetry, inaugurated by the symbolists and continued by the acmeists, came to an untimely end as a result of the revolutionary upheaval. . . . But . . . acmeism will be the leaven which will regenerate Russian poetry when at last it will be free." Of kindred interest is the review by Yvonne Sowinski of two recent novels published in Gomulka's Poland by Wilhelm Mach ("Big Life and Little") and Wojciech Zukrowski ("Crumbs from a Happy Pie"), both viewing life through the eyes of a child, with an abundance of myth and imagination. Still other literary contributions are Jan Kasprowicz's haunting "Ballad of the Sunflower" in a fine English version by Jerzy Pietrkiewicz and Burns Singer and a condensation of three lectures on Joseph Conrad by A. E. Sawyer. Dr. Wiktor Weintraub touches on the vogue of English literature in Polish translation, beginning in the eighteenth century and especially on the Polish translation by Stephan Cedrowski of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (Part I, 1764; Part II, 1775) and by Jakub Szczepan of *The Holy War* (1900).

More strictly linguistic in character are "The Structure of Russian Surnames," by James St. Clair-Sobell and Irina Carlsen, "The Slavic Suffix—EP/A/," by Jaroslav B. Rudnyckyj, "English Sport Terms in Polish," by Veronica M. Du Feu, and "English Loans in a Toronto Macedonian Idiolect," by Michael L. Kaye. Political in character are "The Prague Overturn in 1948," by H. Gordon Skilling, "Socialism and

Nationalism in Poland, 1840–1846," by Peter Brock, and "A Marxist Interpetation of the Hussite Movement," by Stanley Z. Pech. Strictly Canadian in their orientation are "Canadians of Slovak Origin: A Brief Survey," by V. J. Kaye, and "The Immigration of the Russo-German Catholics and Lutherans into Canada," by Edmund Heier.

The Polish Past in Canada is more modest in scope and format. Its only principle of integration is a general relevance to the Polish community in Canada, with no attempt at any synoptic survey. Of the six contributions, two are in the field of bibliography, two are biographical, one deals with parish annals, and one with the Toronto concerts of Paderewski in 1892–1905. "Canadian items in Polish Periodical Literature" was prepared for the period 1845–1958 by Dr. Wladyslaw Chojnacki and his wife, Jadwiga Chojnacka, of Poznan, Poland, and runs to some 844 items. Dr. Victor Turek, of Toronto, who had already published a volume of *Polonica Canadiana* in 1957 (reviewed in this periodical), has now added a supplementary list of "Canadian Polish Imprints, 1848–1957." Aleksander Grobicki, in his fascinating account of Paderewski in Toronto, tells how Madame Paderewski, faced by her husband's panicky refusal to go on stage in Massey Hall, had recourse to "two husky piano movers, who at a signal from her pushed him bodily upon the stage. There was a tremendous ovation. Paderewski pulled himself together, marched to the pianoforte and played like an angel all evening." Father Edward M. Hubicz, of Gimli, tells a harrowing story of "Early Polish Priests in Manitoba." He covers the period 1898–1908, beginning with the Holy Ghost parish in Winnipeg in 1899 and the Cook's Creek parish in that same year. Of the work of one rural priest, Father Kostorz, he writes: "He found the people scattered over a vast region of swamp and bushland. The lack of roads made contact with them almost impossible. . . . All their energies were bent on extracting a livelihood from the ungrateful soil." Writing in French, Professor Ludwik Kos-Rabcewicz-Zubkowski provides some valuable "Notes sur la famille Globensky," dealing with the descendants of Auguste-France Globensky, who came to Canada in 1776 as the surgeon of a Hessian regiment. Two sons were distinguished Canadian officers in the War of 1812–14, while in the third generation, one grandson was a member of the Federal parliament and two others became judges.

Of cognate interest are a number of monographs published by the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences. The most ambitious of these is

Vasyl Chaplenko's *Ukrainian Literature under the Communist Régime, 1920–1933*, which traces in great detail the slow strangulation of free national expression under the Soviets. Overlapping this period is Dr. I. Rozhin's study of Professor Volodymyr Simirenko, a famous figure in Ukrainian horticulture who was twice arrested by the N.K.V.D. and has vanished without a trace since his second arrest in March 1938. O. Okhrym's *Topo—And Anthroponymic Materials from the Western Ukraine* is a learned essay in onomastics. The same region is approached in a wholly different mood in Andrij Kachor's *Role of 'Prosvita' in the Economic Development of the Western Ukraine*. The late R. MacGregor Dawson contributed to the Academy's onomastic series an interesting sketch of *Place Names in Nova Scotia*. Dr. J. B. Rudnyckyj and D. Sokulsky have continued their bibliographical series with *Ukrainica Canadiana 1959*.

In a penetrating piece of analysis in the Slavistica series, Professor Anna Stearns of the University of Montreal studies the Canadian problems of cultural redintegration that are faced by East Europeans of Slavic origin. *A Problem in Creative Reorientation* starts from the psychology of the uprooted man, with its nostalgia for an obliterated past, its hopelessness towards former values, and its all too frequent transfer of an understandable hostility towards the enemies of the past over to the difficulties and personalities of the new homeland. Out of twenty years of clinical experience, Mrs. Stearns feels that the only true adjustment to the new land must come from within the spirit of the immigrant himself, who must be led to find meaning in his activities in Canada, less in theory than in the daily round and common task. The objective is not soul-obliterating assimilation but an integration that willingly enlists "one's individual powers in the service of the new country and mankind." From the same Slavic Department in the University of Montreal comes Joseph M. Kirschbaum's *Contemporary Tendencies in Slovak Philology*, in which he finds, as a minor benefit of the Communist régime in Slovakia, that Slovak scholarship has been freed from the invading tyranny of Czech politicians and doctrinaires: "As a result of this development, the relation between the two literary languages of today's Czecho-Slovakia is now accepted as a relation between two Slavic but distinct languages. The Czech poetry and prose are translated into the Slovak and vice versa, as the Polish or Russian have always been."

In addition to works by Jaroslav B. Rudnyckyj already mentioned, one should list his *Zenon Kuzelya as a Lexicographer* (Kuzelya and Rudnyckyj

collaborated on a 1494-page Ukrainian-German dictionary, published in Leipzig in 1943); *On a Systematic Investigation of Ukrainian-Canadian Folklore*, a paper read at a conference in Toronto; *Slaves or Glorious Ones?*; a presidential address at the American Name Society, in Chicago; *Functions of Proper Names in Literary Work*, a paper read at Heidelberg before the International Union for Modern Languages and Literatures; a biography of Thomas Bilous, a Ukrainian-Canadian flute player; and *Ukrainica Canadiana 1959*, a bibliographical study in partnership with D. Sokulsky. Side by side with this last should be set a massive *Selected Bibliography of Jewish Canadiana*, by David Rome, director of the Jewish Public Library, Montreal, on the bicentenary of the settlement of the Jews in Canada (1759–1959). The main subdivisions of this important work are: Canadian Jewish history, the institutions, the arts, religion, sociology, education, the Holy Land, Jewish studies, civic effort, group relations, literature (English, French, etc.), social studies, sciences, Hebrew literature, and Yiddish literature. Among the names in the literature section are those of Hyman Edelstein, A. M. Klein, Lawrence Lande, Irving Layton, Mordecai Richler, Lionel Shapiro, and Adele Wiseman.

On the borderlands between scholarship and experience are three large volumes of memoirs, *On the Paths of Life*, by Professor Wasyl Iwanys, of Toronto. Drawing on an almost inexhaustible treasury of events, *quorum pars magna fuit*, he devoted the whole of his first volume to his boyhood and youth and the second and third to his share in the campaigns and administrations of Kornilov and Denikin in 1918–20. Born in 1888, he had been trained in applied science at Rostov-on-Don and Moscow and spent most of World War I as a military engineer on the Caucasus front. For a short time in 1919–20, he played a leading part in a revolutionary government in Kuban province, in the south of Russia. The death of Kornilov and the defeat of Denikin brought the chapter to a close. Memoirs on this large scale help to build up a detailed picture of those turbulent years when conflicting ambitions and disorganized armies finally fell before the savage discipline of Trotsky's Red Army. Professor Iwanys has also published a brief study, historical rather than autobiographical, *On the Problems of the Caucasus*, which brings under review not only the events of 1916–20 but also the events of World War II and the sinister, long-continuing record of the O.G.P.U.-N.K.V.D.

From the Ukrainian Greek Catholic (Uniate) Church have come Father Michael Schudlo's devotional books, *My Saviour* and *The Great Promise*

of the Heart of Christ; Father J. Skwarok's translation of Father Solovij's *Liturgics for Ukrainian Catholic Schools, Part II*; A. Sokoliv's historical study, *Poland and the Union of Bereste*, dealing with the sixteenth-century roots of the Uniate community; a Greek Catholic *Calendar for Our Own Field*; an anonymous pamphlet, *I Was the Witness of a Miracle*, dealing with manifestations at Lourdes; and two brochures by Brother S. Methodius, of St. Joseph's College, Saskatoon, namely, *Our Descent*, which begins with the axiom "Canada is our Country," and goes on to recapitulate the Ukrainian past, and *Reverend Brother Stanislaus Joseph, F.S.C.*, on an Ontario-born Irish priest who was one of the founders of the College and died in 1938 in the prime of life.

During the same year, the Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church has given us Metropolitan Ilarion's biography of St. Demetrius Tuptalo (1651–1709), metropolitan of Rostov-on-Don, and his *Program of Instruction in the Ukrainian Orthodox Sunday Schools in Canada*; Dr. S. W. Sawchuk's *Faith, An Orthodox Prayerbook* and his address, *The Problem of Orthodox Unity*, as delivered in Massey Hall, Toronto, in May, 1960, "the first time in the history of Canadian Orthodoxy that members and clergy of several Eastern Orthodox Churches have gathered together to manifest publicly their religious identity and their oneness in the Orthodox Faith"; as well as Fedir Onufrychuk's handsome memorial volume on the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church in Yorkton.

Translations from other languages into Ukrainian have given us, for Catholics and Protestants, a rendering of Father Stavdinger's *Die Offenbarung des Herzens von Marie bei Fatima* and of Dr. John R. Rice's *Prayer: Asking and Receiving*—in other words, a presentation of the miraculous from the Roman Catholic and the Evangelistic points of view respectively. More directly a work of religious art is *A Record of the Spirit* by Tania Kroitor Bishop, born Shewchuk at Canora, Saskatchewan, and a Ukrainian poetess in her own right some thirty years ago. Her latest work is a series of devotional meditations in highly poetic prose, crystallized around a double axis of the Paternoster and the Four Seasons. They trace the struggle of a human spirit to win its way to a reconciling awareness of the reality of God and hence to achieve peace in obedience to His will.

Mr. Thomas Kobzey, of Winnipeg, has published a scholarly study of *The Trade Union Movement and its Problems*. A glance at his copious bibliography (pp. 175–180) will show that this is no superficial piece of

journalism. The greater part of it is in Ukrainian—works by Bakunin, Debs, Engels, Kautsky, even a 1929 volume on Ukrainian labour in Canada by Dr. M. I. Mandryka—but he has read Milovan Dzilas, Howard Fast, and Morris Hillquit in Polish rather than in Croatian and English. The volume may be regarded as an analytical sequel to his *Short History of the Trade Union Movement in Canada* (Winnipeg, 1951).

The *Jubilee Almanac* (*1910–1960*) issued by the *Ukrainian Voice*, Winnipeg, undertakes to survey half a century of progress in the Ukrainian-Canadian community, beginning with the editors of this active weekly and their associates. There are brief histories of Ukrainian members of provincial and federal houses, of Ukrainian-Canadian lawyers and judges, of churchmen, and of such organizations as the Ukrainian Canadian Committee. I have found of special interest Daniel Lobay's history of the Ukrainian periodical press in Canada and Honoré Ewach's little essay on Ukrainian literature in Canada. The mortality rate among periodicals has been very high. Mr. Lobay lists one hundred and sixty-six of them during some five decades and only a small fraction of these remain alive today.

Fiction has been only scantily represented in the publications of 1960. The total score is two slender volumes in Magyar and one in Plattdeutsch. László Kenesei's *By Trackless Ways* is a war novel, with a setting for the most part in Leipzig, Germany, where the heroine, Olga Papova, serves in a hospital. While many men are interested in her, the tale is essentially the love story of two Magyars, Olga and Peter Tomborszki. Chapter after chapter opens with an indication of the progress of World War II, at the end of which Peter is in a Swiss hospital and Olga has come to the same country under the protection of a Swiss consul. They decide to emigrate abroad: "The world is one and indivisible . . . the Hungary of today is no longer a Magyar fatherland." Another immigrant novelist in Toronto, Lajos Kenderessy, has published a volume of short stories, entitled *A Wedding for Four* after the first tale, which fills up more than half the book. Most of the settings are in the New World, especially Toronto, although one grim yarn ("Condemned though Innocent") involves the political police in post-war Hungary. Some of the other stories are "Dear Mothers' Home," "The Great Love," "The Fatal Love," "The Rejected Love," "Meeting Again in Toronto," and "The Great Illusion." The author often has a good sense of comedy. The last volume of fiction to be mentioned is Arnold Dyck's *Koop and Bua in Germany*, the adventures of a sort of Plattdeutsch Mutt and Jeff in the sophisticated

world of Europe. It is as if a sober Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnie should pay a visit to London—at least the summer journey was sworn to by "Ohmtje Jasch Bua" and "Ohmtje Isaak Koop" as they sat in the little country store at "Mösdarp," near Grüntal, Manitoba, and were cross-examined by their cronies Töws and Wiens. Much of the cream of the jest is in the dialect.

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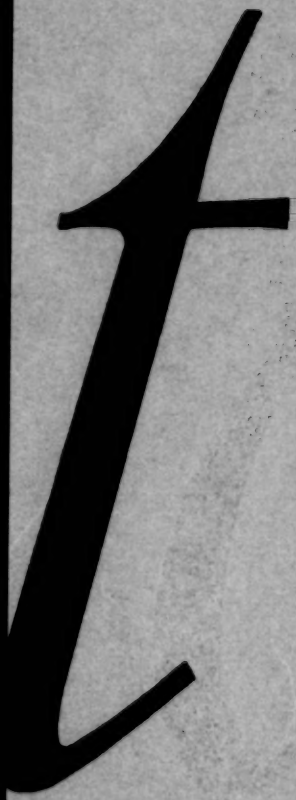

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